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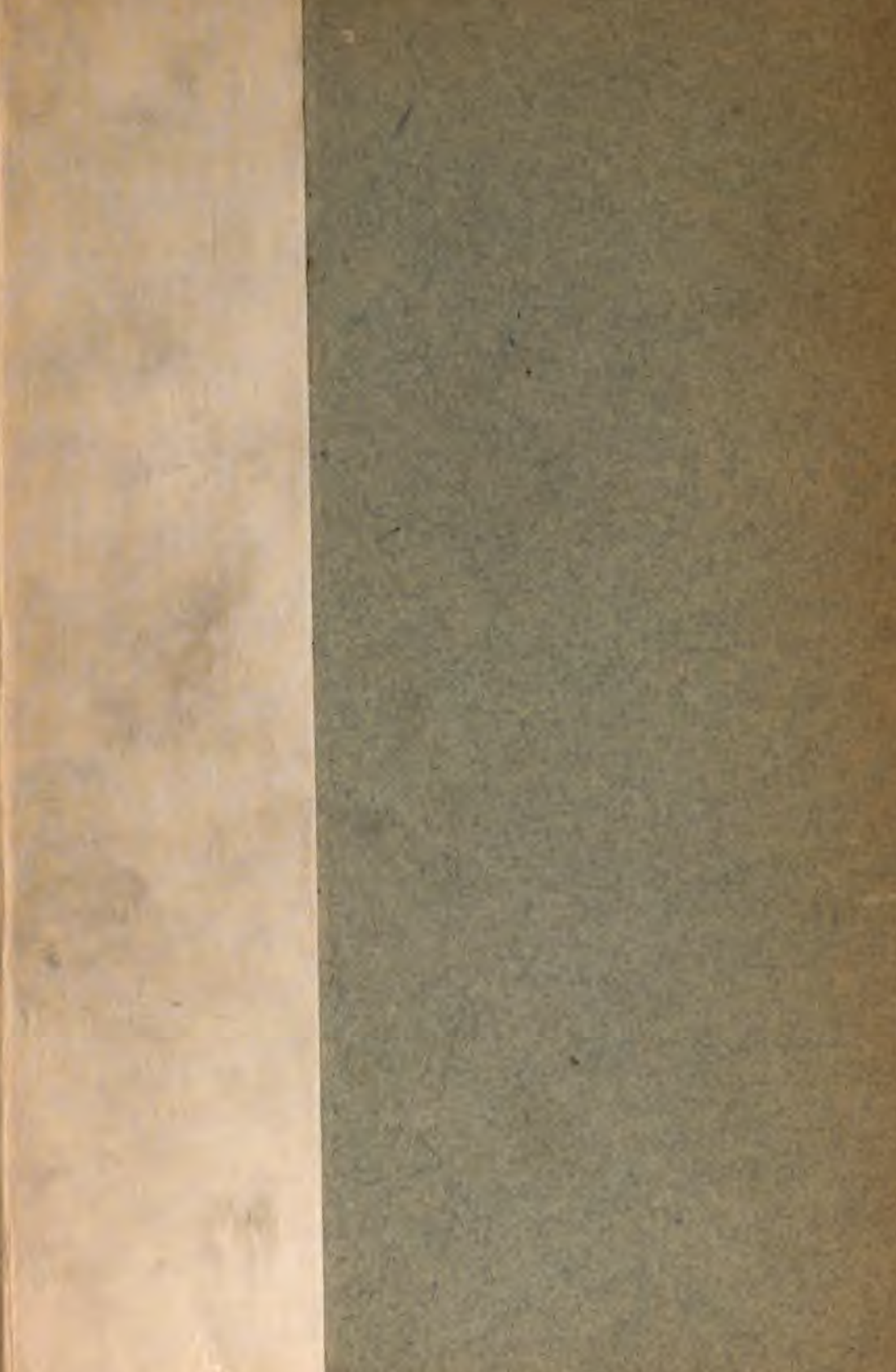
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WESTMINSTER ABBEY

II.

THE MONUMENTS



THE POETS' CORNER,
BEN JONSON, SPENSER, BUTLER, MILTON, GRAY.

HISTORICAL MONUMENTS

OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK

OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK

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HISTORICAL MEMORIALS
OF
WESTMINSTER ABBEY

BY
ARTHUR PENRHYN STANLEY, D.D.
Late Dean of Westminster
CORRESPONDING MEMBER OF THE INSTITUTE OF FRANCE

*FIRST AMERICAN FROM THE SIXTH LONDON EDITION
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THE MONUMENTS.

Ort let me range the gloomy aisles alone,
Sad luxury ! to vulgar minds unknown,
Along the walls where speaking marbles show
What worthies form the hallow'd mould below ;
Proud names, who once the reins of empire held ;
In arms who triumph'd ; or in arts excelled ;
Chiefs grac'd with scars, and prodigal of blood ;
Stern patriots, who for sacred freedom stood ;
Just men, by whom impartial laws were given ;
And saints who taught, and led, the way to heaven.

Tickell's *Lines on the Death of Addison*. (See p. 193.)

Some would imagine that all these monuments were so many monuments of folly. I don't think so ; what useful lessons of morality and sound philosophy do they not exhibit ! — ' Burke's First Visit to the Abbey ' (Prior's *Life of Burke*, i. 39).

SPECIAL AUTHORITIES.

BESIDES the ample details of Keepe, Crull, Dart, and Neale, there are for the ensuing Chapter the following authorities : —

- I. The earlier Burial Register¹ of the Abbey, contained in one volume folio, from 1606 to 1706.²
- II. The later Burial Registers, from 1706 to the present day, are contained — (1) in another folio volume, and (2) (from 1711) more fully in six volumes octavo, more properly called the 'Funeral Books.'
- III. MS. Heralds' College.

¹ The first part of this is a compilation of Philip Tynchare, the Precentor who was buried 'near the door of Lord Norris's monument, May 12, 1673.'

² These, as far as the year 1705, are published, with notes, in Nichols's *Collectanea Topographica et Genealogica*, vol. vii. 355–57, viii. 1–13, to which are added, in vol. vii. 163–74, the Marriages from 1655 to 1705, and in vol. vii. 243–48, the Baptisms from 1605 to 1655, and 1661 to 1702, from the same source. But these transcripts have been found so full of errors, that a new and corrected version was absolutely needed. Under these circumstances the Dean and Chapter have been fortunate in obtaining the valuable aid of a learned and laborious antiquarian — Colonel Joseph Lemuel Chester, of the United States of America — who has undertaken a complete edition of the whole Register, with references and annotations wherever necessary, with a zeal which must be as gratifying to our country as it is creditable to his own.

CHAPTER IV.

THE MONUMENTS.

OF all the characteristics of Westminster Abbey, that which most endears it to the nation, and gives most force to its name—which has, Peculiarity of the Tombs at Westminster. more than anything else, made it the home of the people of England, and the most venerated fabric of the English Church—is not so much its glory as the seat of the coronations, or as the sepulchre of the kings; not so much its school, or its monastery, or its chapter, or its sanctuary, as the fact that it is the resting-place of famous Englishmen, from every rank and creed, and every form of mind and genius. It is not only Reims Cathedral and St. Denys both in one; but it is also what the Pantheon was intended to be to France, what the Valhalla is to Germany, what Santa Croce is to Italy. It is this aspect which, more than any other, won for it the delightful visits of Addison in the ‘Spectator,’ of Steele in the ‘Tatler,’ of Goldsmith in ‘The Citizen of the World,’ of Charles Lamb in ‘Essays of Elia,’ of Washington Irving in the ‘Sketch Book.’ It is this which inspired the saying of Nelson, ‘Victory or Westminster Abbey!’¹ and which has intertwined it with so many eloquent passages of Macaulay. It is this which gives point to the allusions of recent Nonconforming statesmen least

¹ See Note at end of this Chapter.

inclined to draw illustrations from ecclesiastical buildings. It is this which gives most promise of vitality to the whole institution. Kings are no longer buried within its walls; even the splendour of pageants has ceased to attract; but the desire to be interred in Westminster Abbey is still as strong as ever.

And yet it is this which has exposed the Abbey to the severest criticism. 'To clear away the monuments' has become the ardent wish of not a few of its most ardent admirers. The incongruity of their construction, the caprice of their erection, the false taste or false feeling of their inscriptions and their sculptures, have provoked the attacks of each succeeding generation. It will be the object of this Chapter to unravel this conflict of sentiments, to find the clue through this labyrinth of monumental stumblingblocks and stones of offence. Although this branch of the Abbey be a parasitical growth, it has struck its fibres so deep that, if rudely torn out, both perchance will come down together. If sooner or later it must be pruned, we must first well consider the relation of the engrafted mistletoe to the parent tree.

This peculiarity of Westminster Abbey is of comparatively recent origin. No theory of the kind existed when the Confessor procured its first privileges, nor yet when Henry III. planned the burial-place of the Plantagenets. No cemetery in the world had as yet been based on this principle. The great men of Rome were indeed buried along the side of the Appian Way, but they had no exclusive right to it; it was by virtue rather of their family connections than of their individual merit. The appropriation of the Church of Ste. Geneviève at Paris, under the name of the Pantheon, to the ashes of celebrated Frenchmen, was almost confined

to the times of the Revolution and to the tombs of Voltaire and Rousseau. The adaptation of the Pantheon at Rome to the reception of the busts of famous Italians dates from the same epoch, and it ceased to be so employed after the restoration of Pius VII. The nearest approach to Westminster Abbey in this aspect is the Church of Santa Croce at Florence. There, as here, the present destination of the building was no part of the original design, but was the result of various converging causes. As the church of one of the two great preaching orders it had a nave large beyond all proportion to its choir. That order being the Franciscan, bound by vows of poverty, the simplicity of the worship preserved the whole space clear from any adventitious ornaments. The popularity of the Franciscans, especially in a convent hallowed by a visit from St. Francis himself, drew to it not only the chief civic festivals, but also the numerous families who gave alms to the friars, and whose connection with their church was, for this reason, in turn encouraged by them. In those graves, piled with the standards and achievements of the noble families of Florence, were successively interred — not because of their eminence, but as members or friends of those families — some of the most illustrious personages of the fifteenth century. Thus it came to pass, as if by accident, that in the vault of the Buonarrotti was laid Michael Angelo; in the vault of the Viviani the preceptor of one of their house, Galileo. From those two burials the church gradually became the recognised shrine of Italian genius.¹

Comparison
to Santa
Croce at
Florence.

¹ I owe this account of Santa Croce to the kindness of Signor Bonaini, Keeper of the Archives at Florence. See also T. A. Trollope's novel of *Giulio Malatesta*, vol. iii.

The growth of our English Santa Croce, though different, was analogous. It sprang in the first instance as a natural offshoot from the coronations and interments of the Kings. Had they been buried far away, in some conventual or secluded spot, or had the English nation stood aloof from the English monarchy, it might have been otherwise. The sepulchral chapels built by Henry III. and Henry VII. might have stood alone in their glory: no meaner dust need ever have mingled with the dust of the Plantagenets, Tudors, Stuarts, and Guelphs. The Kings of France rest almost alone at St. Denys. The Kings of Spain, the Emperors of Austria, the Czars of Russia, rest absolutely alone in the vaults of the Escorial, of Vienna, of Moscow, and St. Petersburg. But it has been the peculiar privilege of the Kings of England, that neither in life nor in death have they been parted from their people. As the Council of the nation and the Courts of Law have pressed into the Palace of Westminster, and engirdled the very Throne itself, so the ashes of the great citizens of England have pressed into the sepulchre of the Kings, and surrounded them as with a guard of honour, after their death. On the tomb designed for Maximilian at Innspruck, the Emperor's effigy lies encircled by the mailed figures of ancient chivalry — of Arthur and Clovis, of Rudolph and Cunegunda, of Ferdinand and Isabella. A like thought, but yet nobler, is that which is realised in fact by the structure of Westminster Abbey, as it is by the structure of the English Constitution. We are sometimes inclined bitterly to contrast the placid dignity of our recumbent Kings, with Chatham gesticulating from the Northern Transept, or Pitt from the western door, or Shakspeare leaning on his column in Poets' Corner, or Wolfe

Result of
the Royal
Tomba.

expiring by the Chapel of St. John. But, in fact, they are, in their different ways, keeping guard over the shrine of our monarchy and our laws; and their very incongruity and variety become symbols of the harmonious diversity in unity which pervades our whole commonwealth.

Had the Abbey of St. Denys admitted within its walls the poets and warriors and statesmen of France, the Kings might yet have remained inviolate in their graves. Had the monarchy of France connected itself with the surrounding institutions of Church and State, assuredly it would not have fallen as it did in its imperial isolation. Let us accept the omen for the Abbey of Westminster — let us accept it also for the Throne and State of England.

1. We have now to trace the slow gradual formation of this side of the story of Westminster — a counterpart of the irregular uncertain course of the history of England itself. Reserving for future consideration the graves of those connected with the Convent,¹ it was natural that, in the first instance, the Cloisters, which contained the little monastic cemetery, should also admit the immediate families and retainers of the Court. It was the burial-place of the adjacent Palace of Westminster, just as now the precincts of St. George's Chapel contain the burial-place of the immediate dependants of the Castle of Windsor. The earliest of these humbler intruders, who heads, as it were, the long series of private monuments —
Hugolin.
 was Hugolin, the chamberlain of the Con-
 fessor, buried (with a fitness, perhaps, hardly appreciated at the time) within or hard by the Royal Treasury, which he had kept so well.² Not far off

¹ See Chapter V.

² See Chapters I. and V.

(we know not where) was Geoffrey of Mandeville, with his wife Adelaide, who followed the Conqueror to Hastings, and who, in return for his burial here, gave to the Abbey the manor of Eye, then a waste morass, which gave its name to the Eye Brook, and under the names of Hyde, Eye-bury (or Ebury), and Neate, contained Hyde Park, Belgravia, and Chelsea.¹

We dimly trace a few interments within the Church. Amongst these were Egelric, Bishop of Durham, imprisoned at Westminster, where, by prayer and fasting, he acquired the fame of an anchorite — buried in the Porch of St. Nicholas;² Sir Fulk de Castro Novo, cousin of Henry III., and attended to his grave by the King;³ Richard of Wendover, Bishop of Rochester, who had the reputation of a saint;⁴ Ford, Abbot of Glastonbury;⁵ Trussel, Speaker of the House of Commons in the reigns of Edward II. and Edward III., buried in St. Michael's Chapel;⁶ Walter Leycester (1391), buried in the North Transept, at the foot of the Great Crucifix.⁷

Egelric,
1072. Fulk
de Castro
Novo, 1247.

Richard of
Wendover,
1251. Abbot
Ford, 1261.
Trussel,
1364.

¹ Widmore, p. 21; *Arch.* xxvi. 23.

² See Chapter V.

³ Matthew Paris, 724.

⁴ *Anglia Sacra*, i. 348-350. Weever, p. 338.

⁵ Domerham, 525.

⁶ In connection both with the House of Commons in the Chapter House, and the interment of eminent commoners in the Abbey, must be mentioned that of William Trussel, Speaker of the House of Commons, in St. Michael's Chapel. (Crull, 290.) Mr. F. S. Haydon has assisted me in the probable identification of this 'Mons. William Trussel,' who was Speaker in 1366 (Rolls of Parl. 1369), with a procurator for Parliament and an escheator south of Trent in 1327. If so, his death was on July 20, 1364. (Frag. p. m. 37 E. III. No. 69.) *Foss's Judges*, iii. 307-309.

⁷ *Will of Walter Leycester*, Serjeant-at-arms, dated at Westminster, September 3, 1389. — To be buried in the Chapel of St. Mary the

But the first distinct impulse given to the tombs of famous citizens was from Richard II. It was the result of his passionate attachment to Westminster, combined with his unbounded favour-
COURTIER OF RICHARD II.
 itism. His courtiers and officers were the first magnates not of royal blood who reached the heart of the Abbey. John of Waltham, Bishop of Salisbury, Treasurer, Keeper of the Privy Seal,
John of Waltham, 1395.
 and Master of the Rolls, was, by the King's orders, buried not only in the church, but in the Chapel of the Confessor, amongst the Kings.¹ It was not without a general murmur of indignation² that this intrusion was effected; but the disturbance of the mosaic pavement by the brass effigy marks the unusual honour, the pledge of the ever-increasing magnitude of the succession of English statesmen, whose statues from the adjoining transept may claim John of Waltham as their venerable precursor. Other favourites of the same sovereign lie in graves only less distinguished. Sir John Golofre, who was his ambassador in
Golofre, 1396.
 France, was, by the King's express command, transferred from the Grey Friars' Church at Wallingford, where he himself had desired to be buried, and was laid close beneath his master's tomb.³ The father-

Virgin, in the Church of St. Margaret, Westminster — afterwards altered thus in the codicil, April 5, 1391:

'Volo et lego quod corpus meum sepeliatur in ecclesia Sancti Petri Monasterii Westm' coram magna cruce in parte boreali ecclesie ejusdem.' He had a house at Westminster. Amongst his executors was 'Magister Arnold Brokas.'

¹ Godwin, p. 359.

² Inter reges, multis murmurantibus. (Walsingham, ii. 218.) A like intrusion of one of Richard's favourites into a royal and sacred place occurs in the interment of Archbishop Courtney close to Becket's shrine at Canterbury.

³ Dart, ii. 21.

in-law of Golofre,¹ Sir Bernard Brocas, who was chamberlain to Richard's Queen, and was beheaded on Tower Hill, in consequence of having joined in a conspiracy to reinstate him, lies in the almost regal Chapel of St. Edmund.² He was famous for his ancient descent, his Spanish connection (as was supposed) with Brozas near Alcantara, above all, his wars with the Moors, where he won the crest, on which his helmet rests, of the crowned head of a Moor, and which was either the result or the cause of the 'account' to which Sir Roger de Coverley was so 'very attentive,' of 'the lord who cut off the King of Morocco's head.'³ Close to him rests Robert

Waldeby,
1397.

Waldeby, the accomplished companion of the Black Prince, then the tutor of Richard himself, and through his influence raised to the sees successively of Aire in Gascony, Dublin, Chichester, and York, who, renowned as at once physician and divine, is in the Abbey the first representative of literature, as Waltham is of statesmanship.

Next come the chiefs of the court and camp of Henry V. One, like John of Waltham, lies in the Confessor's Chapel⁴ — Richard Courtney, Bishop of Norwich, who during his illness at Harfleur was tenderly nursed by the King himself, and died immediately before the battle of Agincourt.⁵ Lewis Robsart, who from his exploits on that great day was made the King's

COURTIER
OF HENRY V.
Courtney,
died Sept.
15, 1415.
Robsart,
1431.

¹ Crull, App. p. 20.

² See Chapter III.

³ *Spectator*, No. 329. An inscription was composed by the family in 1838. See Neale, ii. 156, and Gough's *Sepulchral Monuments*, 1399.

⁴ On the north side of the Shrine — '*in ipsius ostii ingressu*.' (Godwin, p. 438.)

⁵ Tyler's *Henry V.* ii. 148.

standard-bearer, was a few years afterwards interred in St. Paul's Chapel; and on the same side in the northern aisle, at the entrance of the Chapels of the two St. Johns, were laid under brass effigies, Windsor, 1414. Harpedon, 1457. which can still be faintly traced, Sir John Harpedon. Windsor and Sir John Harpedon.

The fashion slowly grew. Though Edward IV. himself, with his best-beloved companion in arms, lies at Windsor, four of his nobles were brought to Westminster. Humphrey Bourchier, who died at the field of Barnet, was buried in St. Edmund's Chapel. In St. Nicholas's Chapel lie Lord Carew, who died in the same year; and Dudley—who, being the first Dean of Edward's new Chapel of Windsor, was elevated to the see of Durham—uncle of Henry VII.'s notorious financier, and founder of the great house which bore his name. The first layman in the Chapel of St. John the Baptist is Sir Thomas Vaughan, treasurer to Edward IV. and chamberlain to Edward V. Vaughan.

The renewed affection for the Abbey in the person of Henry VII.¹ reflects itself in the tombs of three of his courtiers. In the Chapel of St. Nicholas is interred Sir Humphrey Stanley, who with his relatives had in the Battle of Bosworth fought on the victorious side.² In the Chapel of St. Paul is the King's chamberlain and cousin, Sir Charles Daubeney, Lord-Lieutenant of Calais; and in that of St. John the Baptist his favourite Daubeney, 1507. Ruthell, 1523.

¹ A curious record of Henry VII.'s adventures in crossing by the Channel Islands is preserved on Sir Thomas Hardy's monument in the Nave, erected in 1732.

² Hence the burial of other members of the Derby family in this chapel. (Register, 1603, 1620, 1631.)

secretary Ruthell,¹ Bishop of Durham, victim of his own fatal mistake in sending to his second master, Henry VIII., the inventory of his private wealth, instead of a state-paper on the affairs of the nation.

The statesmen and divines who died under Henry VIII., Edward VI., and Mary, have left hardly any trace in the Abbey. Wolsey had wavered, as it would seem, between Windsor and Westminster. But, whilst the Chapel long called after his name, remains at Windsor, and his sarcophagus has been appropriated to another use at St. Paul's, no indication can be found at the 'West-Monastery' of the tomb which Skelton 'saw a making at a sumptuous cost, more pertaining for an Emperor or maxymyous King than for such a man as he was, altho' Cardinals will compare with Kings.'² Sir Thomas Clifford, Governor of Berwick, and his wife lie under the pavement of the Choir,³ with two or three other persons of obscure name.⁴ Tower Hill, Smithfield, and the ditch beneath the walls of Oxford, in that fierce struggle, contain ashes more illustrious than any interred in consecrated precincts.

¹ Godwin, p. 755. — He died at Durham Place, in the Strand; hence, perhaps, his burial at Westminster. His tomb seems originally to have been in the centre, and the place which it now occupies was originally the entrance to the Chapel. The present entrance was effected at a later time — probably when Hunsdon's monument was erected — through the little Chapel of St. Erasmus.

² *Merye Tales of Skelton* (ed. Hazlitt, p. 18).

³ Dart, ii. 23. *Machyn's Diary*, Nov. 26, 1557.

⁴ 'Master Wentworth,' cofferer to Queen Mary. (*Machyn*, Oct. 23, 1558). 'Master Gennings' (*ibid.*), servant of Philip and Mary, who left considerable sums to the abbot and monks, and desired to be buried under a brass. Nov. 26, 1557. Diego or Didacus Sanchez, a Spanish noble, was buried in the last year of Mary (1557) in the North Transept. (These particulars I learn from his will, communicated by Colonel Chester.) Sir Thomas Parry, treasurer of Elizabeth's household, with a monument (1560), is in the Islip Chapel.

It is characteristic of the middle of the sixteenth century, when the destinies of Europe were woven by the hands of the extraordinary Queens who ruled the fortunes of France, England, and Scotland, and when the royal tombs in the Abbey are occupied by Elizabeth, the two Marys, and the two Margarets,¹ that the more private history of the time should also be traced, more than at any other period, by the sepulchres of illustrious ladies. Frances Grey, Duchess of Suffolk, granddaughter² of Henry VII., by Charles Brandon and Mary Queen of France, and mother of Lady Jane Grey, reposes in the Chapel of St. Edmund, under a stately monument erected by her second husband, Adrian Stokes,³ *Esquire*. 'What!' exclaimed Elizabeth, 'hath she married her horsekeeper?' 'Yes, Madam,' was the reply, 'and she saith that your Majesty would fain do the same;' alluding to Leicester, the Master of the Horse. She lived just long enough to see the betrothal of her daughter, Catherine Grey, to the Earl of Hertford,⁴ and to enjoy the turn of fortune which restored Elizabeth to the throne, and thus allowed her own sepulture beside her royal ancestors.⁵ The service was probably the first celebrated in English in the Abbey since Elizabeth's accession; and it was followed by the Communion Service,⁶ in which the Dean (Dr. Bill) officiated, and Jewell preached the sermon. Could her Puritanical spirit have known the site of her tomb,

LADIES OF
THE TUDOR
COURT.

Frances
Grey,
Duchess of
Suffolk,
buried Dec.
5, 1559.

¹ See Chapter III.

² Machyn's *Diary*, Dec. 5, 1559.

³ *Nupta Duci prius est, uxor post Armigeri Stokes.* (*Epitaph.*)

⁴ Cooper's *Life of Arabella Stuart*, i. 172.

⁵ Compare Edward VI.'s funeral, Chapter III.

⁶ Strype's *Annals*, i. 292. — The monument was not erected till 1563.

she would have rejoiced in the thought that it was to take the place of St. Edmund's altar, and thus be the first to efface the memory of one of the venerated shrines of the old Catholic saints.

The same lot befell the altar of St. Nicholas, which sank under the still more splendid pile of a still grander patroness of the Reformation — Anne Seymour, descended by the Stanhopes and Bouchiers from Anne, sole heir of Thomas of Woodstock, herself widow of the Protector Somerset, and sister-in-law of Queen Jane Seymour — 'a mannish or rather a devilish woman, for any imperfections intolerable, but for pride monstrous, exceeding subtle and violent.'¹ She lived far into the reign of Elizabeth, and died, at the age of 90, on Easter Day, leaving behind a noble race, which in later days was to transfer the chapel where she lies to another family not less noble, and make it the joint burial-place of the Seymours and the Percys.²

To these we must add one, who, though she herself belongs to the next generation, yet by her title and lineage is connected directly with the earlier period. Not in the royal chapels, but first of any secular grandee in the ecclesiastical Chapel of St. Benedict, is the monument of Frances Howard, Countess of Hertford, sister of the Lord High Admiral who repulsed the Armada, but, by her marriage with the Earl of

Anne
Seymour,
Duchess of
Somerset,
1557.

Frances
Howard,
Countess of
Hertford,
1598.

¹ Sir J. Hayward. See *Life of Arabella Stuart*, i. 170.

² The marriage of Charles Seymour (1726), the 'proud Duke' of Somerset, to Elizabeth Percy, caused the interment and monument of her granddaughter, the first Duchess of Northumberland, in St. Nicholas's Chapel; hence the interment of the Percy family in the same place for the last three generations. Lady Jane Clifford, whose grave and monument are also here (1629), was a great-granddaughter of the Protector Somerset.

Hertford, daughter-in-law of the Duchess of Somerset, from whom we have just parted. Like those other two ladies, she in her tomb destroyed the vestiges of the ancient altar of the chapel, as if the spirit of the Seymours still lived again in each succeeding generation. Both monuments were erected by the Earl of Hertford, son to the one and husband to the other.

Frances Sidney occupies the place of the altar in the Chapel of St. Paul. She claims remembrance as the aunt of Sir Philip Sidney,¹ and the wife of Ratcliffe Earl of Sussex, known to all readers of 'Kenilworth' as the rival of Leicester. Her more splendid monument is the college in Cambridge, called after her double name, Sidney Sussex, which, with her descendants of the Houses of Pembroke, Carnarvon, and Sidney, undertook the restoration of her tomb.

Frances
Sidney,
Countess
of Sussex,
1589.

But the reign of Elizabeth also brings with it the first distinct recognition of the Abbey as a Temple of Fame. It was the natural consequence of the fact that amongst her favourites so many were heroes and heroines. Their tombs literally verify Gray's description of her court:

ELIZA-
BETHAN
MAGNATES.

Girt with many a baron bold,
Sublime their starry fronts they rear;
And gorgeous dames, and statesmen old
In bearded majesty, appear.
What strings symphonious tremble in the air,
What strains of vocal transport round her play!

Not only does Poets' Corner now leap into new life, but the councillors and warriors, who in the long preceding reigns had dropped in here and there, according to the uncertain light of court-favour, suddenly close

¹ The porcupines of the Sidneys are conspicuous on her tomb.

round upon us, and the vacant chapels are thronged, as if with the first burst of national life and independence. Now also that life and independence are seen in forms peculiar to the age, when the old traditions of Christendom gave way before that epoch of revolution. The royal monuments, though changed in architectural decoration, still preserved the antique attitude and position, and hardly interfered with the outline of the sacred edifice. But the taste of private individuals at once claimed its new liberty, and opened the way to that extravagant latitude of monumental innovation which prevailed throughout Europe, and in our own day has roused a reaction against the whole sepulchral fame of the Abbey.

The 'gorgeous dames' are for the most part recumbent. But, as we have seen, they have trampled on the ancient altars in their respective chapels. The Duchess of Suffolk still faces the east; but the Duchess of Somerset and the Countess of Hertford, dying thirty and forty years later, lie north and south. Two mural tablets, first of their kind, commemorate in the Chapel of St. Edmund the cousin of Edward VI., Jane Sey-

Lady Jane
Seymour,
1561.

mour,¹ daughter of the Protector Somerset (erected by her brother, the same Earl of Hertford whom we have twice met already); and the cousin

Lady
Catherine
Knollys,
1568. Sir
R. Pecksall,
died Oct. 10,
1571.

of Elizabeth, Catherine Knollys, sister of Lord Hunsdon, who had attended her aunt, Anne Boleyn, to the scaffold. Then follow, in the same chapel, Sir R. Pecksall, with his two wives, drawn hither by the attraction of the contiguous grave of Sir Bernard Brocas, from whom, through his

¹ Intended as the wife of Edward VI.—afterwards friend of Catherine Grey, daughter of the Duchess of Suffolk. (Cooper's *Life of Arabella Stuart*, i. 185.)

mother,¹ he inherited the post of Master of the Buckhounds to the Queen, and through whom the Brocas family were continued. They have risen from their couches, and are on their knees.

The Russell family, already great with the spoils of monasteries, are hard by. John Baron Russell, second son of the second earl,² after a long John Lord Russell, 1584. tour abroad, died at Highgate,³ and lies here recumbent, but with his face turned towards the spectator; whilst his daughter, first of all the sepulchral effigies, is seated erect, 'not dead but sleeping,'⁴ in her osier-chair—the prototype of those easy postures which have so grievously scandalised our more His monument. reverential age. The monument to the father⁵ is erected by his widow, the accomplished daughter of Sir Antony Cook, who has commemorated her husband's virtues in Latin, Greek, and English—an ostentation of learning characteristic of the age of Lady Jane Grey, but provoking the censure of the simpler taste of Addison.⁶ The monument to their daughter Elizabeth Russell. Elizabeth is erected by her sister Anne. She is a complete child of Westminster. Her mother, in consequence of the plague, was allowed by the Dean (Goodman) to await her delivery in a house within the Precincts.⁷ The infant was christened in the

¹ Neale, ii. 156.—His funeral fees went to buy hangings for the reredos. (Chapter Book, 1571.)

² Wiffin's *House of Russell*, i. 493, 503.

³ Lord Russell had a house within the Precincts. (Chapter Book, 1581.)

⁴ *Dormit, non mortua est* (Epitaph).

⁵ Restored by the Duke of Bedford in 1867.

⁶ *Spectator*, No. 329.

⁷ Lord Russell's letter to the Queen announcing the birth, is dated at Westminster College, October 22, 1575. (Wiffin's *House of Russell*, i. 502.)

Abbey. The procession started from the Deanery. The Queen, from whom she derived her name, was god-mother, but acted by her 'deputy,' the Countess of Warwick, who appeared accordingly in royal state—Lady Burleigh, the child's aunt, carrying the train. The other godmother was Frances Countess of Sussex. These distinguished sponsors drew to the ceremony two of the most notable statesmen of the time, the Earl of Leicester and Sir Philip Sidney, who emerged from the Confessor's Chapel, after the conclusion of the service, with towels and basins. The procession returned, through the Cloisters, to a stately, costly, and delicate banquet within the Precincts. Thus ushered into the Abbey by such a host of worthies, four of whom are themselves interred in it, Elizabeth Russell became maid of honour to her royal godmother, and finally was herself buried within its walls. She died of consumption, a few days after the marriage of her sister Anne at Blackfriars, at which the Queen attended, as represented in the celebrated Sherborne Castle picture.¹ Such was her real end. But the form of her monument has bred one of 'the vulgar errors' of Westminster mythology. Her finger pointing to the skull, the emblem of mortality at her feet, had already,² within seventy years from her death, led to the legend that she had 'died of the prick of a needle,'³ sometimes magnified into a judgment on her for work-

Her christening,
1575.

Her death,
1601.

Her monument.

¹ See 'The Visit of Queen Elizabeth to Blackfriars, in 1600,' by George Scharf, in *Arch. Journal*, xxiii. 131. The picture contains also the portraits of John Lord Russell (p. 218) and of Lady Catherine Knollys (*ibid.*).

² Keepe, i. 1680.

³ Wiseman, *Chirurgical Treatises*, 1st ed. p. 278, 1676, who argues seriously from it that 'in ill habits of body small wounds are mortal.'

ing on Sunday. Sir Roger de Coverley was conducted to 'that martyr to good housewifery.' Upon the interpreter telling him that she was maid of honour to Queen Elizabeth, the knight was very inquisitive into her name and family; and after having regarded her finger for some time, 'I wonder,' says he, 'that Sir Richard Baker has said nothing of her in his chronicle.'¹

In the Chapel of St. Nicholas lies Winyfred Brydges, Marchioness of Winchester, who was, by her first husband, Sir R. Sackville, cousin of Anne Boleyn, and mother of Thomas Lord Buckhurst, the poet, and of Lady Dacre, foundress of Emmanuel Hospital, close by the Abbey. Her second husband was the Marquis of Winchester, who boasted that he had prospered through Elizabeth's reign, by having 'the pliancy of the willow rather than the stubbornness of the oak.'

Winyfred
Brydges,
Marchioness
of Win-
chester,
1586.

Sir Thomas Bromley (in the Chapel of St. Paul) succeeded Sir Nicholas Bacon as Lord Chancellor, and in that capacity presided at the trial of Mary Queen of Scots, and died immediately afterwards. Sir John Puckering (in the Chapel of St. Nicholas) prosecuted both Mary and the unfortunate Secretary Davison, and succeeded Sir Christopher Hatton as Lord Keeper — his 'lawyer-like and ungenteel' appearance presenting so forcible a contrast to his predecessor, that the Queen could with difficulty overcome her repugnance to his appointment. It was he who defined to Speaker Coke the liberty allowed to the Commons: 'Liberty of speech is granted you; but you must know what privilege you have, not to speak

Sir Thomas
Bromley,
1587.

Sir John
Puckering,
1596.

¹ *Spectator*, No. 329. — Compare Goldsmith's *Citizen of the World*. 'He told, without blushing, a hundred lies. He talked of a lady who died by pricking her finger.'

every one what he listeth, or what cometh in his brain to utter; but your privilege is Aye or No.'¹ To Sir

Sir Thomas Owen, 1598. Thomas Owen of Cundover, Justice of the Common Pleas, friend of Sir Nicholas Bacon,

a fine effigy, resembling the portrait of him still preserved at Cundover, was erected by his son Roger, in

His tomb. the south aisle of the Choir. The tomb bears

the motto, given to him by the Queen, in allusion to his humble origin, '*Memorare novissima*;' and his own quaint epitaph, '*Spes, vermis, et ego*.'

But the most conspicuous monuments of this era are those of Lord Hunsdon and of the Cecils. Henry

Lord Hunsdon, 1526. Cary, Baron Hunsdon, the rough honest chamberlain to Queen Elizabeth, brother of Lady

Catherine Knollys, has a place and memorial worthy of his confidential relations with the Queen, who was his first-cousin. Like his two princely kinswomen in the Chapels of St. Edmund and St. Nicholas, his interment was signalled by displacing the altar of the Chapel of

His monument. St. John the Baptist. The monument was remarkable, even in the last century, as 'most

magnificent,'² and is, in fact, the loftiest in the Abbey. It would almost seem as if his son,³ who erected it, laboured to make up to the old statesman for the long-expected honours of the earldom — three times granted, and three times revoked. The Queen at last came to see him, and laid the patent and the robes on his bed. 'Madam,' he answered, 'seeing you counted me not worthy of this honour whilst I was living, I count myself unworthy of it now I am dying.'⁴ He, like Sir

¹ Campbell's *Lives of the Chancellors*, ii. 175.

² Fuller's *Worthies*, i. 433.

³ Lady Hunsdon was buried with him (1606-7), also the widow of his son (1617-18). (Burial Register.)

⁴ Fuller's *Worthies*, i. 433.

R. Sackville, 'belonged,' as Leicester said, 'to the tribe of Dan, and was *Noli me tangere*.'¹ 'I doubt much, my Harry,' wrote Elizabeth to him after his suppression of the Northern Rebellion, 'whether that the victory given me more joyed me, or that you were by God appointed the instrument of my glory.'² And with the bitterness of a true patriot, as well as a true kinsman, he was at times so affected as to be 'almost senseless, considering the time, the necessity Her Majesty hath of assured friends, the needfulness of good and sound counsel, and the small care it seems she hath of either. Either she is bewitched,' or doomed to destruction.³

Lord Burleigh was attached to Westminster by many ties. He was the intimate friend of the Dean, Gabriel Goodman; and this, combined with his High The Cecils. Lord Burleigh, 1598. Stewardship, led to his being called, in play, 'the Dean of Westminster,'⁴ and he had in his earlier days lived in the Precincts.⁵ Although he was buried at Stamford, his funeral was celebrated in the His funeral. Abbey, over the graves of his wife⁶ and daughter, where already stood the towering monument,⁷ erected to them before his death, in the Chapel of St. Nicholas. It expresses the great grief of his life, which, but for the earnest entreaties of the Queen, would have driven him from his public duties altogether. 'If anyone ask,' says his epitaph, 'who is that aged man, on bended knees, venerable from his hoary hairs, in his robes of state, and with the order of the

¹ Aikin's *Elizabeth*, i. 243.

² Ibid.

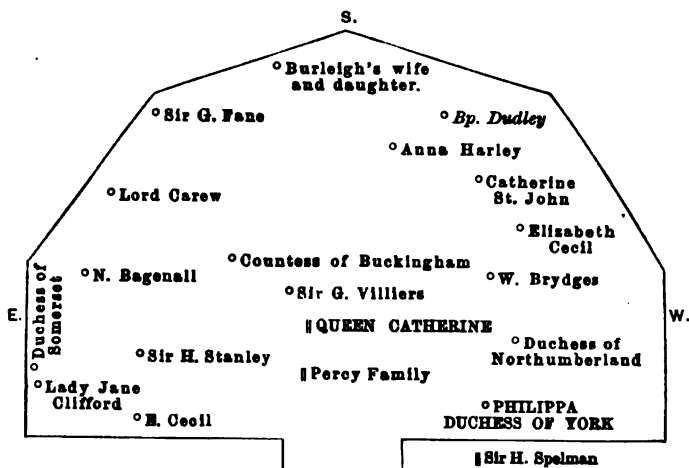
³ Froude, ix. 557.

⁴ Strype's *Memorials of Parker*.

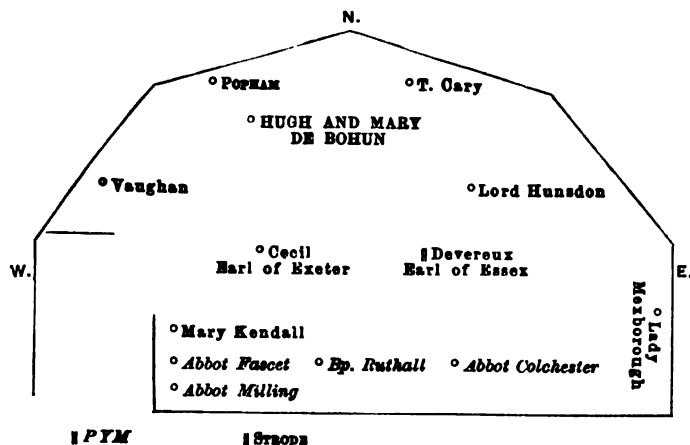
⁵ Chapter Book, 1551.

⁶ She too had made Dean Goodman one of her chief advisers. (Strype's *Annals*, iii. 2. 127.)

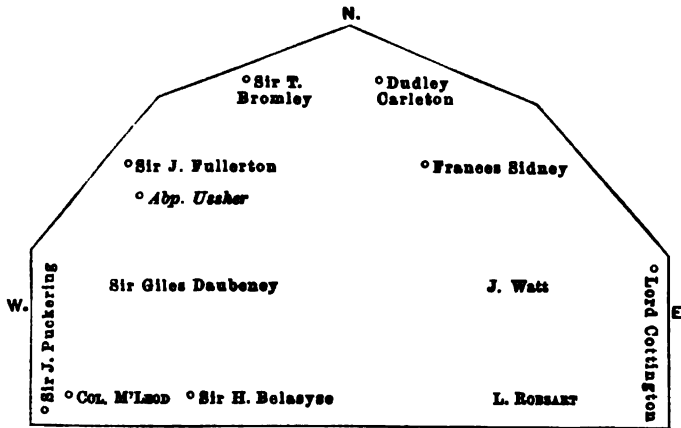
⁷ The monument has been recently restored by the present Marquis of Salisbury, who is directly descended from this marriage.



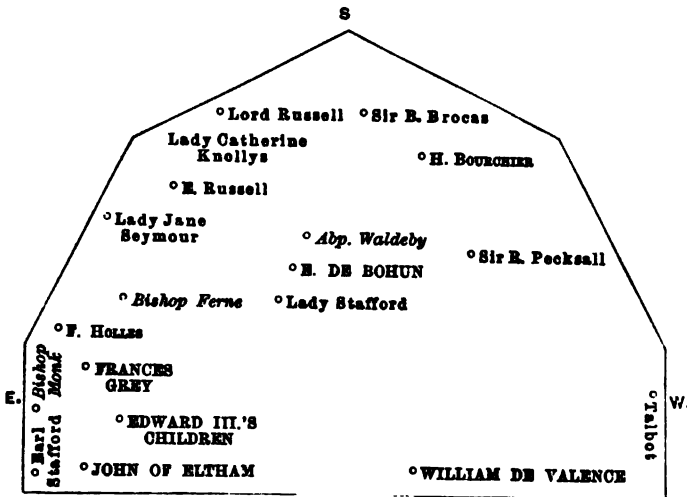
CHAPEL OF ST. NICHOLAS.



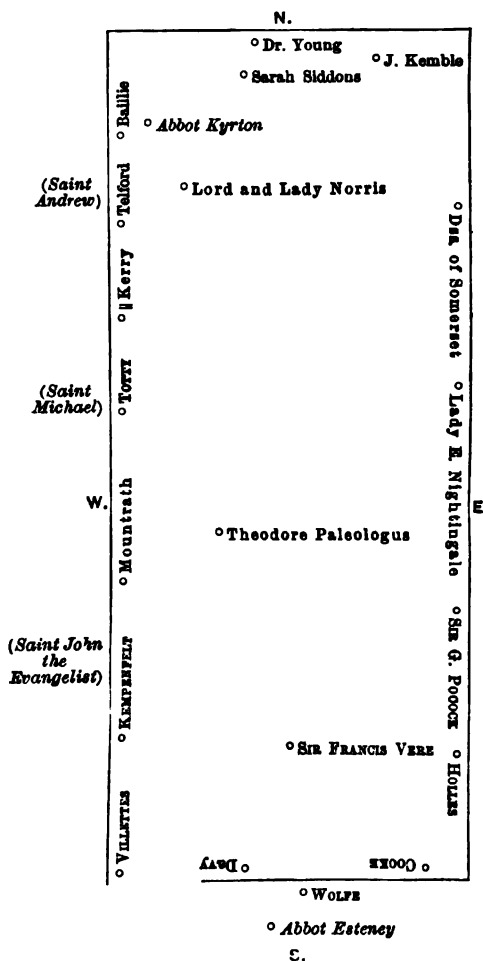
CHAPEL OF ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST.



CHAPEL OF ST. PAUL.



CHAPEL OF ST. EDMUND.



CHAPELS OF ST. JOHN, ST. MICHAEL, AND ST. ANDREW.

Garter ?' — the answer is, that we see the great minister of Elizabeth, 'his eyes dim with tears for the loss of those who were dearer to him beyond the whole race of womankind.' ¹ It shows the degree of superhuman majesty which he had attained in English history, that 'Sir Roger de Coverley was very well pleased to see the statesman Cecil on his knees.' The collar of St. George marks the special favour by which, to him alone of humble birth, Elizabeth granted the Garter. 'If any ask, who are those noble women, splendidly attired, and who are they at their head and feet ?' — the answer is that the one is Mildred, his second wife, daughter of Sir Antony Cook, and sister of the learned lady who wrote the epitaphs of Lord Russell in the adjacent chapel, 'partner of her husband's fortunes, through good and evil, during the reigns of Henry, Edward, Mary, and Elizabeth,' — 'versed in all sacred literature, especially Basil, Chrysostom, and Gregory Nazianzen;' the other 'Anne, his daughter, wedded to the Earl of Oxford;' at her feet, his second son, Robert Cecil, first Earl of Salisbury, and at her head her three daughters, Elizabeth, Bridget, and Susan Vere. But 'neither they,' nor his elder son Thomas, nor 'all his grandsons and granddaughters,' will efface the grief 'with which the old man clings to the sad monument of his lost wife and daughter.' Robert, on whom his father invokes a long life, lies at Hatfield; but his wife Elizabeth has a tomb in this chapel, and also (removed from its place for the monument of the Duchess of Northumberland) his niece Elizabeth, wife of the second Earl of

Mildred
Cecil, Lady
Burleigh,
1589.

Anne Vere,
Countess of
Oxford,
1588.

Elizabeth
Cecil,
Countess of
Salisbury,
1591.

Elizabeth,
Countess of
Exeter,
May, 1591.

¹ The inscription is very differently given in Winstanley's *Worthies*, p. 204.

Exeter. The first Earl, Thomas, after a life full of years and honours, lies ¹ on the other side of the Abbey, in the Chapel of St. John the Baptist. This tomb was built for himself and his 'two most dear wives' — Dorothy Neville, who was interred there before him, and Frances Brydges, who, living till the Restoration, proudly refused to let her effigy fill the vacancy on the left side, and is buried at Windsor.

Thomas
Cecil, Earl
of Exeter,
1662,
aged 80.

Dorothy
Neville,
1608.

Frances
Brydges,
1662,
aged 88.

The tombs by this time had occupied all the chief positions in the chapels round the Confessor's shrine. There remained a group of smaller chapels, abutting on the North Transept, hitherto only occupied by the Abbots: ² Islip, who built the small chapel in which he lies, and which bears his name; Esteney, who lies in St. John's, and Kirton in St. Andrew's Chapel. But this comparative solitude was now invaded by the sudden demand of the Flemish wars. ³ The one forgotten hero of those now forgotten battles, Sir Philip Sidney, lies under the pavement of St. Paul's Cathedral, the precursor, by a long interval, of Nelson and Wellington. But to Sir Francis Vere, who commanded the forces in the Netherlands, his widow erected a tomb, which she must have copied from the scene ⁴ of his exploits — in a direct imitation

Sir Francis
Vere, 1609.

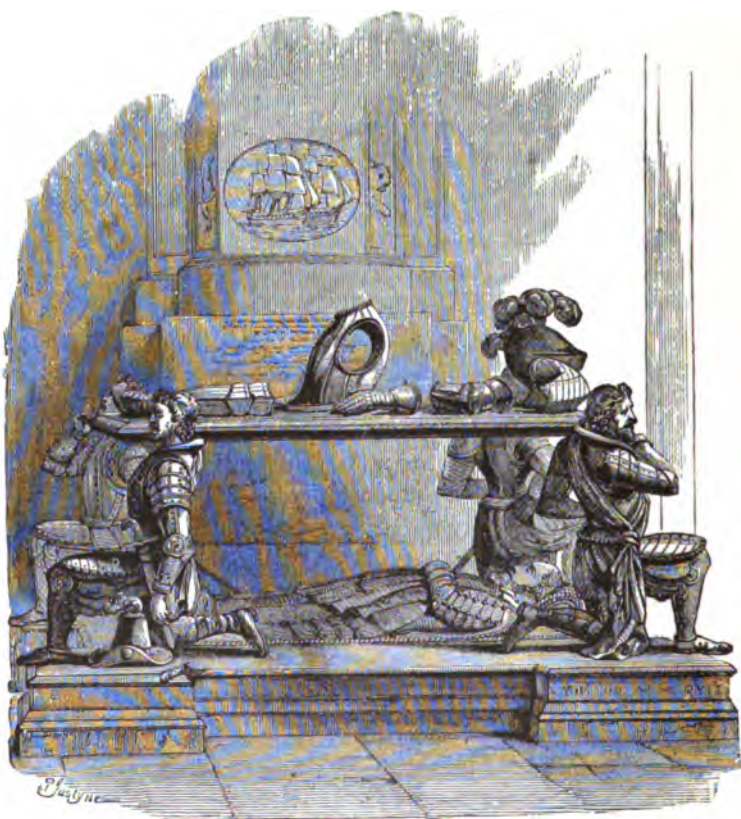
¹ The funeral sermon (in the illness of Archbishop Abbott) was preached by Joseph Hall. (State Papers, March 8, 1623.)

² See Chapter V.

³ This part of the Abbey, during the two next centuries, was known as 'The Tombs.' (Register; and see Fuller's *Church History*, 1621.)

⁴ The following epitaph, not on his tomb, records his end: —

When Vere sought death, arm'd with his sword and shield,
Death was afraid to meet him in the field:
But when his weapons he had laid aside,
Death, like a coward, struck him, and he died
(Pettigrew, 158.)



MONUMENT TO SIR FRANCIS VERE.

of the tomb of Engelbert¹ Count of Nassau, in the church at Breda, where, as here, four kneeling knights support the arms of the dead man ^{His tomb.} who lies underneath. This retention of an older taste has always drawn a tender feeling towards the tomb.² 'Hush! hush! he vill speak presently,' softly whispered Roubiliac to a question thrice repeated by one who found him standing with folded arms and eyes riveted on the fourth knight, whose lips seem just opening to address the bystander.³ By a natural affinity, the tomb of Sir Francis Vere drew ^{The Veres and Beauchercus, 1702.} after it, a century later, the last of his descendants into the same vault — Aubrey de Vere, the last Earl of Oxford, and afterwards the Beauclerk family, through the marriage of the Duke of St. Albans with his daughter and heiress, Diana de Vere.⁴ Close beside is Sir George Holles, his kinsman and ^{Sir George Holles, 1630.} comrade in arms — on a monument as far removed from mediæval times as that of Sir Francis Vere draws near to them. The tall statue stands, not, like that of Vere, modestly apart from the wall, but on the site of the altar once dedicated to the Confessor's favourite saint — the first in the Abbey that stands erect; the first that wears, not the costume of the time, but that of a Roman general; the first monument which, in its sculpture, reproduces the events in which the hero was engaged — the Battle of Nieuport. He, like Vere, attracted to the spot his later descendants;

¹ Compare the arrangement of the tomb of the Emperor Lewis at Munich.

² The tomb was injured by the workmen engaged on Wolfe's monument. (*Gent. Mag.*)

³ Cunningham's *Handbook*, p. 42. This same story is told of the figure on the N. W. corner of the Norris tomb. (*Life of Nollekens*, ii. p. 86.)

⁴ See Chapter III.

and for the sake of the neighbourhood of his own and his wife's ancestors a hundred years later, rose the gigantic monument of John Holles, Duke of Newcastle,¹ who lies at the feet of his illustrious namesake.² Deeper yet into these chapels the Flemish trophies penetrate. Against the wall, which must have held the altar of the Chapel of St. Andrew, is the mural tablet of John de Burgh, who fell ^{De Burgh, 1594.} in boarding a Spanish ship; and in front of it rises a monument, if less beautiful than that of Vere, yet of more stirring interest, and equally connected with the wars in that old 'cockpit of Europe.' We have seen that on the other side of the Abbey was interred Catherine Knollys, the faithful attendant of Anne Boleyn. We now come to a continuation of the same mark of respect on the part of Elizabeth — not often shown, it is said — for those who had been steadfast to her mother's cause, and, curiously enough, to a house with which the family of Knollys was in constant strife. Sir Francis Knollys, the husband of Catherine Carey, and Treasurer of the Queen's Household,³ perhaps from their neighbourhood in Oxford-

¹ Dart, ii. 2.

² Another Holles — Francis, son of the Earl of Clare, who died at the age of eighteen, on his return from the Flemish war a few years later — sits, like his namesake, in Roman costume in St. Francis Holles, 1622. Edmund's Chapel, 'a figure of most antique simplicity and beauty.' (Horace Walpole.) His pedestal was copied from that on which, in a similar attitude, close by, sits Elizabeth Russell (see p. 184). The like sentiment of a premature death probably caused this twin-like companionship. The close of his epitaph deserves notice:

Man's life is measured by his work, not days,
No aged sloth, but active youth, hath praise.

For the Holles monuments the sculptor, Stone, received respectively £100 and £50 from Lord Clare. (Walpole's *Anecdotes of Painting*, ii. 59.)

³ *Biog. Britannica*.

shire, was a deadly rival to Henry Norris. 'Queen Elizabeth loved the Knollyses for themselves; the Norrises for themselves and herself. The Norrises got more honour abroad; the Knollyses ^{The Norris family.} more profit at home, continuing constantly at court; and no wonder, if they were the warmest who sate next the fire.' Henry Norris was the son of that unhappy man who, alone of all those who perished on the scaffold with Anne Boleyn, denied or was silent as to her guilt. Elizabeth, it is believed, expressed her gratitude for the chivalry of the father by her favour to the son. He was further endeared to her by the affection she had for his wife, Margaret, daughter of Lord William of Thame, whom, from her swarthy complexion, the Queen called 'her own crow.'¹ By his marriage with Margaret, Henry Norris inherited Rycote ^{Henry Lord Norris, 1608.} in Oxfordshire, where, according to his expressed intention, the local tradition maintains that he is buried.² The monument in the Abbey, however, is a tribute, 'by their kindred, not only to himself, but to the noble acts, the valour, and high worth of that right valiant and warlike progeny of his—a brood of martial-spirited men, as the Netherlands, Portugal, Little Bretagne, and Ireland can testify.'³ William, John, Thomas, Henry, Maximilian, and Edward, are all represented on the tomb, probably actual likenesses. All, except John⁴ and Edward, fell in battle. John died of vexation at losing the Lord Lieutenancy of Ireland,

¹ Fuller's *Worthies*, iii. 16, 17. But rather from the Norris crest, a raven.

² Dart, ii. 7. — Neale (ii. 198) says that he was interred here. His daughter and sole heiress, Elizabeth, is buried in St. Nicholas's Chapel. (Register, November 28, 1645.)

³ Camden, in Neale, ii. 195.

⁴ See Froude, xi. 108, 128, 184.

and the Queen, to whose hardness he owed his neglect,
John Norris, 1598. repaired the wrong too late, by one of those
 stately letters, which she only could write,
 consoling 'my own crow' for the loss of her son.¹
 'Though nothing more consolatory and pathetic
 could be written from a Prince, yet the death of the
 son went so near the heart of the Earl, his ancient
Edward Norris, 1604. father, that he died soon after.' Edward
 alone survived his father and brothers; and,
 accordingly, he alone is represented, not, as the others,
 in an attitude of prayer, but looking cheerfully up-
 wards. 'They were men of haughty courage, and of
 great experience in the conduct of military affairs; and,
 to speak in the character of their merit, they were
 persons of such renown and worth, as future time
 must, out of duty, owe them the debt of honourable
 memory.'² That honourable memory has long ago per-
 ished from the minds of men; but still, as preserved in
 this monument,³ it well closes the glories of the Eliza-
 bethan court and camp in the Abbey.⁴

One other monument of the wars of those times,
 though of a comparatively unknown warrior, and lo-
 cated in what must then have been an obscure and
 solitary place in the South Aisle of the Choir, carries
 us to a wider field. 'To the glory of the Lord of Hosts,⁵

¹ Fuller's *Worthies*, iii. 8, who gives the letter.

² Camden, in Neale, ii. 199.

³ From this monument the Chapel was called, in the next century (see Register, Aug. 16, 1722; Aug. 8, Oct. 24, 1725), 'Norris's Chapel; as now, for a like reason, the 'Nightingale Chapel.'

⁴ Here also lie Sir John Burrough, Governor of the Netherlands under Lord Essex; and Henry Noel (1596), gentleman pensioner to the Queen, and buried here by her particular directions, for 'his gentle address and skill in music.' (Dart, ii. 7.)

⁵ Is it an accidental coincidence, or an indication of Macanlay's exact knowledge, that the Lay of the contemporary 'Battle of Ivry'

here resteth Sir Richard Bingham, Knight, who fought not only in Scotland and Ireland, but in the Isle of Candy under the Venetians, at Cabo Chrio, and the famous Battaile of Lepanto against the Turks; in the civil wars of France; in the Netherlands, and at Smerwich,¹ where the Romans and Irish were vanquished.'

Sir Richard
Bingham,
1598, aged
70.

Not far off is the monument of William Thynne, coeval with the rise of the great house of which his brother was the founder; and by his long life covering the whole Tudor dynasty, from the reign of Henry VII., when he travelled over the yet united Europe, through the wars of Henry VIII., when he fought against the Scots at Musselburgh, to the middle of Elizabeth's reign, when he 'gently fell asleep in the Lord.'

William
Thynne,
died March
18, 1584.

The descent from the Court of Elizabeth to that of James I. is well indicated by the change of interest in the monuments. They are not deficient in a certain grandeur, but it is derived rather from the fame of the families than of the individuals. Such are the monuments of Lady Catherine St. John (once in St. Michael's, now in St. Nicholas's Chapel), of the Fanes, of the Talbots, and of the Hattons, in the Chapels of St. Nicholas, St. Edmund, and St. Erasmus; of Dudley Carleton,² the ambassador in Spain, in St. Paul's Chapel. He it was who, on his return from Spain,

COURT OF
JAMES I.

Lady
Catherine
St. John.
Fanes, 1618;
Talbots,
1617;
Hattons,
1619; Car-
leton, 1631.

commences with the like strain? Compare Froude, xi. 237. Vere's motto is also *Deo exercitum*.

¹ For Bingham's exploits at Smerwich in Dingle Bay, see Froude, xi. 233-235.

² Stone received for this monument £200. (Walpole's *Anecdotes*, ii. 62.)

'found the King at Theobald's, hunting in a very careless and unguarded manner, and upon that, in order to the putting him on a more careful looking to himself, he told the King he must either give over that way of hunting, or stop another hunting that he was engaged in, which was priest-hunting; for he had intelligence in Spain that . . . Queen Elizabeth was a woman of power, and was always so well attended that all their plots against her failed; but a Prince who was always in woods and forests could be easily overtaken. The advice, however, wrought otherwise than he had intended, for the King continued to hunt, and gave up hunting the priests.'¹ The two greatest men who passed away in James I.'s reign rest far off—Bacon in his own Verulam, Shakspeare in his own Stratford. One inferior to these, yet the last relic of the age of Elizabethan adventure, has left his traces close by. The Gatehouse of Westminster was the prison, St. Margaret's Church the last resting-place, of Sir Walter Raleigh.² A companion of his daring expedition to Fayal rests, without a memorial, in St. Edmund's Chapel—Lord Hervey, who had greatly distinguished himself at the time of the Spanish Armada, and afterwards in Ireland.³

One stately monument of this epoch is remarkable from its position. In the southern side of the central aisle of Henry VII.'s Chapel was buried Ludovic Stuart, Duke of Richmond and Lennox, cousin to James I. (who had been his one confidential companion in the expedition to Gowrie House), Lord Chamberlain, and

Lord Hervey, 1642.

Lewis Stuart, Duke of Richmond, died Feb. 16, 1623-4; buried Feb. 17.

¹ Burnet's *Own Time*, i. 12.

² See Chapter V.

³ Register. The facts from Camden and Dugdale are communicated by the kindness of Lord Arthur Hervey.

Lord High Admiral of Scotland.¹ The funeral ceremony took place two months after his burial, perhaps from his having died of the 'spotted ague.'² His widow,³ who raised the monument, and, with the exception of his brother Esme,⁴ all the Lennox family, were laid beside him, including the natural son of Charles II., to whom his father transferred the name and titles of the great family then just extinct. The heart of Esme, its last lineal descendant, was placed in an urn at the feet of his ancestors, after the Restoration; and in the vault lies the beautiful Duchess of Richmond, widow of the last of the race, ancestress of the Stuarts of Blantyre, whose effigy was, by her own special request, placed

Duchess
of Rich-
mond, 1639.

Charles
Lennox, son
of the
Duchess of
Portsmouth,
died May 27,
buried June
7, 1723.

Esme Len-
nox, 1661.

Duchess of
Richmond,
buried Oct.
22, 1702.

¹ Epitaph, 2 Sam. iii. 38:—

CHRONOG^a AN IGNORATIS: QVIA PRINCEPS ET VIR MAGNVS OBIIIT
HODIE.

The elongated letters are all the Roman numerals. If they are extracted, and placed according to their value, they give (as pointed out to me by Mr. Poole, the master-mason of the Abbey) the date of the year:—

M. DC. VVV. IIIIIII, i. e. 1000 + 600 + 15 + 8 = 1623.

For other like chronograms see Pettigrew's *Epitaphs*, 163, 164.

² State Paper Office, 1624.

³ She requested Charles I.'s intervention for the removal of the stone partition of the Chapel 'wherein is a door and corridors, and for the erection of an iron grate in lieu thereof.' The king, 'though ready to do anything that may add to the honour of the duke, was careful not to command anything that may give an injury and blemish to the strength and security of that Chapel,' and therefore referred the matter to the Dean and Chapter, and they apparently objected, as the partition still remains. (State Paper Office, 1628.) The tomb has been splendidly restored at the cost of the present representative of the family, the Earl of Darnley.

⁴ He, in 1624, with much pomp, equal to that of the funeral of Anne of Denmark, was buried in the vault of his grandmother, Lady Margaret. (See Chapter III.)

close by after her death, 'as well done in wax as could be,' 'under crown-glass and none other,'¹ in the robes she wore at the coronation of Queen Anne, and with a parrot which had 'lived with her Grace for forty years, and survived her only a few days.' The parrot confirms the allusion of Pope to 'the famous Duchess, who would

Die, and endow a college or a cat.'²

The shadows of the reign of Charles I. rested heavily on the tombs of the next generation. First come those

COURT OF
CHARLES I.

The Villiers
family.

which gather round the great favourite of the two first Stuart reigns — George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, 'Steenie.' 'Never any man in any age, nor, I believe, in any country or nation, rose in so short a time to so much greatness of honour, fame, and fortune, upon no other advantage or recommendation than the beauty and gracefulness of his person.'³ This tragical rise we trace both in the

Sir George
Villiers, 1605.

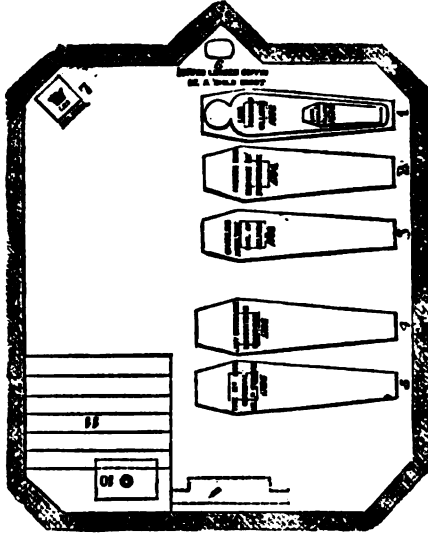
tombs of his parents and of himself. In the Chapel of St. Nicholas lies the Leicestershire squire, Sir George Villiers, with his second wife, Mary Beaumont, to whom, at his own early death, he left the handsome boy, and by whose 'singular care and affection the youth was trained in those accomplishments

¹ See Note at the end of the Chapter.

² Pope's *Moral Essays*, Epistle iii. 96, with his own note and Wharton's comment (vol. iii. p. 245).

³ Clarendon, i. 16. Westminster witnessed a singular proof of the Court affection and the popular hatred for Villiers. One of his favourites, Sir John Grimes, had a pompous funeral in the Abbey. The butchers of King Street buried a dog in Tothill Fields in ridicule of the ceremony, saying, 'the soul of a dog was as good as that of a Scot.' On that occasion the communion cloth, two copes, and Prince Henry's robes, were stolen from the Abbey. (State Papers, Domestic, James I., vol. lxxxvi. No. 132.) Grimes's grave is unknown.

which befitted his natural grace.'¹ Each of the two stately figures which lie on that tomb, carved by the hand of the famous sculptor, Nicholas Stone,² lives in



PLAN OF THE BUCKINGHAM (VILLIERS) VAULT IN HENRY VII.'S CHAPEL.

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>No. 1. is the shaped leaden coffin of Lord Francis Villiers (1648). Under it are two other leaden coffins of the common shape. The wooden cases are wholly absent. Over the legs of these is a small leaden coffin of a child Lord Charles Villiers (1626).</p> <p>No. 2. Mary, Duchess of Buckingham, (1704).</p> <p>No. 3. Charles Hamilton, Earl of Selkirk (1739).</p> <p>No. 4. Catherine, Countess Grandison, (1725-6).</p> | <p>No. 5. General William Steuart (1736).</p> <p>No. 6. A shaped leaden coffin of a child (no inscription).
[Doubtless (from the Register) Philip Feilding, third son to William Earl of Denbigh, buried Jan. 19, 1627-8.]</p> <p>No. 7. A cubical chest, plated with an Earl's coronet and monogram.</p> <p>No. 10. A stone under the floor, removable to enter the vault.</p> <p>No. 11. The steps under the stone.</p> |
|--|---|

the pages of Clarendon, as he follows the fortunes of their son. That stiff burly knight, in his plated armour

¹ Clarendon, i. 17.

² He received £560 for it. Walpole's *Anecdotes*, ii. 61.

and trunk breeches, is 'the man, of a very venerable aspect,' who (more than twenty years after his death) drew the bed-curtains of the officer of the King's wardrobe, at midnight, 'and, fixing his eyes upon him, asked him if he knew him;' and when 'the poor man, half dead with fear and apprehension,' having at last 'called to his memory the presence of Sir George Villiers, and the very clothes he used to wear, in which at that time he seemed to be habited,' answered 'that he thought him to be that person'—then ensued the warning, thrice repeated, and conveyed with difficulty, to the Duke his son, whose colour changed as he heard it; and he swore that that knowledge could come 'only by the Devil, for that those particulars were known only to himself and to one person more, who he was sure would never speak of it.'¹ And that lady, Countess of Buckingham, buried April 21, 1682, with broad full face and flowing ermine mantle, created Countess of Buckingham in her own right, and professing to be 'descended from five of the most powerful kings of Europe by so many direct descents,'² is the mother towards whom the Duke 'had ever a most profound reverence,'—in whose behalf, when he thought that she had suffered a neglect from Henrietta Maria, he came into the Queen's 'chamber in much passion,' and told her 'she should repent of it,' 'and that there had been Queens in England who had lost their heads.'³ She it was who warned the Lord-Keeper (Williams) 'that St. David's (Laud) was the man that did undermine him with her son, and would undermine any man, that himself might rise.'⁴ She too it was with whom, after the Duke had received the fatal warning, he 'was shut up for the space of two

¹ Clarendon, i. 74, 78.

² Clarendon, i. 69.

³ Epitaph.

⁴ Bacon's *Life*, xvi. 368.

or three hours, the noise of their discourse frequently reaching the ears of those who attended in the next rooms: and when the Duke left her, his countenance appeared full of trouble, with a mixture of anger, never before observed in him, in any conversation with her; and she, 'at the Duke's leaving her, was found overwhelmed in tears, and in the highest agony imaginable.'¹

Within six months she received the news of the Duke's murder, and 'seemed not in the least degree surprised; ' but heard it as if she had foreseen it, 'nor did afterwards express such a degree of sorrow as was expected from such a mother for the loss of such a son.'² But the thrill of that fall, at least in the royal circle, 'the lively regret, such as never Prince had expressed for the loss of a servant,' after his first cold reception of the news had passed away, are well represented in his tomb³ in the north side of the

George
Villiers,
Duke of
Buckingham, died
Aug. 23,
buried Sept.
18, 1628.

His tomb.

¹ Clarendon, i. 78, 79.—In her grave were interred two granddaughters and two great-grandsons of the Feilding family. William, Earl of Denbigh, had married her daughter. (Burial Register, 1638, 1640, 1641.) On opening the vault in 1878 there was found on the plate of her coffin the following inscription:—*† I. H. S. REPERTOR QUISQUIS ES, LAMINA HUIC LOCULO INFIXA QUAM HOSPITEM LIGNEUS HABEAT PAUCIS TE EDOCTUM VOLO.* [Then follows a description of her, resembling her epitaph.] *NATA ERAT IPSIS CALENDIS MAII, SED DIES ILLI MAGIS PROPRIE NATALIS ERAT IDEM QUI SANCTIS DEI, DIE SCILICET IN QUO HAS SUAS TERRENAS SUPERINDUVIAS FELICITER POSUIT, ANNO ET: SUE LXII.—XIX. APRIL.—FERIÂ QUINTÂ A. D. MDCXXXII. HÆC A ME. EDOCTUS ABI INSTRUCTIONE ET AVE MARIA DICAS UNUM.* It seems to imply the Roman Catholic belief either of the Countess or her survivors, and is curious in connection with Laud. Possibly it even hints at the Abbey falling into the hands of the Roman Catholics. An imperfect copy of this inscription was made in the Burial Register, on opening the vault in 1719.

² Clarendon, i. 79.

³ He had already designed the place for his family. His son Charles Marquis Buckingham, Earl of Coventry, was buried March 17, 1626-7,

central aisle of Henry VII.'s Chapel — the first intrusion of any person not of royal lineage into that mausoleum of Princes. No higher place could well be given ; and though the popular distrust was so strong as to curtail the funeral itself within the smallest possible dimensions,¹ the deep sensation in his own circle is

His monument, 1633. shown by the inscription on his coffin, which records how he had been the 'singular favourite of two Kings, and was cut off by a nefarious parricide,'² and yet more by the elaborate monument erected by his widow, and completed in 1633. We seem to be present in the Court of Charles as we look at its fantastic ornaments ('Fame even bursting herself, and trumpets to tell the news of his so sudden fall') and its pompous inscriptions, calling each State in Europe severally to attest the several virtues of this 'Enigma of the World.' It corresponds to the blasphemous comparison in which the grave Sir Edward Coke likened him to Our Saviour, and to Clarendon's more measured verdict on that 'ascent so quick, that it seemed rather a flight than a growth ;' 'such a darling of fortune, that he was at the top before he was well seen at the bottom : his ambition rather found at last than brought there, as if a garment necessary for that air ; no more in his power to be without promotion, and titles, and wealth, than for a healthy man to sit in the

'in a little chapel on the north side of King Henry VII.'s monument ;' and on Jan. 19, 1627-8, his nephew, Philip Feilding, the third son to William Earl of Denbigh, by the Duke's sister. (Register.) See Appendix. His wife, Lady Catherine Manners, whose effigy lies by his side, is not buried here :

'When Manners' name with Villiers' joined I see,
How do I reverence your nobility.'

(Cowley.)

¹ Keepe, p. 101.

² See Appendix.

sun in the brightest dogdays, and remain without any warmth.'¹

There is a lesser interest attaching to the tomb, as indicating the ecclesiastical tastes and sentiments of that age. He, the friend of Laud, the pillar of the High Church party, nevertheless from his tomb asserts and reasserts his claim to the name — in our own time by their followers so vehemently repudiated — of 'Protestant;' and the allegorical figures are the first wanton intruders into the imagery (now so dear to the school of Laud) which adorns that ancient Chapel.

Within the same vault (if we may thus far anticipate the course of history) repose in two coffins, placed upon and beneath that of the murdered Duke, his two sons, George and Francis, who appear as blooming boys side by side on their father's monument above, as they do in Vandyke's famous picture at Windsor. Francis, born after his father's death, was the first to follow, 'a youth of rare beauty and comeliness' ^{Lord Francis Villiers, died July 7, buried July 10, 1648.} of person,' who fell at the battle of Kingston, which had been precipitated by his own and his brother's rashness. His body was 'brought from thence by water to York Place, in the Strand, and deposited in his father's vault in the Abbey, with an inscription, which it is pity should be buried with him.'² The coffin of Francis, with that of his brother Charles, is placed above his father's remains. Beneath them lies the last surviving successor in the dukedom, George Villiers, the profligate courtier of Charles II. — the 'Zimri' of Dryden, the rival of 'Peveril of the Peak;' where

George Villiers, second Duke of Buckingham, died April 17, buried June 7, 1687.

¹ Clarendon, i. 61, 62.

² Clarendon, vi. 96.

³ Bryan Fairfax's *Life of the Duke of Buckingham*, p. 24. The inscription which Fairfax gives is almost exactly the same as that found

Pope's famous though fictitious description of his miserable deathbed is recalled to us, as on the decayed coffin-plate we dimly trace the record of his George and Garter — '*Periscelidis eques.*'¹

Two other magnates of that age rest in the Abbey, who must have regarded the fall of Buckingham with feelings somewhat different from those of Charles and Laud. In the Chapel of St. Benedict, second of the secular monuments which fill its narrow space, and similar to that of Buckingham's parents, is the tomb of Lord Middlesex, erected to him by his wife, who rests by his side, in 'the calm haven which he has reached after the stormy voyage of his long life.'² Lionel Cranfield, 'though extracted from a gentleman's family, had been bred in the City, and, being a man of great wit and understanding in all the mysteries of trade, had found means to work himself into the favour of the Duke of Buckingham;'³ and was accordingly, 'with wonderful expedition,' through various lesser offices, raised to the highest financial post of Lord High Treasurer. As by his business-like habits he rose to power, so by them he was led to thwart his patron's extravagance; and hence the celebrated impeachment by which he fell, and which called forth the prophetic remonstrance of King James, in a scene which must have suggested many a page in the '*Fortunes of Nigel*:'

'By God, Stenny' [the King said to the Duke in much choler] 'you are a fool, and will shortly repent this folly, and

on the coffin in 1866; and records his extraordinary beauty and his nine wounds.

¹ See Appendix.

² Epitaph.

³ Clarendon, i. 39. — He was owner of Knoles, where his portrait still exists.

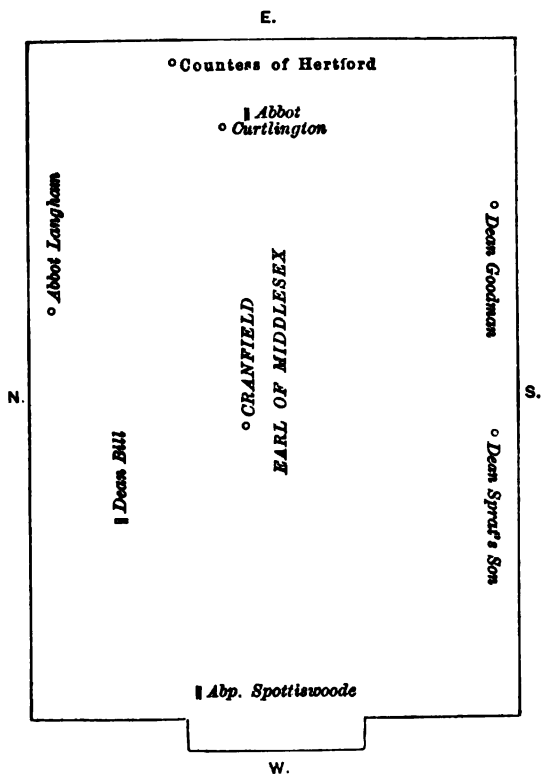
will find that, in this fit of popularity, you are making a rod, with which you will be scourged yourself!’ And turning in some anger to the Prince, told him, ‘That he would live to have his belly full of Parliament impeachments : and when I shall be dead, you will have too much cause to remember how much you have contributed to the weakening of the crown.’¹

On the other side of the Abbey, in St. Paul’s Chapel, is Sir Francis (afterwards Lord) Cottington.² Look at his face, as he lifts himself up on his elbow ; and read Clarendon’s description of his interviews with Buckingham, with James I., with Laud, and with Charles II., and think of the quaint caustic humour which he must have diffused through those three strange English reigns, and of the Spanish Court, in which he spent his early youth and his extreme age : —

A very wise man, by the great and long experience he had in business of all kinds ; and by his natural temper, which was not liable to any transport of anger, or any other passion, but could bear contradiction, and even reproach, without being moved, or put out of his way ; for he was very steady in pursuing what he proposed to himself, and had a courage not to be frightened with any opposition. . . . He was of an excellent humour and very easy to live with : and, under a grave countenance, covered the most of mirth, and caused more than any man of the most pleasant disposition. He never used anybody ill, but used many very well for whom he had no regard : his greatest fault was, that he could dissemble,

¹ Clarendon, i. 41.

² The upper part of the tomb was erected, during his lifetime, to the memory of his wife (1633), whose bust is the work of Hubert le Sueur. The lower part is by ‘the one-eyed Italian Fanelli.’ — *Calendars of State Papers (Domestic)*, 1634, Preface, p. xlii.



CHAPEL OF ST. BENEDICT.

and make men believe that he loved them very well, when he cared not for them. He had not very tender affections, nor bowels apt to yearn at all objects which deserved compassion; he was heartily weary of the world, and no man was more willing to die; which is an argument that he had peace of conscience. He left behind him a greater esteem of his parts than love to his person.¹

When Charles I. wished to employ torture after the death of Buckingham, the answer that it was unlawful was conveyed to him by Sir Thomas Richard-
son, who was known as the 'jeering Lord Sir Thomas Richardson, 1635. Chief Justice.'² When, on one occasion, he came out from being reprimanded by Laud, he declared that 'the lawn-sleeves had almost choked him.' When, on another occasion, he condemned Prynne, he said, 'Let him have the Book of Martyrs to amuse him.'³ He is buried in the north aisle of the Choir, under his monument.

The dragon's teeth which had been sown in the lives of the statesmen on whose graves we have just trodden, bore their natural harvest in the lives of those whose graves we have to tread immediately afterwards. Close by the tomb of his ancestor, Lord Hunsdon, in the Chapel of St. John, is the tablet to Thomas Thomas Cary, 1634. Cary — the one memorial in the Abbey which speaks of the death of Charles I., whose attendant he was, and whose monument represents him as dying a

¹ Clarendon, vi. 465, 467. — His body was brought from Valladolid, and, though he died a Roman Catholic, was interred in the Abbey. The epitaph by his son is twice inaccurate. It was not under Charles but James, that his career began in Spain; and he died, not at the age of 74, but at 77.

² See Evelyn's *Memoirs*, ii. 10.

³ See Foss's *Judges*, vi. 359–362.

second death fourteen years afterwards, in the year in which the execution of his master took place.¹

Then comes the period, which, more than any other, indicates the strong hold which the Abbey had laid on the mind of the whole nation; when not even the excess of Puritan zeal, or the sternness of Republican principles, could extinguish in the statesmen of the Commonwealth the longing to be buried in the Royal Monastery.²

Pym, the chief of the Parliamentary leaders, was the first. He died at Derby House, close by, in Canon Row, an official residence of members of Parliament. Whilst at Oxford there was a 'great feast, and great preparations made for bonfires that night, for that they heard that Master Pym was dead,' the House of Commons, by a respect hitherto without precedent, ordered that his body should be 'interred in Westminster Abbey, without any charge for breaking open the ground there, and a monument be prepared for him at the charge of the Commonwealth.'

The funeral of 'King Pym,' as he was called, was celebrated, worthily of such a name, with 'wonderful pomp and magnificence, in that place where the bones of our English kings and princes are committed to their rest.'³ The body, followed by his two sons, was carried from Derby House on the shoulders of the ten chief gentlemen of the House of Commons, and was accompanied by both Houses of Parliament, and by the Assembly of Divines, then sitting in the

¹ This appears by comparing the date of the plate on the coffin (discovered in 1879), with the inflated inscription on the monument.

² Here, as elsewhere, the graves of the men of letters are reserved for the consideration of Poets' Corner.

³ Clarendon, iv. 436.

THE MAG-
NATES OF
THE COM-
MONWEALTH.

Pym, died
Dec. 8,
buried Dec.
15, 1643.

His funeral.

Jerusalem Chamber.¹ He was laid at the entrance of the Chapel of St. John the Baptist, under the gravestone of John Windsor. The funeral sermon was preached by Stephen Marshall, on the words (Micah vii. 1, 2) 'Woe is me! for the good man is perished out of the earth.' The grand stickler for Parliamentary usage was buried in a grand Parliamentary fashion:

None can completely Pym lament,
But something like a Parliament,
The public sorrow of a State
Is but a brief commensurate;
We must enacted passions have,
And laws for weeping at his grave.²

Pym's grave became the point of attraction for the next few years. Close beside him was laid Sir William Strode, with him one of the 'Five members,' and 'from his fury' known as 'the Parliament driver.' Within the chapel lies Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex, the Parliamentary general. The critical moment of his death, and his position as a possible mediator between the contending parties, gave a peculiar importance to his funeral. It was made by the Independents 'a golden bridge for a departing enemy.' The dead heroes of the Abbey were called to greet his approach:

How the ghosts throng to see their great new guest —
Talbot, Vere, Norris, Williams and the rest!

The sermon was preached by the Presbyterian minister, Dr. Vines, who compared him to Abner. Its title was taken from 'the hearse,' which was unusually splendid, and was placed 'where the Communion Table stood.'

¹ See Chapter VI.

² *Mercurius Britannicus*, quoted in Forster's *Statesmen*, ii. 299, from which the above details are taken.

Sir William
Strode.
Robert
Devereux,
Earl of
Essex,
buried Oct.
22, 1646.

But in the night, by some 'rude vindictive fellows who got into the church,' variously suspected to be Cavaliers, or Independents, the head of the effigy was broken, the buff coat which he had worn at Edgehill was slit, the scarlet breeches were cut, the white boots slashed, and the sword taken away.¹ The same rough hands, in passing, defaced the monument of Camden. In consequence the hearse was removed, and, as the peculiar feeling of the moment passed,² there was no fulfilment of the intention of moving the body to a grander situation, in Henry VII.'s Chapel, where (said the preacher) there 'should be such a squadron-monument, as will have no brother in England, till the time do come (and I wish it may be long first) that the renowned and most excellent champion that now governs the sword of England shall lay his bones by him.'³

This wish, thus early expressed for Cromwell, was, as we have seen, realised; and to that royal burial-place, as if in preparation, the Parliamentary funerals henceforth converged. In St. John's Chapel,⁴ indeed, with Strode and Essex, was laid the fierce Independent, Edward Popham, distinguished both

Popham,
buried Aug.
1651.

¹ In Dulwich Gallery there was long possessed a portrait of 'the old man who demolished with an axe the monument of the Earl of Essex, in Westminster Abbey.'

² His grave was in St. John's Chapel, by the right side of the Earl of Exeter's monument (Register), in a vault occupied by an Abbot, whose crozier was still perfect. (*Perfect Relation of Essex's Funeral*.) In 1879, after a long search, the coffin of Essex was discovered as indicated. The fragment of the crozier was still there. (Camden.) This disposes of the various conjectures in Neale, ii. 185. (See Chapter V.)

³ These particulars are taken from the *Funeral Sermon*, the *Elegy*, the *Programme of the Funeral*, the *Perfect Relation*, and the *Life of Essex*, all published at the time. See also Heath's *Chronicle*, p. 125, who mistakes the position of the hearse.

⁴ Dart, ii. 145; Kennett, p. 537.

by sea and land. But in Henry VII.'s Chapel, at the head of Elizabeth's tomb, was magnificently buried the learned Isaac Dorislaus, advocate at the King's trial. Under the Commonwealth he was ambassador at the Hague, where he was assassinated 'one evening, by certain highflying Royalist cut-throats, Scotch most of them; a man of heavy, deep-wrinkled, elephantine countenance, pressed down with the labours of life and law. The good ugly man here found his quietus.'¹

Isaac
Dorislaus,
buried June
14, 1649.

In the same vault probably which contained the Protector and his family was deposited Ireton, his son-in-law, with an honour the more remarkable, from the circumstance that his death took place at a distance. His body was brought from Limerick, where he had died of the plague in the camp, and lay in state at Somerset House,² with the hatchment bearing the motto, *Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori*, which the Cavaliers interpreted, 'It is good for his country that he should die.'³ Evelyn watched the procession pass 'in a very solemn manner.' Cromwell was chief mourner.⁴ His obsequies were honoured by a sermon from the celebrated Puritan Dean of Christchurch, John Owen, on the 'Labouring Saint's Dismission to rest.'⁵ He must have been no common man to have evoked so grave and pathetic an eulogy: 'The name of God was as land in every storm, in the

Ireton, died
Nov. 26,
1650; buried
March 6,
1650-1.

¹ Carlyle's *Cromwell*, i. 311; Kennett's *Register*, p. 536.

² Noble, i. 63. — A magniloquent epitaph, printed at the expense of Hugh Peters, was found amongst the papers of a descendant of Ireton's, in which his victories are described as so wonderful, '*ut dixisset Deum pro Iretono militasse, Iretonum pro Deo.*' (Crull, Appendix, p. 28.)

³ Dart, ii. 143.

⁴ Evelyn, ii. 48.

⁵ Owen's *Works*, xv. 452.

discovery whereof he had as happy an eye, at the greatest seeming distance, when the clouds were blackest and the waves were highest, as any.'¹

Next followed Colonel Deane, the companion of Pop-
ham and Blake; Colonel Mackworth, one of
Cromwell's Council; Sir William Constable,
and near to him General Worsley,² 'Oliver's
great and rising favourite,' who had charge of
the Speaker's mace when 'that bauble' was
taken from the table of the Long Parliament.

Deane, June
24, 1653.
Mackworth,
Dec. 26,
1654. Con-
stable, June
21, 1655.
Worsley,
June 12,
1656.

After that, 'in a vault built for the purpose,'³ was
laid the first of our naval heroes, whose name
has been thought worthy, in the most stirring
of our maritime war-songs,⁵ to be placed by the side of
Nelson.

Blake,
buried 1657.⁴

Blake [says a great but unwilling witness⁶] was the first man that declined the old track, and made it manifest that the science might be attained in less time than was imagined; and despised those rules which had been long in practice, to keep his ship and his men out of danger; which had been held in former times a point of great ability and circumspection, as if the principal art requisite in the captain of a ship had been to be sure to come home safe again. He was the first man who brought the ships to condemn castles

¹ Owen's *Works*, xv. 458.

² Heath's *Chronicle*, p. 381. *History of Birch Chapel in Manchester Parish*, pp. 39-51, by the Rev. J. Booker. There is no entry of his burial in the Register. He died in St. James's Palace (Thurloe State Papers, v. p. 122), where, in the Chapel Royal, two of his children were buried.

³ Campbell's *Lives of the Admirals*, p. 128.

⁴ His death is variously reported Aug. 14, 17, 27, but his will was proved Aug. 20. His funeral was arranged on the model of that of Colonel Deane.

⁵ Where Blake and mighty Nelson fell,
Your manly hearts shall glow.

⁶ Clarendon, vii. 213, 215-217.

on shore, which had been thought ever very formidable, and were discovered by him to make a noise only, and to fright those who could rarely be hurt by them. He was the first that infused that proportion of courage into the seamen, by making them see by experience what mighty things they could do if they were resolved; and taught them to fight in fire as well as upon water; and, though he hath been very well imitated and followed, he was the first that gave the example of that kind of naval courage and bold and resolute achievements.

It was after his last action with the Spaniards — ‘which, with all its circumstances, was very wonderful, and will never be forgotten in Spain and the Canaries’ — that Blake on his return ‘sickened, and in the very entrance of the fleet into the Sound of Plymouth, expired.’

He wanted no pomp of funeral when he was dead, Cromwell causing him to be brought up by land to London in all the state that could be; and to encourage his officers to venture their lives, that they might be ^{Blake's} funeral pompously buried, he was, with all the solemnity possible, and at the charge of the public, interred in Harry the Seventh's Chapel, among the monuments of the Kings.¹

This is the first distinct claim of a burial in Westminster Abbey as an incentive to heroic achievements, and it came well through the ruler from whose reign ‘the maritime glory of the Empire may first be traced in a track of continuous light.’²

Four days before Cromwell, died Denis Bond, of the Council, in the beginning of that terrific storm which

¹ Clarendon, vii. 215. — His dear friend, General Lambert, rode in the procession from the landing place. (Campbell's *Admirals*, ii. 126.)

² Hallam's *Const. Hist.* ii. 356.

caused the report that the Devil was coming, and that Cromwell, not being prepared, had given *bond* for his appearance,¹ and he was probably interred in Henry VII.'s Chapel.²

Last of all came Bradshaw, who died in the short interval of Richard Cromwell's Protectorate, and was interred from the Deanery, which had been assigned to him as Lord-President of the High Court of Justice.³ He was laid, doubtless, in the same vault as his wife,⁴ 'in a superb tomb amongst the kings.'⁵ The funeral sermon was preached by his favourite Independent pastor, Rowe, on Isaiah lvii. 1.

All these were disinterred at the Restoration. The fate of Cromwell's remains, which was shared equally by those of Bradshaw and Ireton, we have already seen.⁶ For the rest, the King sent an order to the Dean of Westminster, to take up the bodies of all such persons as had been unwarrantably buried in Henry VII.'s Chapel or the Abbey, since the year 1641, and to bury them in some place in the churchyard adjacent.⁷ The order was carried out two days afterwards. All who were thus designated—in number twenty-one—were exhumed, and reinterred in a pit dug at the back-door

¹ To these may be added—from the Register, and from the warrant in Nichols's *Collect.* viii. 153—(under the Choristers' seats in the Choir) Colonel Boscawen and Colonel Carter (1645); close to Lord Norris's tomb, Colonel Meldrum (1644); on the north side of the Confessor's Chapel, Humphrey Salwey (December 20, 1652); on its south side, Thomas Haselrig (October 30, 1651); the poet May, and the preachers Twiss, Strong, and Marshall (1646–55). See Chapter III.

² Kennett's *Register*, p. 536.

³ Heath, p. 430.

⁴ See Nichols's *Collect.* viii. 153.

⁵ Evelyn, January 30, 1660–61.

⁶ See Chapter III.

⁷ The warrant is given *verbatim* in Nichols's *Collect.* viii. 153.

of one of the two prebendal houses¹ in St. Margaret's Churchyard, which then blocked up the north side of the Abbey, between the North Transept and the west end. Isaac Dorislaus — perhaps from compunction at the manner of his death — was laid in a grave somewhat apart.

Seven only of those who had been laid in the Abbey by the rulers of the Commonwealth escaped what Dr. Johnson calls this 'mean revenge.'

Seven exceptions.

Popham was indeed removed, but his body was conveyed to some family burial-place; and his monument, by the intercession of his wife's friends (who had interest at Court), was left in St. John's Chapel, on condition either of erasing the inscription, or turning it inwards.²

Popham's monument.

Archbishop Ussher had been buried in state, at Cromwell's express desire, and at the cost of £200, paid by him.³ When the corpse approached London, it was met by the carriages of all the persons of rank then in town. The clergy of London and its vicinity attended the hearse from Somerset House to the Abbey, where the concourse of people was so great that a guard of soldiers was rendered necessary. This funeral was the only

Archbishop Ussher, died at Reigate, March 21, 1655-6; buried April 17, 1656.

¹ Kennett's *Register*, p. 534. — The houses stood till February 17, 1738-39 (Chapter Book; see Chap. VI.), and are to be seen in an old plan of the Precincts, and in Sandford's plan of the Procession at the Coronation of James II. The back-yard was in what is now the green between the churchyard and the Abbey. According to Neale (*Hist. of the Puritans*, iv. 319), this 'work drew such a general odium on the government, that a stop was put to any further proceedings.' The warrant, however, confines the outrage to those who have been named.

² Dart, ii. 145; Crull, p. 140. It would seem from the state of the monument that the inscription was erased.

³ Winstanley's *Worthies*, p. 476. — He erroneously states that Ussher was buried in Henry VII.'s Chapel.

occasion on which the Liturgical Service was heard within the Abbey during the Commonwealth. The sermon was preached by Dr. Nicolas Bernard (formerly his chaplain, and then preacher at Gray's Inn), on the appropriate text, 'And Samuel died, and all Israel were gathered together;'¹ and the body was then deposited in St. Paul's Chapel, next to the monument of Sir James Fullerton,² his only instructor, whose quaint epitaph still attracts attention. The toleration of Cromwell in this instance was the more remarkable, because, in consequence of the Royalist plots, he had just issued a severe ordinance against all Episcopal ministers. The statesmen of Charles II. allowed the Archbishop to rest by his friend, but erected no memorial to mark the spot.

Elizabeth Claypole escaped the general warrant, probably from her husband's favour with the Court;³

Elizabeth Claypole, Earl of Essex, Grace Scot, 1645-6. the Earl of Essex, perhaps from his rank; Grace Scot,⁴ wife of the regicide Colonel Scot, perhaps from her obscurity; George Wild, the brother of John Wild, M.P., Lord Chief Baron of the Exchequer under the Parliament ('the first judge that hanged a man for treason for adhering to his Prince');⁵ and General Worsley.

With this violent extirpation of the illustrious dead

¹ Elrington's *Life of Ussher*, p. 279.

² Sir James Fullerton was buried near the steps ascending to King Henry VII.'s Chapel, Jan. 3, 1630-31. (Register.)

³ See Chapter III.

⁴ Her touching monument is in the North Transept, 1645-46. Her husband was executed in 1660. She lies close by in the vault of her own family, the Mauleverers. (See Register 1652-53, 1675, 1687, 1689, 1713.)

⁵ He died Jan. 15, and was buried near St. Paul's Chapel door, Jan. 21, 1649-50. (Register.) The inscription can still be read.

the period of the Restoration forces its way into the Abbey. But its traces are not merely destructive.

The funerals of the great chiefs of the Restoration — George Monk, Duke of Albemarle; Edward Montague, Earl of¹ Sandwich; James Butler, Duke of Ormond — followed the precedent set by the interment of the Duke of Buckingham in the reign of Charles I., and of the Parliamentary leaders under the Commonwealth. They were all buried amongst the Kings in the Chapel of Henry VII. At the head of Queen Elizabeth's tomb, in a small vault, probably that from which Dorislaus had been ejected, Monk was laid with Montague, 'it being thought reasonable that those two great personages should not be separated after death.'² Monk, who died at his lodgings in Whitehall, lay in state at Somerset House, and then, 'by the King's orders, with all respect imaginable, was brought in a long procession to the Abbey.' The 'last person named in the Gazette' as attending was 'Ensign Churchill,' who, after a yet more glorious career, was to be laid there himself.³ Dolben (as Dean) officiated.⁴ The next day a sermon was preached by Bishop Seth Ward, who had 'assisted in his last Christian offices, heard his last words and dying

THE CHIEFS
OF THE RES-
Toration.

Monk, Duke
of Albe-
marle, died
Jan. 3,
buried April
29, 1670.

Montague,
Earl of
Sandwich,
July 3, 1672.

¹ The Earl of Sandwich, in Pepys's *Diary*, as his chief, is always 'My lord.' For the programme of his funeral, see Pepys's *Correspondence*, v. 484. Evelyn was present. (*Memoirs*, ii. 372.)

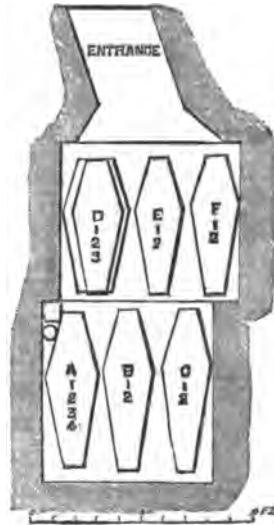
² Crull, p. 107. — In the interval between Monk's death and funeral his wife died, and was buried in the same vault, February 28, 1669–70. 'This twain were loving in their lives, and in their deaths they were not divided.' (Ward's *Sermon*, 29.)

³ Campbell's *Admirals*, ii. 272.

⁴ See the whole account in Sandford's *Funeral of Monk*. The Dean and Prebendaries wore copes. Offerings were made at the altar.

groan.¹ Ormond, with his whole race, was deposited in the more august burial-place at the foot of Henry VII. which had but a few years before held Oliver Cromwell, which then received the offspring of Charles II.'s unlawful passions, and which henceforth became the general receptacle of most of the great

1670. A 1. Duke of Albemarle, General Monk.
 A 2. Duchess of Albemarle.
 1719. A 3. Joseph Addison.
 1720. A 4. James Craggs.
 1716. B 1. George Fitzroy, Duke of Northumberland.
 B 2. (The plate is absent.) Catherine, Duchess of Northumberland, his first wife.
 1708. C 1. Elizabeth, Lady Stanhope.
 1715. C 2. Earl of Halifax.
 D 1. (Not examined.)
 1743. D 2. Frances, Lady Carteret.
 1763. D 3. John, Earl of Granville.
 1738. E 1. Mary, second Duchess of Northumberland.
 1744. E 2. Grace, Countess Granville.
 1734. F 1. Elizabeth, second Duchess of Albemarle.
 1745. F 2. Sophia, Countess of Granville.



PLAN OF THE VAULT OF GENERAL MONK, IN THE NORTH AISLE OF HENRY VII.'S CHAPEL. (Examined Sept. 27, 1867.)

nobles who died in London, and who lie there un-
 marked by any outward memorial. The first
 who was so interred was Ormond's own son,
 the Earl of Ossory,² over whom he made the famous

¹ Ward's *Sermon*, p. 32. 'I saw him die erect in his chair, *uti imperatorem decuit*.'

² Keepe, p. 109. His body is said to have been removed to the family vault in Kilkenny Cathedral, but not till after his father's burial. (Ormond's will.) (Carte's *Life of Ormond*, ii. 499.) There is now no

lament: 'Nothing else in the world could affect me so much; but since I could bear the death of my great and good master, King Charles I., I can bear anything; and though I am very sensible of the loss of such a son as Ossory was, yet I thank God my case is not quite so deplorable as he who condole with me, for I had much rather have my dead son than his living one.' There his wife was buried, on a yet sadder day; and there his own body, 'by long sickness utterly wasted and decayed,'¹ was laid quite privately, just before the fall of the House of Stuart, which he had so long upheld in vain.

Duchess of
Ormond,
July 24,
1684;
James
Butler, Duke
of Ormond,
Aug. 4, 1688.

It is highly characteristic of Charles II., who took to himself the grant given him for his father's monument,² that not one of these illustrious persons was honoured by any public memorial.³ Sandwich and Ormond still remain undistinguished. Monk, for fifty years, was only commemorated in the Abbey by his effigy in armour (the same that was carried on his hearse) in the south aisle of Henry VII.'s Chapel — a standing testimony of the popular favour, and of the regal weight of the general and statesman on whom, during the calamities of the Great Civil War, of the Great Plague, and the Great Fire,⁴ the King and nation had leaned for counsel and support. His ducal cap, till almost within

trace of this coffin in that vault. When opened in 1864 it contained many bones, but only one leaden coffin, and that of a female. I owe this to the Rev. James Graves of Kilkenny.

¹ Keepe, ii. 506, 550.

² See Chapter III.

³ The banners, pennons, and guidons, of Monk and Sandwich, and other insignia of honour, were hanging over their graves in 1711. (Crull, p. 110.) The names were inscribed in 1867.

⁴ 'If the general had been here, the city had not been burned.' (Ward's *Sermon*, p. 30.)

our own time, was the favourite receptacle of the fees for the showmen of the tombs, as well as the constant butt of cynical visitors.¹ At length, in pursuance of the will of his son Christopher, who lies by his side, the present monument was erected by the family, still without the slightest indication of the hero in whose honour it was raised. Charles II. used to say of him, that 'the Duke of Albemarle never overvalued the services of George Monk ;'² the King himself did not overvalue the services of the Duke of Albemarle.

Much the same fortune has attended the memorials of the inferior luminaries of the Restoration who rest

in the Abbey.³ Clarendon, its great historian, was brought from his exile at Rouen, and laid in his family vault, but without a stone or name to mark the spot, at the foot of the steps to

Earl of
Clarendon,
Jan. 4,
1674-5.

Henry VII.'s Chapel.⁴ In St. Edmund's

Bishop
Nicholas
Monk, Dec.
20, 1661.

Chapel lies Nicholas Monk, 'the honest clergyman' who undertook the journey to Scotland to broach the first design of the Restoration to his brother the General, for whom he had always had 'a brotherly affection,' but who was sent back with such 'infinite reproaches and many oaths, that the

¹ See Note on the Waxworks.

² Campbell's *Admirals*, ii. 273.

³ Thomas Blagg, who defended the Castle of Wallingford, and died November 14, 1660, was buried on the 'north side of the church.' Sir Thomas Ingram, Privy Councillor to Charles II., who died Feb. 13, 1671-72, has a monument at the entrance of St. Nicholas's Chapel.

⁴ The name was added in 1867. Here was laid his mother (1661) and his third son (1664-65), and afterwards his grandson, Lord Cornbury (1723), (who 'represented' Queen Anne, as Governor of New York, by appearing at a levée in woman's robes). His niece, Anne Hyde, wife of Sir Ross Carey, was buried on July 23, 1660, in the centre of the Choir, with a quaint epitaph, commemorating this memorable date.

poor man was glad when he was gone, and never had the courage after to undertake the like employment.'¹ His services, however, were not forgotten, and he was raised to the see of Hereford, and dying immediately afterwards was buried in the Abbey. The Duke, his brother, and all the Bishops followed. Evelyn was present.² But he also was left for sixty years to wait for a monument, which ultimately was erected by his last descendant, Christopher Rawlinson, in 1723. Two other prelates, like him, died immediately after the Restoration. Close to Nicholas Monk, under a simple slab, lies Ferne, Bishop of Chester, and Master of Trinity, who had attended Charles I., during his imprisonments, almost to the last, and 'whose only fault it was that he could not be angry.' Brian Duppa, Bishop, first of Salisbury, and then of Winchester — who had been with Charles I. at the same period, and had been tutor to Charles II. and James II. — lies in the North Ambulatory, with a small monument, which recalls some of the chief points of interest in his chequered life: — how he had learned Hebrew, when at Westminster, from Lancelot Andrewes, then Dean; how affectionately he had clung to Richmond, the spot where his education of Charles II. had been carried on; how, after the Restoration,³ he had there built the hospital, which he had vowed during his pupil's exile; how there he died, almost in the arms of that same pupil, who came to see

Bishop
Ferne,
March 25,
1662.

Bishop
Duppa,
April 24,
1665.

His monu-
ment.

REGION OF
CHARLES II.

¹ Clarendon, vii. 383, 384. State Papers, 1662.

² Evelyn, ii. 184.

³ Kennett, p. 650. Pepys's *Diary*, July 29, 1660. — 'To Whitehall Chapel. Heard a cold sermon of the Bishop of Salisbury (Duppa), and the Communion did not please me; they do so overdo that.'

him a few hours before his death, and received his final blessing—one hand on the King's head, the other raised to heaven.¹

In the wake of the mighty chiefs who lie in Henry VII.'s Chapel, are monuments to some of the lesser soldiers of that time. In the North Transept and its neighbourhood are five victims of the Dutch war of 1665—viz., William Earl of Marlborough, Viscount Muskerry, Charles Lord Falmouth, Sir Edward Broughton, and Sir William Berkeley. Of these, all fell in battle except Broughton, who 'received his death-wound at sea, and died here at home.'

Berkeley, brother of Lord Falmouth, was 'embalmed by the Hollanders, who had taken the ship when he was slain,' and 'there in Holland he lay dead in a sugar-chest for everybody to see, with his flag standing up by him.' He was then 'sent over by them, at the request and charge of his relations.'² From the Dutch war of 1672 were brought, to the same North Aisle, Colonel Hamilton, Captain Le Neve,³ and Sir Edward Spragge,⁴ the naval favourite of James II., and the rival of Van Tromp,⁵ whose untimely loss his enemy mourned with a chivalrous regret—'the love and delight of all men, as well for his noble courage as for the gentle sweetness of his temper.' In the Nave, beside Le Neve's tablet, is the joint monument to Sir Charles

Earl of Marl-
borough,
June 14;
Lord
Muskerry,
June 19;
Lord
Falmouth,
June 22;
Broughton,
June 26,
1665.
Berkeley,
Aug. 1666.

Hamilton,
June 7; Le
Neve, Aug.
29; Spragge,
Sept. 23,
1673.

Harbord and
Cottrell,
1672.

¹ The monument originally was where that of Lord Ligonier now is. A monument of his namesake, Sir Thos. Duppa, who outlived the dynasty he had served (1694), is in the North Aisle.

² Register; Pepys, June 16, 1666.

³ Under the organ-loft. (Ibid.)

⁴ Campbell's *Admirals*, ii. 338.

⁵ Ibid. ii. 349, 350.

Harbord¹ and Clement Cottrell, 'to preserve and unite the memory of two faithful friends, who lost ^{Fairborne,} their lives at sea together, in the terrible fight ^{1680.} off the Suffolk coast,'² 'in which their Admiral (Lord Sandwich) also perished.' Not far off is the monument of Sir Palmes Fairborne,³ who fell as Governor of Tangiers, October 24, 1680—remarkable partly as a trace of that outpost of the British Empire, first cradle of our standing army—partly from the inscription written by Dryden, containing, amongst specimens of his worst taste, some worthy of his best moods, describing the mysterious harmony which often pervades a remarkable career:—

His youth and age, his life and death combine
As in some great and regular design,
All of a piece throughout, and all divine :
Still nearer heav'n his virtues shone more bright,
Like rising flames, expanding in their height.

Others are curious, as showing the sense of instability which, in that inglorious reign, beset the mind of the nation, even in the heart of the metropolis:—

Ye sacred reliques! which your marble keep,
Here, undisturb'd by wars, in quiet sleep;
Discharge the trust which (when it was below)

¹ There is a touching allusion in Sir Charles Harbord's will 'to the death of his dear son Sir Charles Harbord, which happened the 28th of May, 1672, being Whitson Tuesday, to his great grief and sorrow, never to be laid aside;' and he directed forty shillings to be given to the poor (and himself, if he died in or near Westminster, to be buried) near to the monument, 'as long as it shall continue whole and undefaced, in Westminster Abbey Church, on the 28th day of May, for ever, by the advice and direction of the Dean then for the time being.' (Communicated by Colonel Chester.)

² Epitaph.

³ His wife was buried here, 1694; an infant son had also been buried in the Cloisters, 1678-79. (Register.)

Fairborne's undaunted soul did undergo,
And be the town's Balladium¹ from the foe.
Alive and dead these walls he will defend:
 Great actions great examples must attend.

Three memorials remain of the calamitous vices of the period. Thomas Thynne, 'Tom of Ten Thousand,'² the 'Western Issachar' of Dryden's poems, lies not far from his ancestor William, of happier fame. His monument, like the nearly contemporary one of Archbishop Sharpe at St. Andrews, represents his murder, in his coach in Pall Mall, by the three ruffians of Count Königsmark.³ The coachman is that Welshman of whom his son, the Welsh farmer, boasted that his father's monument was thus to be seen in Westminster Abbey. The absence of the long inscription which was intended to have recorded the event⁴ is part of the same political feeling which protected the murderer from his just due. It was erected (such was the London gossip) by his wife, 'in order to get her a second husband, the comforts of a second marriage being the surest to a widow for the loss of a first husband.'

In the Cloisters is the tablet to Sir Edmond⁵ Berry Godfrey, the supposed victim of the Popish Plot, restored by his brother Benjamin in 1695, with an epitaph remarkable for the singular moderation with which he refers to History for the solution of the mystery of Sir Edmond's death.

¹ So in the epitaph. ² Tom Brown, iii. 127.
³ See an account by Hornbeck and Burnet of the last confession of two of the assassins (1682).
⁴ It is given in Crull (Appendix, p. 26).
⁵ So it is written on his monument. He was called 'Berry' after a family to which he was related. He is buried at St. Martin's-in-the-Fields. (*Londiniana*, iii. 199.)

In the centre of the South Transept lies 'Tom Chiffinch,¹ the King's closet-keeper. He was as well last night as ever, playing at tables in the house, and not being ill this morning at six o'clock, yet dead before seven. . . . It works fearfully among people nowadays, the plague, as we hear, increasing rapidly again.'²

We pass to a monument of this epoch, erected not by public gratitude, but by private affection, which commemorates a husband and wife, both remarkable in the whole of the period which they cover. In the solitude of the North Transept, hitherto almost entirely free from monuments, the romantic William Cavendish, 'the loyal Duke of Newcastle,' built his own tomb.

William
Cavendish,
Duke of
Newcastle,
Jan. 22,
1676-7.

He was a very fine gentleman, active, and full of courage; and most accomplished in those arts of horsemanship, dancing, and fencing which accompany a good breeding. He loved monarchy, as it was the foundation and support of his own greatness; and the Church, as it was well constituted for the splendour and security of the Crown; and religion, as it cherished and maintained that order and obedience that was necessary to both; without any other passion for the particular opinions which were grown up in it, and distinguished it into parties, than as he detested whatsoever was like to disturb the public peace.³

With him is buried his second wife, herself as remarkable as her husband — the most prolific of female writers, as is indicated by her book and inkstand on the tomb. She was surrounded night and day with young ladies, who were to wake up at a moment's notice 'to take

Margaret
Lucas,
Duchess of
Newcastle,
Jan. 7,
1673-4.

¹ He was the brother of the more notorious William Chiffinch.

² Pepys's *Diary*, April 4, 1666.

³ Clarendon, iv. 517.

down her Grace's conceptions;' authoress of thirteen folios, written each without corrections, lest her coming fancies should be disturbed by them; of whom her husband said, in answer to a compliment on her wisdom, 'Sir, a very wise woman is a very foolish thing:' but of whom, in her epitaph, with more unmixed admiration, he wrote that 'she was a very wise, witty, and learned lady, as her many books do testify;' and, in words with which Addison was 'very much pleased' — 'Her name was Margaret Lucas, youngest sister of Lord Lucas of Colchester — a noble family, for all the brothers were valiant, and all the sisters virtuous.'¹ 'Of all the riders on Pegasus, there have not been a more fantastic couple than his Grace and his faithful Duchess, who was never off her pillion.'² 'There is as much expectation of her coming,' said Pepys, 'as if it were the Queen of Sweden.' He describes her appearance at the Royal Society: 'She hath been a good and seemly woman, but her dress so antick, and her deportment so ordinary, that I do not like her at all; nor did I hear her say anything that was worth hearing, but that she was full of admiration, all admiration!'³ In reply to her question to Bishop Wilkins, author of the work on the possibility of a passage to the Moon — 'Doctor, where am I to find a place for waiting in the way up to that planet?' — Wilkins answered, 'Madam, of all the people in the world, I never expected that question from you, who have built so many castles in

¹ *Spectator*, No. 99. It has been suggested to me that this may have been inspired by a passage in Molière's *Georges Dandin*, acted in 1668, act i. scene 4 — 'Dans la maison de Sotenville, on n'a jamais vu de coquette; et la bravoure n'y est pas plus héréditaire aux mâles que la chasteté aux femelles.'

² Walpole (*Londiniana*, i. 127).

³ Pepys's *Diary*, April and May, 1667.

the air, that you may lie every night at one of your own !'

By a slight anticipation of the chronological order, we may here notice the monument which stands next to this in the Transept, and which with it long guarded the open space.¹ It was attracted to its position by a triple affinity to this particular spot. John Holles was descendant both of the families of George John Holles, Duke of Newcastle, Aug. 9, 1711. Holles and Sir Francis Vere, who lie immediately behind; and after his marriage with the granddaughter of William Cavendish, who lies immediately by his side, he was created Duke of Newcastle.² By all these united titles he became 'the richest subject that had been in the kingdom for some ages;'³ and his monument is proportionably magnificent, according to the style which then prevailed. On it the sculptor Gibbs staked his immortality; and by the figures of 'Prudence' and 'Sincerity,'⁴ which stand on either side, set the example of the allegorical figures which, from that time, begin to fill up the space equally precious to the living and the dead.⁵

The statesmen and warriors of the Revolution have but slight record in the history of the Abbey. Ben-

¹ The houses of these two Dukes of Newcastle can still be traced; that of Cavendish in *Newcastle Place* in Clerkenwell, that of Holles in the neighbourhood of Lincoln's Inn and of *Newcastle Street* in the Strand.

² See p. 61.

³ Burnett's *Own Time*, vi. 62 (or ii. 580); and see his epitaph.

⁴ 'Sincerity' lost her left hand in the scaffolding of George IV.'s coronation.

⁵ The Chapel behind was, from his vault, formerly called the 'Holles Chapel;' and in it a new vault was, in 1766, made for Lord and Lady Mountrath, who before that had been buried in the Argyll vault. (Register.)

tinck, the Earl of Portland, with his first descendants, favourite and friend of William III., lies in the Or-

THE REVOLU-
TION OF
1688.

Bentinck,
Duke of
Portland,
1709.

The Duke of
Schomberg,
Aug. 4,
1719,
aged 79.

Sir Joseph
Williamson,
died Oct. 3,
buried Oct.
14, 1701.

Diana
Temple,
March 27,
1679. Lady
Temple,
1694. Sir
W. Temple,
Feb. 1,
1693-4.

mond vault, just 'under the great east window.'¹ When Marshal Schomberg fell in the passage of the Boyne, it was felt that 'the only cemetery in which so illustrious a warrior, slain in arms for the liberties and religion of England, could properly be laid,'²

was Westminster Abbey. His corpse was embalmed and deposited for that purpose in a leaden coffin on the field. But, in fact, he was never carried further than Dublin, where he now lies in St. Patrick's Cathedral.³ His family, however, are interred in the Ormond vault at Westminster — brother, son, and daughter. In the vault of the Duke of Richmond,⁴ with whose family he was connected by marriage,⁵ is Sir Joseph Williamson, the English plenipotentiary at Ryswick.⁶ In the south aisle of the Nave lies, by the side of his daughter Diana and wife Dorothy (former love of Henry Cromwell), Sir William Temple,⁷ beneath a monument which combines their names with that of his favourite sister Lady Gifford, who long survived him.

One monument alone represents the political aspect of this era — that of George Saville, Marquis of Hal-

¹ Register.

² Macaulay, iii. 638.

³ Beside the monument inscribed with the famous epitaph by Swift (Pettigrew's *Epitaphs*, 186.)

⁴ Register. — This seems hardly compatible with the statement in Crull (p. 120), that he was buried in the same small vault that contained Elizabeth Claypole, which is on the other side of the Chapel.

⁵ Nichols's *Collect.* viii. 12.

⁶ In St. Paul's Chapel is the monument of Sir Henry Bellasize, governor of Galway, 1717.

⁷ Register. See Macaulay's *Essay on Sir W. Temple*.

ifax, who, with his wife and daughter, lies in the vault of Monk close by. But its position marks his importance. It is the first visible memorial of any subject that has gained a place in the aisle which holds the tomb of Queen Elizabeth. Its classical style, with its medallion portrait, marks the entrance into the eighteenth century, which with its Augustan age of literature, and its not unworthy line of ministers and warriors, compensates by magnificence of historic fame for its increasing degradation of art and taste.

George
Saville,
Marquis of
Halifax,
April 11,
1696.

Close beside George Saville is the monument of the second Halifax, who lies with him¹ in General Monk's vault — Charles Montague, his successor in the foremost ranks of the state, his more than successor as a patron of letters:—

REIGN OF
QUEEN
ANNE.

Charles
Montague,
Earl of
Halifax,
May 20,
1715.

When sixteen barren centuries had past,
This second great Mæcenæ came at last.²

He had an additional connection with Westminster from his education in the School, and in his will he 'desired to be buried privately in Westminster Abbey, and to have a handsome plain monument.'³ The yet more famous ashes of his friend Addison were attracted, as we shall see, to that spot, by the contiguity of him who 'from a poet had become the chief patron of poets.' On Addison's coffin rests the coffin of James Craggs, Secretary of State, and, in spite of their divergent politics, the friend both of Addison and Pope. The narrow aisle, where he was

James
Craggs,
died Feb. 16,
buried
March 2,
1720-1.

¹ He lies on Lady Stanhope's coffin (Register), i. e. the daughter of George Saville.

² Dr. Sewall to Addison. (*British Poets.*)

³ *Biog. Brit.* v. 306.

buried, could not afford space for more monuments; and in the erection of his memorial, at the western extremity of the church, we have at once the earliest example of a complete dissociation of the grave and tomb, and also the first monument of imposing appearance erected in the hitherto almost vacant Nave.¹ His premature end at the age of thirty-five, by the smallpox, then making its first great ravages in England, no doubt added to the sympathy excited by his death.² The statue was much thought of at the time. 'It will make the finest figure, I think, in the place; and it is the least part of the honour due to the memory of a man who made the best of his station.'³ So Pope wrote, and the interest which he expressed in the work during its execution never flagged: 'the marble on which the Italian is now at work;' 'the cautions about the forehead, the hair, and the feet;' the visits to the Abbey, where he 'saw the statue up,' though 'the statuary was down' with illness; the inscription on the urn, which he saw 'scored over in the Abbey.' The epitaph remains.
 His epitaph. 'The Latin inscription,' he says, 'I have made as full and yet as short as I possibly could. It vexes me to reflect how little I must say, and how far short all I can say is of what I believe and feel on that subject: like true lovers' expressions, that vex the heart from whence they come, to find how cold and faint they must seem to others, in comparison of what inspires them invariably in themselves. The heart glows while the tongue falters.'⁴ It exhibits the conflict in

¹ It stood originally at the east end of the Baptistery.

² Johnson's *Poets*, ii. 63.

³ See Pope's *Works*, iii. 368; vi. 374.

⁴ Pope, ix. 427, 428, 442. — For the character of Craggs, see his

public opinion between Latin and English in the writing of epitaphs. It also furnishes the first materials for Dr. Johnson's criticism:—

Statesman, yet friend to truth! of soul sincere,
In action faithful, and in honour clear!
Who broke no promise, serv'd no private end,
Who gain'd no title, and who lost no friend;
Ennobled by himself, by all approv'd,
Prais'd, wept, and honour'd by the Muse he lov'd.

JACOBUS CRAGGS, REGI MAGNÆ BRITANNIÆ A SECRETIS ET
CONSILIIS SANCTIORIBUS, PRINCIPIS PARITER AC POPULI AMOR
ET DELICIE: VIXIT TITULIS ET INVIDIA MAJOR, ANNOS HEU
PAUCOS, XXXV.

The lines on Craggs [so writes Dr. Johnson] were not originally intended for an epitaph; and therefore some faults are to be imputed to the violence with which they are torn from the poem that first contained them. We may, however, observe some defects. There is a redundancy of words in the first couplet: it is superfluous to tell of him, who was *sincere, true, and faithful*, that he ^{Criticism of Dr. Johnson.} was *in honour clear*. There seems to be an opposition intended in the fourth line, which is not very obvious: where is the relation between the two positions, that he *gained no title and lost no friend*? It may be proper here to remark the absurdity of joining, in the same inscription, Latin and English, or verse and prose. If either language be preferable to the other, let that only be used; for no reason can be given why part of the information should be given in one tongue, and part in another, on a tomb more than in any other place, or any other occasion; and to tell all that can be conveniently told in verse, and then to call in the help of prose, has always the appearance of a very

Epistle (ibid. iii. 295, 296; and for the original inscription, ibid. iv. 290).

artless expedient, or of an attempt unaccomplished. Such an epitaph resembles the conversation of a foreigner, who tells part of his meaning by words, and conveys part by signs.¹

The situation of the monument has been slightly changed, but the care which was expended upon it was not in vain, if the youthful minister and faithful lover of the Muses becomes the centre of the memorials of greater statesmen than himself, and of poets not unworthy of Pope — Pitt and Fox, Wordsworth and Keble.

In the Nave is a slight record of an earlier statesman of this age — Sidney, Earl Godolphin, 'chief minister of Queen Anne during the nine first glorious years of her reign,' buried in the south aisle —
Lord Godolphin, died Sept. 16, buried Oct. 8, 1712. 'a man of the clearest head, the calmest temper, and the most incorrupt of all the ministers of states' that Burnet had ever known² — 'the silentest and modestest man that was, perhaps, ever bred in a court;'³ and who maintained to his life's end the short character which Charles II. gave him when he was page, — 'He was never in the way, and never out of the way.'⁴ The bust was erected to him by Henrietta (his daughter-in-law), daughter and heiress of the great Duke of Marlborough, who was buried beside him and his brother. Her mother Sarah was standing by Lord Godolphin's death-bed, with Sir Robert Walpole, then in his early youth. The dying Earl took Walpole by the hand, and turning to the Duchess, said: 'Madam, should you ever desert

¹ Johnson's *Poets*, iii. 205, 206.

² *Own Time*, vi. 135 (or ii. 614).

³ *Ibid.* ii. 240 (or i. 479).

⁴ See Pope, v. 256.

this young man, and there should be a possibility of returning from the grave, I shall certainly appear to you.' ¹

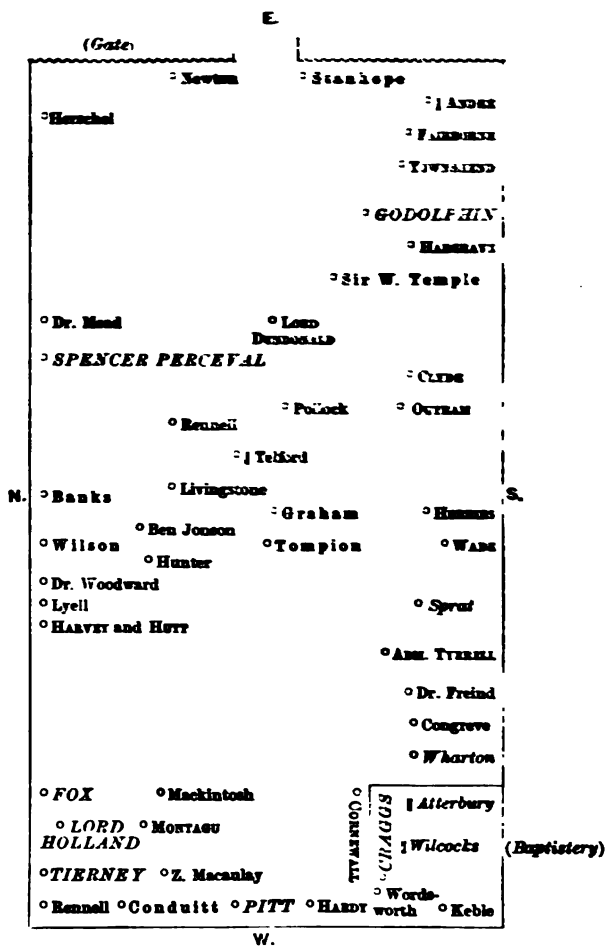
Before passing to Walpole and the ministers of the Hanoverian dynasty, we must pause on the War of the Succession in Germany and Spain, as before WAR OF THE SUC-
CESSION. we were involved in the Flemish wars of Elizabeth and the Dutch wars of Charles II.; and again the funerals of Blake and Monk are renewed, and the funerals of Nelson and Wellington, in our own day, anticipated. When the 'Spectator,' 'in his serious humour, walked by himself in Westminster Abbey,' he observed that 'the present war had filled the church with many uninhabited monuments,' ² which had been erected to the memory of persons whose bodies were perhaps buried on the plains of Blenheim, or in the bosom of the ocean.' ³ These monuments were chiefly in the northern aisle of the Nave — to Gen- Killigrew,
April 14,
1707. eral Killigrew, killed in the battle of Almanza; to Colonel Bingfield, ⁴ aide-de-camp Bingfield,
May 23,
1706. to the Duke of Marlborough, killed at the battle of Ramillies, whilst 'remounting the Duke on a

¹ Walpole's *Letters*, vol. i. p. cxxiii.

² One such monument was placed there long after Addison's time. Old Lord Ligonier, after having fought all through the wars of Anne, died at the age of 92 (1770), in the middle of the reign of George III.

³ *Spectator*, No. 26 (1711).

⁴ 'Poor Bingfield, holding my stirrup for me, and lifting me on horseback, was killed. I am told that he leaves his wife and mother in a poor condition.' (Letter to the Duchess of Marlborough on the next day, March 24, 11 A.M.) There is a similar expression in the formal despatch: 'You may depend that Her Majesty will not fail to take care of poor Bingfield's widow.' (*Coxe's Life of Marlborough*, ii. 354, 357.) He is called on the monument Bringfield. His head was struck off by a cannon-ball. The monument records that he had often been seen at the services in the Abbey.



PLAN OF THE NAVE

fresh horse, his former "fayling"¹ under him, and interred at Bavechem, in Brabant, a principal part of the English generals attending his obsequies ;' to Lieutenant Heneage Twysden, killed at the battle of Blaregnies, and his two brothers, John and Josiah, of whom the first was lieutenant under Sir Cloudesley Shovel, and perished with him, and the second was killed at the siege of Agremont in Flanders.

Heneage
Twysden,
Sept. 1704.

John Twysden,
Oct. 22,
1707.

Josiah
Twysden,
1708.

In the southern aisle was the cenotaph to Major Creed, who fell in his third charge at Blenheim, and was buried on the spot. 'It was erected by his mother,' 'near another which her son, while living, used to look up to with pleasure, for the worthy mention it makes of that great man the Earl of Sandwich, to whom he had the honour to be related, and whose heroic virtues he was ambitious to emulate.'²

Creed,
1704.

To the trophies on 'one of these new monuments,' perhaps this very one, as Sir Roger de Coverley went up the body of the church he pointed, and cried out, 'A brave man I warrant him!' As the two friends advanced through the church, they passed, on the south side of the Choir, a more imposing structure, on which Sir Roger flung his hand that way, and cried, 'Sir Cloudesley Shovel, a very gallant man!' The 'Spectator' had passed there before, and 'it had often given him very great offence. Instead of the brave rough English Admiral, which was the distinguishing character of that plain gallant man,

Sir Cloudesley Shovel,
died Oct. 22,
buried Dec. 22, 1707.

¹ The horse did not 'fayl,' but the Duke was thrown in leaping a ditch. (Coxe, ii. 354.)

² *Epitaph.* — It originally stood where André's monument now is, and therefore nearer to Harbord's monument, to which it alludes.

he is represented by the figure of a beau, dressed in a long periwig, and reposing himself on velvet cushions, under a canopy of state. The inscription is answerable to the monument, for, instead of celebrating the many remarkable actions he had performed in the service of his country, it acquaints us only with the manner of his death, in which it was impossible for him to reap any honour.¹ The Admiral was returning with his fleet from Gibraltar. It was believed that the crew had got drunk for joy that they were within sight of England. The ship was wrecked, and Sir Cloudesley's body was thrown ashore on one of the islands of Scilly, where some fishermen took him up, and, having stolen a valuable emerald ring from his finger, stripped and buried him. This ring being shown about made a great noise all over the island. The body was accordingly discovered by Lieutenant Paxton, purser of the 'Arundell,' who took it up, and transported it in his own ship to Plymouth, where it was embalmed in the Citadel, and thence conveyed by land to London, and buried, from his house in Soho Square, in the Abbey with great solemnity.²

At the time when the 'Spectator' surveyed the Abbey the great commander of the age was still living. The precincts had already witnessed a scene of mourning, in connection with his house, more touching than any monument, more impressive than any funeral. At King's College, Cambridge, is a stately monument, under which lies the Duke's only son, cut off there in the flower of his promise. The Duke

The Duke
of Marl-
borough.

¹ *Spectator*, No. 139.

² Campbell's *Admirals*, iii. 28-30. *Plymouth Memoirs*, by James Yonge, p. 40. — There is no monument to Admiral Delaval, long the companion of Sir Cloudesley Shovel, who died in the North, and was

himself had been obliged to start immediately for his great campaign. But a young noble¹ amongst the Westminster boys, as he played in the cloisters, recognised a strange figure, which he must have known in the great houses of London. It was Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, who 'used, by way of mortification and as a mark of affection, to dress herself like a beggar, and sit with some miserable wretches² in the cloisters of Westminster Abbey.' At last on that proud head descended the severest blow of all; and we are once more admitted to the Abbey by the correspondence between Pope and Atterbury. 'At the time of the Duke of Marlborough's funeral,' writes Pope, 'I intend to lie at the Deanery, and moralise one evening with you on the vanity of human glory;' ³ and Atterbury writes in return —

Mourning of
Sarah,
Duchess of
Marl-
borough, for
her son,
Feb. 20,
1702-3.

I go to-morrow to the Deanery, and, I believe, shall stay there till I have said 'Dust to dust,' and shut up that last scene of pompous vanity. It is a great while for me to stay there at this time of the year, and I know I shall often say to myself, whilst expecting the funeral:

O rus, quando ego te aspiciam, quandoque licebit
Ducere sollicitæ jucunda oblivæ vitæ?

buried in the Abbey on January 23, 1706-7 (ibid. iii. 8; Charnock's *Naval Biography*, ii. 1), at the upper end of the West Aisle. (Register.)

¹ The Duchess of Portland said 'the Duke (her husband) had often seen her, during this mourning of hers, when he was a boy at Westminster School.' She used to say that 'she was very certain she should go to heaven; and as her ambition went now beyond the grave, that she knew she should have one of the highest seats.' (Mrs. Delany's *Autobiography*, iii. 167.)

² A Chapter order, May 6, 1710, mentions the 'Appointment of a constable to restrain divers disorderly beggars daily walking and begging in the Abbey and Cloisters, and many idle boys daily coming into the Cloisters, who there play at cards and other plays for money, and are often heard to curse and swear.'

³ *Letters*, iv. 6.

In that case I shall fancy I hear the ghost of the dead thus entreating me :

At tu sacratæ ne parce malignus arenæ
 Ossibus et capiti inhumato
 Particulam dare . . .
 Quamquam festinas, non est mora longa : licebit
 Injecto ter pulvere curras.

There is an answer for me somewhere in *Hamlet* to this request, which you remember though I do not : '*Poor ghost, thou shalt be satisfied !*' or something like it. However that be, take care that you do not fail in your appointment, that the company of the living may make me some amends for my attendance on the dead.

Sed me

Imperiosa trahit Proserpina, vive valeque.

Death of
 the Duke
 of Marl-
 borough,
 June 16,
 1732. His
 funeral,
 Aug. 9,
 1732.

The Tory prelate and the Tory poet waited, no doubt, long and impatiently for the slow cavalcade of the funeral of the Great Duke, whose Whiggery they could not pardon even at that moment —

By unlamenting veterans borne on high —
 Dry obsequies, and pomps without a sigh.

His remains had been removed from Windsor Lodge, where he died, to Marlborough House. From thence the procession was opened by bands of military, accompanied by a detachment of artillery, in the rear of which followed Lord Cadogan, Commander-in-Chief, and several general officers, who had been devoted to the person of the Duke, and had suffered in his cause. Amidst long files of heralds, officers at arms, mourners, and assistants, the eye was caught by the banners and guidons emblazoned with his armorial achievements, among which was displayed, on a lance, the standard of Woodstock, exhibiting the arms of France on the Cross of St. George.

In the centre of the cavalcade was an open car, bearing the coffin, which contained his mortal remains, surmounted with a suit of complete armour, and lying under a gorgeous canopy, adorned with plumes, military trophies, and heraldic achievements. To the sides shields were affixed, exhibiting emblematic representations of the battles he had gained, and the towns he had conquered, with the motto, '*Bello hæc et plura.*' On either side were five captains in military mourning, bearing aloft a series of bannerols, charged with the different quarterings of the Churchill and Jennings families.

The Duke of Montagu, who acted as chief mourner, was supported by the Earls of Sunderland and Godolphin, and assisted by eight dukes and two earls. Four earls were also selected to bear the pall. The procession was closed by a numerous train of carriages belonging to the nobility and gentry, headed by those of the King and the Prince of Wales.

The cavalcade moved along St. James's Park to Hyde Park Corner, and from thence, through Piccadilly and Pall Mall, by Charing Cross to Westminster Abbey. At the west door it was received by the dignitaries and members of the Church, in their splendid habiliments;¹ and the venerable pile blazed with tapers and torches innumerable. . . . The procession then moved through the Nave and Choir to the Chapel of Henry VII.²

— to the vault³ which contained the ashes of Ormond, and which had once contained the ashes of Cromwell. The expenses were defrayed by Sarah herself.

Twenty-four years afterwards the body was removed to a mausoleum, erected under her superintendence, in

¹ See note in Atterbury's *Letters*, iv. 6, 7. — The Dean and Canons appear in copes. The Dean set up an altar at the head of Henry VII.'s tomb (*ibid.* iv. 11), as in Monk's funeral.

² Coxe's *Marlborough*, vi. 385.

³ Register.

the Chapel at Blenheim, and there, a few weeks later, she was laid by his side.¹

The Duke's brother, Admiral Churchill, who preceded him by a few years, rests in the south aisle of the Choir.

Admiral
Churchill,
buried May
12, 1710.

Whilst Atterbury and Pope were complaining of the hard fate of having to assist at the funeral of the Duke of Marlborough, they were also corresponding about another tomb, preparing in Henry VII.'s Chapel, over the grave of one whose claims to so exalted a place were made up of heterogeneous materials, each questionable of itself, yet, together with the story of its erection, giving a composite value to the monument of a kind equalled by few in the Abbey. John Sheffield, first Marquis of Normanby, and then Duke of Buckinghamshire or of Buckingham,² by some of his humble contemporaries regarded as a poet, has won a place in Johnson's 'Lives of the Poets,' and has left one celebrated line.³ He has achieved for his name⁴ a more legitimate place in Poets' Corner than his verses could have given him, by uniting it with the name of Dryden,⁵ on the monument which he there erected to his favourite author.

Sheffield,
Duke of
Buckingham-
shire, died Feb. 24,
buried
March 26,
1731.

¹ It appears from the Duchess's will, dated August 11, 1744, that the Duke's body was then still in the Abbey, and from the account of her funeral in October 1744, that it had by that time been removed. (Thomson's *Memoirs of the Duchess of Marlborough*, pp. 502, 562.)

² Johnson's *Lives*, ii. 153. — The ambiguity of the title was to guard against confusion with Villiers, Duke of Buckingham. His full title was 'the Duke of the County of Buckingham.'

³ A faultless monster which the world ne'er saw. (Johnson, ii. 155.)

⁴ 'Muse, 'tis enough — at length thy labour ends,
And thou shall live — for *Buckingham* commends,
Sheffield approves, consenting *Phæbus* bends.' (Pope, iii. 331.)

⁵ See p. 121.

It was, however, his political and military career, and still more his rank, which won for him a grave and monument in Henry VII.'s Chapel. He must have been no despicable character, who at twelve years undertook to educate himself; who maintained the presence of mind ascribed to him in the extraordinary peril at sea to which he was exposed by the perfidy of Charles II.; who, by his dexterous answers evaded the proselytism of James II. and the suspicions of William III. But probably his family connections carried the day over all his other qualifications. He who had in his youth been the accepted lover of his future sovereign, Anne, the legitimate daughter, and who afterwards married the natural daughter of James II., almost fulfilled the claims of royal lineage. His elevation to the historic name of Buckingham — which, perhaps, procured for his monument the Chapel next to that filled, in the reign of Charles I., by his powerful namesake — left his mark on the stately mansion which, even when transformed into a royal palace, is still '*Buckingham House*,' created by his skill out of the old mulberry garden in St. James's Park, with the inscription *Rus in urbe*, 'as you see from the garden nothing but country.'¹ As he lay there in state, the crowd was so great, that the father of the antiquary Carter, who was present, was nearly drowned in the basin in the courtyard.² The Duchess, 'Princess Buckingham,' as Walpole calls her, was so proud of her 'illegitimate parentage as to go and weep over the grave of her father, James II., at St. Germain's, and have a great mind to be buried by him.'³ 'On the

¹ Defoe's *Journey through England*, i. 194.

² *Gent. Mag.*, vol. lxxxiv. pt. ii. p. 548.

³ Walpole, i. 234. — One of the monks tried to make her observe how ragged the pall was, but she would not buy a new one.

martyrdom of her grandfather, Charles I., she received Lord Hervey in the great drawing-room of Buckingham House, seated in a chair of state, attended by her women in like weeds, in memory of the Royal Martyr.¹ Yet she did full honour to her adopted race; and to express her gratitude for the contrast between the happiness of her second marriage and the misery of her first, her husband's funeral was to be as magnificent as that of the great Duke of Marlborough; and

Sheffield's
funeral,
March 25,
1721.

his monument to be as splendid as the Italian taste of that pedantic age could make it.

Pope was in eager communication with her and the artist Belluchi, to see that the likenesses were faithful.² Three children, two sons and a daughter, were transferred at the same time to their father's vault, from the neighbouring Church of St. Margaret.³ One son alone⁴ remained, the last of

Edmund
Sheffield,
Duke of
Buckinghamshire,
died at
Rome, Oct.
30, 1735;
buried Jan.
31, 1735-6.

the house, from whom his mother was inseparable; and when he died in early youth at Rome, a few years later, she revived the pageant once more. Priding herself on being 'a Tory Duchess of Marlborough,' she wrote to Sarah, to borrow the triumphal car that had transported

the remains of the famous Duke. 'It carried my Lord Marlborough,' replied the other, 'and shall never be profaned by any other corpse.' 'I have consulted the undertaker,' retorted her proud rival, 'and he tells me that I may have a finer for twenty pounds.'⁵ The waxen effigies of herself and of her son, which were prepared for this solemnity, are still preserved in the

¹ Walpole's *Reminiscences*.

² Pope, viii. 336; ix. 228.

³ Register.

⁴ On the monument Time is represented bearing away the four children.

⁵ Walpole's *Reminiscences*.

Abbey.¹ That of her son, as it lay in state, she invited his friends to visit, with a message that, if they had a mind to see him, she could carry them in conveniently by a back-door.²

The Duchess settled her own funeral with the Garter King-at-Arms, on her deathbed, and 'feared dying before the pomp should come home.' 'Why don't they send the canopy for me to see? Let them send it, though all the tassels are not finished.' She made her ladies vow to her that, if she should lie senseless, they would not sit down in the room before she was dead.

Catherine,
Duchess of
Buckinghamshire,
April 8, 1743.

Both mother and son were laid in the same tomb with the Duke. Atterbury's letters are filled with affection for them,³ and Pope wrote a touching epitaph for her⁴ (which was, however, never inscribed), and corrected an elaborate description in prose of her character and person, written by herself.⁵ She quarrelled with the poet, but accepted the corrections, and showed the character as his composition in her praise.

Sheffield's epitaph on himself is an instructive memorial at once of his own history and of the strange turns of human thought and character.⁶ '*Pro Rege scepe, pro Republica semper,*' well sums up his political career under the last three Stuarts. Then comes the expression of his belief:—

Sheffield's
epitaph.

¹ See Note on the Waxworks, p. 208.

² Walpole's *Reminiscences*, i. 234.

³ For the Duchess, see Atterbury's *Letters*, iv. 135, 153, 161, 163, 253, 268, 310, 317; and for the young Duke, *ibid.* iv. 149, 155.

⁴ Johnson's *Lives of the Poets*, iii. 216.

⁵ Pope, vii. 323, 325.

⁶ The sensation produced by the epitaph at the time is evident from the long defence of it 'by Dr. Richard Fiddes, in answer to a Free-thinker' (1721).

*Dubius sed non improbus vizi ;
 Incertus morior, non perturbatus.
 Humanum est nescire et errare.
 Deo confido
 Omnipotenti benevolentissimo
 Ens entium, miserere mei.*

Many a reader has paused before this inscription. Many a one has been touched by the sincerity through which a profound and mournful scepticism is combined with a no less profound and philosophic faith in the power and goodness of God. In spite of the seeming claim to a purer life¹ than Sheffield, unhappily, could assert, there is in the final expression a pathos, amounting almost to true penitence. 'If any heathen could be found,' says even the austere John Newton, 'who sees the vanity of the world, and says from his heart, *Ens entium, miserere mei*, I believe he would be heard.' He adds, 'But I never found such, though I have known many heathens.'² Perhaps he had never seen this monument, but quoted the words from hearsay. The expression is supposed to have been suggested by the traditional last prayer of Aristotle, who earnestly implored 'the mercy of the Great First Cause.'³ But many readers also have been pained by the omission of any directly Christian sentiment, and have wondered how an inscription breathing a spirit so exclusively drawn from natural religion found its way, unrebuked and uncorrected, into a Christian church. Their wonder will be increased when they hear that it once

¹ Unless 'non improbus' refers to his opinions, 'not hardened.'

² Scott's *Eclectic Notes*, p. 265.

³ Fiddes (p. 40), who quotes from *Cælius Rhodigenius* (tom. ii. lib. 17, c. 34), and adds the prayer of the friends who are supposed to be standing by the philosopher's deathbed — '*Qui philosophorum animas excipit et tuam colliget.*' (Ibid. tom. ii. lib. 18, c. 31.)

contained that very expression of awestruck affection for the Redeemer, which would fill up the void ; that it originally stood '*Christum adveneror, Deo confido.*'¹ The wonder will be heightened yet more when they learn that this expression was erased, not by any too liberal or philosophic layman, but by the episcopal champion of the High Church party — Atterbury, to whom, as Dean of Westminster, the inscription was submitted. And this marvel takes the form of a significant lesson in ecclesiastical history, when we are told the grounds of the objection — that the word *adveneror* 'was not full enough as applied to Christ.'² How like is this criticism to the worldly theologian who made it, but how like also to the main current of theological sentiment for many ages, which, rather than tolerate a shade of suspected heresy, will admit absolute negation of Christianity — which refuses to take the half unless it can have the whole. And, finally, how useless was this caution to the character of the prelate who erased the questionable words. The man of the world always remains unconvinced, and in this case was represented by the scoffing Matthew Prior, who, in the short interval that elapsed between the Duke of Buckingham's funeral and his own, wrote the well-known lines, which, though professedly founded on a perverse interpretation of the charitable hope of the Burial Service, evidently point in reality to the deep-seated suspicion of Atterbury's own sincerity :

¹ The original inscription is given at length in Crull, ii. 49 (1722) ; and also in Fiddes's *Letter* (1721), who argues at length on the force of the expression (p. 38). It was in this form that it received the approval of Erasmus Darwin. (*Life*, by Charles Darwin, p. 15.)

² The opposite party, in the published copies of the inscription, inserted *solo* after *Deo*. (Fiddes, p. 39.)

Of these two learned peers, I prythee say, man,
 Who is the lying knave, the priest or layman?
 The Duke — he stands an infidel confess'd,
 'He's our dear brother,' quoth the lordly priest.¹

Three statesmen stretch across the first half of the eighteenth century. John Campbell, Duke of Argyll and Greenwich — soldier and statesman alike, of the first order in neither service, but conspicuous in both as the representative of the northern kingdom, which through his influence more than that of any single person was united to England — was buried in a vault² in Henry VII's Chapel, made for himself and his family, far away from his ancestral resting-place at Kilmun. His monument, erected by Roubiliac at the cost of an admiring friend, stands almost alone of his class amongst the poets in the Southern Transept — a situation³ which may well be accorded by our generation to one with whose charming character and address our age has become familiar chiefly through the greatest of Novelists. In the sculptured emblems, History pauses at the title of 'Greenwich,' which was to die with him. 'Eloquence,' with outstretched hand, in an attitude which won Canova's special praise,⁴ represents the 'thunder'⁵

1678-1743.
 Duke of
 Argyll and
 Greenwich,
 buried Oct.
 15, 1743.

¹ Pope's *Works*, ix. 209.

² This new vault was made in 1743. His widow was interred there April 23, 1767; his daughters, Caroline, Countess of Dalkeith, in 1791, and Mary (Lady Mary Coke) in 1811 (*Register*), 'the lively little lady' who, in the *Heart of Midlothian*, banters her father after the interview with Jeannie Deans.

³ The monument displaced the ancient staircase leading from the Dormitory. (*Gleanings*, p. 48.) Close to it were characteristically pressed the monuments of two lesser members of the Campbell clan.

⁴ *Life of Nollekens*, ii. 161.

⁵ 'Argyll, the state's whole thunder born to wield,
 And shake alike the senate and the field.' — (Pope.)

and 'persuasion'¹ described by the poets of his age. The inscription which History is recording, and which was supplied by the poet Paul Whitehead,² and the volumes of 'Demosthenes' and Cæsar's 'Commentaries,' which lie at the foot of Eloquence, commemorate his union of military and oratorical fame; whilst his Whig principles are represented in the sculptured Temple of Liberty and a cherub holding up *Magna Charta*.

Walpole died at Houghton, and was interred in the parish church without monument or inscription:

So peaceful rests, without a stone, a name
Which once had honour, titles, wealth, and fame.³

But he is commemorated in the Abbey by the monument of his first wife, Catherine Shorter, whose beauty, with the good looks of his own youth, caused them to be known as 'the handsome couple.' The position of her statue, in the south aisle of Henry VII.'s Chapel, is one to which nothing less than her husband's fame would have entitled her. It was erected by Horace Walpole, her youngest son, and remains a striking proof both of his affection for her and his love of art. The statue itself was copied in Rome from the famous figure of 'Modesty,'⁴ and the inscription, written by himself, perpetuates the memory of her excellence: 'An ornament to courts, untainted by them.' If the story be true, that Horace was really the son of Lord Hervey, it is remarkable as showing his unconsciousness of the suspicion of his mother's honour. He murmured a good deal at having to pay forty pounds for the ground of the statue,⁴ but

Lady Wal-
pole, died
Aug. 20,
1787.

Her statue.

¹ 'From his rich tongue

Persuasion flows, and wins the high debate.' — (Thomson.)

² Neale, ii. 258.

³ Coxe's *Walpole*, chap. lxii. and lxiii.

⁴ Walpole's *Letters*, ii. 277.

'at last,' he says, 'the monument for my mother is erected: it puts me in mind of the manner of interring the Kings of France — when the reigning one dies, the last before him is buried. Will you believe that I have not yet seen the tomb? None of my acquaintance were in town, and I literally had not courage to venture alone among the Westminster boys; they are as formidable to me as the ship-carpenters at Portsmouth.'¹

Pulteney, after his long struggles, determined, when he had reached his peerage, to be buried in the Abbey, which he had known from his childhood as a Westminster boy. A vault was constructed for himself and his family in the Islip Chapel,² and there, in his eightieth year, his obsequies were performed by his favourite Bishop Zachary Pearce.³ In the pressure to see his funeral (which, as usual, took place at night), a throng of spectators stood on the tomb of Edward I., opposite the vault.⁴ A mob broke in, and, in the alarm created by the confusion, the gentlemen tore down the canopy of the royal tomb, and defended the pass of the steps leading into the Confessor's Chapel with their drawn swords and the broken rafters of the canopy. Pelham's

Pulteney,
Earl of
Bath, died
July 7,
buried July
17, 1764.

His funeral.

¹ Walpole's *Letters*, i. 352.

² Probably attracted by the grave of Jane Crewe, heiress of the Pulteneys in 1639, whose pretty monument is over the chapel door.

³ The most conspicuous monument in the Cloisters is that of David Pulteney, who died September 7, 1731, buried May 17, 1732. (Register.) He was M. P. for Preston, and in 1722 a Lord of the Admiralty. It seems that the independence which is so lauded in this epitaph showed itself in his opposition to Walpole, and his defence of free trade and of the interests of the British merchants abroad (see *Parliamentary History*, viii. 1, 608, 647).

⁴ *Gent. Mag.* 1817, part i. p. 33. — The antiquary Carter was present, as a boy: 'I stood, with many others, on the top of the tomb. . . . A dreadful conflict ensued. Darkness soon closed the scene.' (Ibid. 1799, part ii. p. 859.)

career is celebrated by the monument to his 'very faithful' secretary, Roberts, in the South Transept. His brother the Duke of Newcastle is faintly recalled by the monument on the opposite side to Robinson, who was distinguished by the name of 'Long Sir Thomas Robinson.'¹ 'He was a man of the world, or rather of the town, and a great pest to persons of high rank, or in office. He was very troublesome to the late Duke of Newcastle, and when in his visits to him he was told that His Grace had gone out, would desire to be admitted to look at the clock or to play with a monkey that was kept in the hall, in hopes of being sent for in to the Duke. This he had so frequently done, that all in the house were tired of him. At length it was concocted among the servants that he should receive a summary answer to his usual questions, and accordingly, at his next coming, the porter, as soon as he had opened the gate, and without waiting for what he had to say, dismissed him in these words: Sir, his Grace has gone out, the clock stands, and the monkey is dead.' His epitaph commemorates his successful career in Barbadoes, and 'the accomplished woman, agreeable companion, and sincere friend' he found in his wife.

Roberts,
Secretary of
Pelham,
1776.

The rebellion of 1745 has left its trace in the tablet erected in the North Transept to General Guest, 'who closed a service of sixty

General
Guest,
buried Oct.
16, 1747, in
the East
Cloister.

¹ Hawkins' *Johnson*, p. 192, which erroneously states that he 'rests in the Abbey.' He was called 'Long' from his stature, to distinguish him from the 'German' Sir Thomas Robinson of the same date, who was a diplomatist. 'Long Sir Thomas Robinson is dying by inches,' said some one to Chesterfield. 'Then it will be some time before he dies.' The appointment to the governorship of Barbadoes, mentioned on his monument, was given to him because Lord Lincoln wanted his house. (Walpole's *Letters*, i. 22; vi. 247.)

years by faithfully defending Edinburgh Castle against the rebels¹ in 1745; and in the elaborate monument

of Roubiliac, in the Nave, to Marshal Wade, whose military roads, famous in the well-known Scottish proverb, achieved the subjugation of the Highlands. A cenotaph in the East Cloister celebrates 'two affectionate brothers, val-

iant soldiers and sincere Christians,' Scipio and Alexander Duroure, of whom the first fell at Fontenoy in 1745; and the second was buried here in 1765, after fifty-seven years of faithful service.

Following the line of the eye, and erected by the great sculptor just named — who seems for these few years to have attained a sway over the Abbey more complete than any of those whose trophies he raised — are the memorials of two friends, 'remarkable for their monuments in Westminster Abbey,' but for little

beside. That to General Fleming was erected by Sir John Fleming, who also lies there, 'to the memory of his uncle, and his best of friends.'² That to General Hargrave appears to have provoked a burst of general indignation at the time. It was believed to have been raised to him merely on account of his wealth.³ At the time it was thought that 'Europe could not show a parallel to it.'⁴ Now, the significance of the falling pyramids has been so lost, that they have even

¹ 'My old commander General Guest,' says Colonel Talbot in *Waverley*, vol. iii. chap. 3.

² Epitaph. — The whole Fleming family are congregated under these monuments. (Register.)

³ 'Some rich man.' (Goldsmith's *Citizen of the World*, p. 46.) It was said that a wag had written under the figure struggling from the tomb, 'Lie still if you're wise; you'll be damned if you rise.' (Hutton's *London Tour*.)

⁴ Malcolm, p. 169.

been brought forward as a complaint against the Dean and Chapter for allowing the monuments to go to ruin.

It was at this time that Goldsmith uttered his complaint: 'I find in Westminster Abbey several new monuments erected to the memory of several great men. The names of the great men I absolutely forget, but I well remember that Roubiliac was the statuary who carved them. . . . Alas! alas! cried I, such monuments as these confer honour not on the great men, but on little Roubiliac.'¹ But the sculptor himself was never satisfied. He constantly visited Dr. Johnson to get from him epitaphs worthy of his works.² He used to come and stand before 'his best work,' the monument of Wade, and weep to think that it was put too high to be appreciated.³ The Nightingale tomb was probably admitted more for his sake than for that of the mourners. Yet when he came back from Rome, and once more saw his own sculptures in the Abbey, he had the magnanimity to exclaim, with the true candour of genius, 'By God! my own works looked to me as meagre and starved as if they had been made of tobacco pipes.'

The successors of Marlborough by land and sea still carry on the line of warriors, now chiefly in the Nave. At the west end is the tablet of Captain William Horneck, the earliest of English engineers, who learned his military science under the Duke of Marlborough, and is buried in his father's grave in the South Transept. There also is told the story of Sir Thomas Hardy — descendant of the protector of Henry VII. on his voyage from Brittany to England, and ancestor of the companion of Nelson — who, for his services

Roubiliac's
monuments.

William
Horneck,
April 27,
1746.

Sir Thomas
Hardy, Aug.
24, 1783;
Lady Hardy,
May 8, 1720.

¹ Goldsmith. ² *Life of Reynolds*, i. 119. ³ *Akermann*, ii. 37.

under Sir George Rooke, lies buried (with his wife) near the west end of the Choir. There, too, is the first monument erected by Parliament to naval heroism — the gigantic memorial of the noble but now forgotten

Cornewall,
Dec. 26, 1743.
Tyrrell, died
June 6, 1766.

death of Captain Cornewall, in the battle off Toulon; and, close upon it, the yet more prodigious mass of rocks, clouds, sea, and ship, to commemorate the peaceful death of Admiral Tyrrell.¹

In the North Transept and the north aisle of the Choir follow the cenotaphs of a host of seamen — Baker, who

Baker, died
Nov. 20,
1716.
Saumarez,
Oct. 14,
1747, buried
at Plymouth.
Balchen,
1744.
Temple
West, 1757.
Vernon,
1751.
Beaucherk,
1740.
Warren,
1752.
Wager,
buried in
North
Transept,
1745.
Holmes,
1761.

died at Portmahon; Saumarez, who fought from his sixteenth to his thirty-seventh year under Anson and Hawke; the 'good but unfortunate' Balchen, lost at sea; Temple West, his son-in-law; Vernon, celebrated for his 'fleet near Portobello lying'; Lord Aubrey Beaucherk, the gallant son of the first Duke of St. Albans, who fell under Vernon at Carthage, and whose epitaph is ascribed to Young; and Warren, represented by Roubiliac with the marks of the small-pox on his face. Wager, celebrated for his 'fair character,' who in his youth had fought in the

service of the American Quaker, Captain Hull, is buried in the North Transept,² and Admiral Holmes is near St. Paul's Chapel.

¹ The idea of the monument seems to be to represent the Resurrection under difficulties. Tyrrell, though he died on land, was buried in the sea, and is sculptured as rising out of it. Compare the like thought in the bequest of William Glanville in the churchyard at Wotton, who, when his father was buried in the Goodwin Sands, and he six yards deep in the earth, left an injunction, still observed, that the apprentices of the parish should, over his grave, on the anniversary of his death, recite the Creed, the Lord's Prayer, and the Ten Commandments, and read 1 Cor. xv.

² 'There was never any man that behaved himself in the Straits (of

The narrow circle of these names takes a wider sweep as, with the advance of the century, the Colonial Empire starts up under the mighty reign of Chatham. Now for the first time India on one side, and North America on the other, leap into the Abbey. The palm-trees and Oriental chiefs on the monument of Admiral Watson recall his achievements at the Black Hole of Calcutta, and at Chandernagore;¹ as the elephant and Mahratta captive on that of Sir Eyre Coote, and the hill of Trichinopoly on that of General Lawrence, recall, a few years later, the glories of Coromandel and the Carnatic. George Montague, Earl of Halifax, 'Father of the Colonies,' from whom the capital of Nova Scotia takes its name, is commemorated in the North Transept; Massachusetts² and Ticonderoga,³ not yet divided from us, appear on

Admiral
Watson,
buried at
Calcutta,
1757.
Sir Eyre
Coote, buried
at Rockburn,
1788.
Lawrence,
1775.
George
Montague,
Earl of
Halifax,
1771.

Gibraltar) like poor Charles Wager, whom the very Moors do mention with tears sometimes.' (Pepys, iv. 1668.) 'Old Sir Charles Wager is dead at last, and has left the fairest character.' (Walpole, i. 248.)

¹ Gideon Loten, governor of Batavia, with Ps. xv. 1-4 for his character, has a tablet in the North Aisle (1789).

² Massachusetts is the female figure on the top of the monument. It was executed by Schumberg.

³ Ticonderoga appears also on the monument, not far off, of Colonel Townsend, executed by T. Carter. 'Here,' says the sculptor's antiquarian son, 'I recall my juvenile years. . . I killed July 25, 1757.

I now revere his memory, deeper engraved on my heart than on that part of the monument allotted to perpetuate the name of the sculptor.' (*Gent. Mag.* 1799, pt. ii. p. 669.) Yet it was not entirely Carter's:

Pray, Mr. Nollekens, asked his biographer, 'can you tell me who executed the basso-relievo of Townsend's monument? . . . I am sorry to find that some evil-minded persons have stolen one of the heads.' Nollekens: 'That's what I say. Dean Horsley should look after his monuments himself. Hang his waxworks! Yes, I can tell you who did it. Tom Carter had the job, and employed another man of the name of Eckstein to model the fillet. It's very clever. Flaxman used to say he would give something for the possession of the name of the

the monument in the south aisle of the Nave, erected to Viscount Howe, the unsuccessful elder brother of the famous admiral. But the one conspicuous memorial of that period is that of his brother's friend — 'friends to each other as cannon to gunpowder'¹ — General Wolfe. He was buried in his father's grave at Greenwich, at the special request of his mother; but the grief excited by his premature death in the moment of victory is manifested by the unusual proportions of the monument, containing the most elaborate delineation of the circumstances of his death — the Heights of Abraham, the River St. Lawrence,² the faithful Highland sergeant, the wounded warrior, the oak with its tomahawks. 'Nothing could express my rapture,' wrote the gentle Cowper, 'when Wolfe made the conquest of Quebec.' So deep was the enthusiasm for the 'little red-haired corporal,'³ that the Dean had actually consented to erect the monument in the place of the beautiful tomb of the Plantagenet prince, Aymer de Valence — a proposal averted by the better taste of Horace Walpole, but carried out in another direction by destroying the screen of the Chapel of St. John the Evangelist, and dislodging the monument of Abbot Esteney. It marks, in fact, the critical moment of the culmination and decline of the classical costume and

Lord Howe,
1758; monument erected
June 14,
1762.
General
Wolfe, killed
at Quebec,
Sept. 13,
buried at
Greenwich,
Nov. 20,
1759. His
monument.

artist who executed the sculptural parts of this monument, which he considered as one of the finest productions of art in the Abbey.' (Smith's *Life of Nollekens*, ii. 308.)

¹ Walpole's *Memoirs of George II.*

² The bronze bas-relief is by Capitoldi. It is exact down to the minutest details of Wolfe's cove, the Château de St. Louis, &c. This monument is by Wilton, who 'carved Wolfe's figure without clothes to display his anatomical knowledge.' (*Life of Nollekens*, ii. 173.)

³ *Notes and Queries*, xii. 398.

undraped figures of the early part of the century. Already, in West's picture of the Death of Wolfe, we find the first example of the realities of modern dress in art.¹

Earl Howe — great not only by his hundred fights, but by his character, 'undaunted and silent as a rock, who never made a friendship but at the cannon's mouth'² first of the naval heroes, received his public monument in St. Paul's instead of the Abbey. It was felt to be a marked deviation from the rule, and the Secretary of State, Lord Dundas, in proposing it to Parliament, emphatically gave the reason. It was that, 'on a late solemn occasion, the colours which Lord Howe had taken from the enemy on the first of June had been placed in the metropolitan Cathedral.' But that great day of June is not left without its mark in Westminster. The two enormous monuments of Captains Harvey and Hutt, and of Captain Montagu, who fell in the same fight, originally stood side by side between the pillars of the Nave,³ the first beginning of an intended series of memorials of a like kind. Corresponding to these three captains of the Nave, but of a slightly earlier date, are the three captains of the North Transept — Bayne, Blair, and Lord Robert Manners, who perished in like manner in Rodney's crowning victory, and whose colossal monument⁴ so cried for room as to expel from its place the

LORD
HOWE'S
CAPTAINS.

Harvey,
Hutt, and
Montagu,
died June
1, 1794.

RODNEY'S
CAPTAINS.

Bayne,
Blair, and
Manners,
April 12,
1782.

¹ *Life of Reynolds*, ii. 206.

² Campbell's *Admirals*, vii. 240.

³ (Neale, ii. 228.) They were transposed by Dean Vincent, Montagu to the west end, and Harvey and Hutt, greatly reduced, to one of the windows.

⁴ It was shut up for seven years after its erection, from the delay of the inscription. (*Gent. Mag.*, vol. lxiii. pt. ii. p. 782.)

font of the church, which has since taken refuge in the western end of the Nave.¹

The tablet of Kempenfelt in the Chapel of St. Michael commemorates the loss of the 'Royal George.'² Ad-

Kempenfelt, miral Harrison is buried at the entrance into
Aug. 29, the Cloisters, with the two appropriate texts,
1787.
Harrison,
Oct. 28, 1791. *Deus portus meus et refugium*, and *Deus mon-*

Earl Dun- *stravit miracula sua in profundis*; and the
donald, died
Oct. 31, funeral of Lord Dundonald, in the Nave —
buried Nov. thus at the close of his long life reinstated in
14, 1800.

the public favour — terminates the series of naval heroes which begins with Blake. Nelson,³ who at Cape St. Vincent looked forward only to victory or Westminster Abbey, found his grave in St. Paul's.

The military line still runs on. The unfortunate General Burgoyne, whose surrender at Saratoga lost

Burgoyne, America to England, lies, without a name, in
buried Aug. the North Cloister. But of that great struggle⁴
13, 1792.

the most conspicuous trace is left on the southern wall of the Nave by the memorial of the ill-fated Major André,⁵ whose remains, brought home after a lapse of forty years, lie close beneath.

When,⁶ at the request of the Duke of York, the body

¹ Neale, ii. 208.

² Near this are the monuments of Admirals Storr (1783), Pocock (1793), and Totty (1800), and of Captain Cook, who fell in the sea-fight in the Bay of Bengal (1799), and the handsome medallion of Captain Stewart (1811).

³ See a humorous allusion to this in *Lusus West.* ii. 210. See Note on the Waxworks.

⁴ The only other mark of the American war, showing the tragic wragg, died interest it excited, is the monument to William Wragg, Sept. 3, 1777. shipwrecked in his escape from South Carolina.

⁵ The bas-relief appears to represent André as intended to be shot; not, as was the case, to be hanged.

⁶ *Life of Major André*, by Winthrop Sargeant, pp. 409-411. Burial Register. *Annual Register*, 1821, p. 333.

was removed from the spot where it had been buried, under the gallows on the banks of the Hudson, a few locks of his beautiful hair still remained, and were sent to his sisters. The string which tied his hair was sent also, and is now in the possession of the Dean of Westminster. A withered tree and a heap of stones now mark the spot, where the plough never enters. When the remains were removed, a peach tree,¹ of which the roots had pierced the coffin and twisted themselves round the skull, was taken up, and replanted in the King's garden, behind Carlton House. The courtesy and good feeling of the Americans were remarkable. The bier was decorated with garlands and flowers, as it was transported to the ship. On its arrival in England, it was first deposited in the Islip Chapel, and then buried, with the funeral service, in the Nave, by Dean Ireland, Sir Herbert Taylor appearing for the Duke of York, and Mr. Locker, Secretary of Greenwich Hospital, for the sisters of André. The chest in which the remains were enclosed is still preserved in the Revestry. On the monument, in bas-relief,² by Van Gelder, is to be seen the likeness of Washington receiving the flag of truce and the letter either of André or of Clinton. Many a citizen of the great Western Republic has paused before the sight of the sad story.³ Often has the head of Washington or André been carried off, perhaps by republican or royalist indignation, but more probably by the pranks of Westminster boys: 'the wanton mischief,' says Charles

¹ In 1868 died an old American lady who had as a girl given him a peach on that occasion.

² The monument was deemed of sufficient importance to displace that of Major Creed.

³ Amongst them Benedict Arnold (through whose act André had suffered). Peter von Schenck, p. 147.

Lamb, 'of some school-boy, fired perhaps with some raw notions of Transatlantic freedom. The mischief was done,' he adds, addressing Southey, 'about the time that you were a scholar there. Do you know anything about the unfortunate relic?'¹ Southey, always susceptible at allusions to his early political principles, not till years after could forgive this passage at arms. The wreath of autumnal leaves from the banks of the Hudson which is placed over the tomb was brought by the Dean from America.

Here and there a few warriors of the Peninsular War are to be found in the Aisles. Colonel Herries's funeral, in the south aisle of the Nave, was remarkable for the attendance of the whole of his corps, the Light Horse Volunteers, of which he was described as the Father.² Sir Robert Wilson, like Lord Dundonald, after many vicissitudes, has found a place in the north aisle of the Nave.³ There also the late Indian campaigns are represented by the two chiefs, Outram and Clyde, united in the close proximity of their graves, after the long rivalry of their lives, followed by Sir George Pollock, whose earlier exploits preserved Afghanistan. The Crimean War, the Indian Mutiny, and the loss of the 'Captain,' will be long recalled by the stained glass of the North Transept. The granite column which stands in front of the Abbey also records, in a touching inscription — from its public situation more frequently read perhaps than any other in London — the Westminster scholars who

Sir R. Wilson, May 15, 1849.
Sir James Outram, died at Pau, March 11, buried March 25, 1868.
Lord Clyde, died Aug. 14, buried Aug. 22, 1868.
Sir George Pollock, 1872.

¹ Lamb's *Elia*.

² Lord Teignmouth's *Life*, i. 268.

³ Two young officers, Bryan and Beresford, who fell at Talavera (1809), and Ciudad Rodrigo (1812), have monuments in the North Aisle.

fall in those campaigns, and whose names acquire an additional glory from the most illustrious of their number, Lord Raglan.¹ A monument not far from Kempfelt, in the Chapel of St. John, was erected to the memory of Sir John Franklin by his hardly less famous widow, a few weeks before her own death in her 83rd year. Its ornaments are copied from the Arctic vegetation, and from the armorial bearings which served to identify the relics found on his icy grave, and the lines which indicate his tragic fate are by his kinsman, the Poet-Laureate Tennyson.

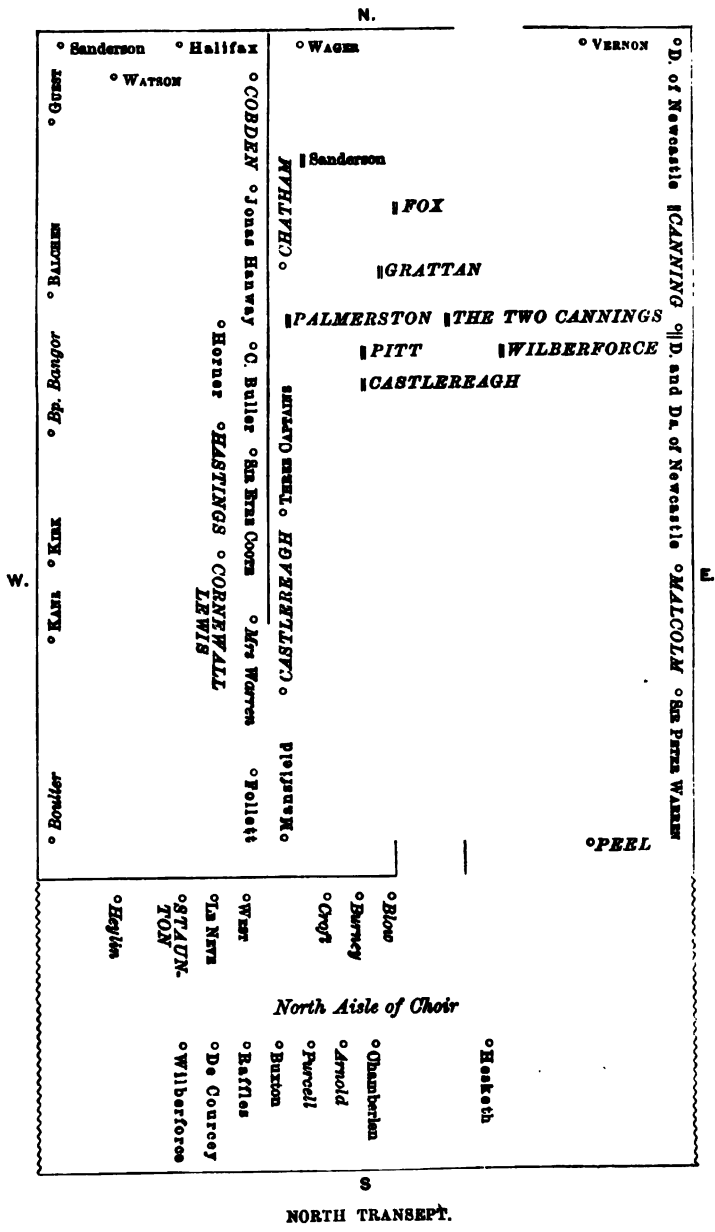
Monument
to Sir John
Franklin,
1875.

Down to this point we have followed the general stream of history, as it has wound, at its own sweet will, in and out of Chapel, Aisle, and Nave, without distinction of class or order. But there are channels which may be kept apart, by the separation both of locality and of interests.

The first to be noticed is the last in chronological order, but flows more immediately out of the general arrangement of the tombs. The statesmen of previous ages had, as we have seen, found their resting-places and memorials, according to their greater or less importance, in almost every part of the Abbey. But in the middle of the last century a marked change took place. Down to that time one exception presented itself to the general influx. The Northern Transept, like the north side of a country churchyard — like the Pelasgicum under the dark shadow of the north wall of the Acropolis of Athens — had remained a comparative solitude. But, like the Pelasgicum under the pressure of the Peloponnesian War, this gradu-

THE
MODERN
STATESMEN.

¹ The erection of the column (1861) is commemorated, and the inscription given in *Lusus West.*, ii. 282-85.



ally began to be occupied. At first it seemed destined to become the Admirals' Corner. They, more than any other class, had filled its walls and vacant niches. One great name, however, determined its future fate for ever. The growth of the naval empire which those nautical monuments symbolised had taken place under one commanding genius. William Pitt, Earl of Chatham, was the first English politician who, without other accompaniments of military or literary glory, or court-favour, won his way to the chief place of statesmanship. Whatever fame had gathered round his life, was raised to the highest pitch by the grand scene at his last appearance in the House of Lords. The two great metropolitan cemeteries contended for his body — a contention the more remarkable if, as was partly believed at the time, he had meanwhile been privately interred in his own churchyard at Hayes. It was urgently entreated by the City of London, as 'a mark of gratitude and veneration from the first commercial city of the empire towards the statesman whose vigour and counsels had so much contributed to the protection and extension of its commerce,' that he should be buried 'in the cathedral church of St. Paul, in the City of London.' Parliament, however, had already decided in favour of Westminster, on the ground that he ought to be brought 'near to the dust of kings;' ¹ and accordingly, with almost regal pomp, the body was brought from the Painted Chamber, and interred in the centre of the North Transept, in a vault which eventually received his whole family.

Lord
Chatham,
died May 11,
1778.

His funeral,
June 9, 1778.

Though men of all parties had concurred in decreeing posthumous honours to Chatham, his corpse was attended to

¹ *Anecdotes of Lord Chatham*, pp. 332, 335; Malcolm, p. 254.

the grave almost exclusively by opponents of the Government. The banner of the lordship of Chatham was borne by Colonel Barré, attended by the Duke of Richmond and Lord Rockingham. Burke, Saville, and Dunning upheld the pall. Lord Camden was conspicuous in the procession. The chief mourner was young William Pitt.¹

Such honours Ilium to her hero paid,
And peaceful slept the mighty Hector's shade.²

The North Transept 'has ever since been appropriated to statesmen, as the other transept to poets.' The words of Junius have been literally fulfilled: 'Recorded honours still gather round his monument, and thicken over him. It is a solid fabric, and will support the laurels that adorn it.'³

In no other cemetery do so many great citizens lie within so narrow a space. High over those venerable graves towers the stately monument of Chatham,⁴ and from above, his effigy, graven by a cunning hand, seems still, with eagle face and outstretched arm, to bid England be of good cheer, and to hurl defiance at her foes. The generation which reared that memorial of him has disappeared. And history, while, for the warning of vehement, high, and daring natures, she notes his many errors, will yet

Monument
and effigy of
Chatham.

¹ Macanlay's *Essays*, vi. 229.

² His own last words, communicated to me by a friend, who heard them from the first Lord Sidmouth.

³ *Anecdotes of Chatham*, p. 379.—In the same vault are his wife and daughter (Lady Harriet Eliot), and the second Lord and Lady Chatham. His coffin was found turned over by the water thrown into the vault in the fire of 1806. Lady Harriet's death deeply affected her brother. (See *Life of Wilberforce*, i. 125, and Stanhope's *Life of Pitt*, i. 313.)

⁴ Bacon, the sculptor, also wrote the inscription. George III. approved it, but said, 'Now, Bacon, mind you don't turn author, but stick to your chisel.' (*Londiniana*, ii. 63.) The figure itself is suggested by Roubiliac's 'Eloquence' on the Argyll monument.

deliberately pronounce that, among the eminent men whose bones lie near his, scarcely one has left a more stainless, and none a more splendid name.¹

Next in order of date, buried by his own desire 'privately in this cathedral, from the love he bore to the place of his early education,' is Lord Mansfield.²

Lord Mansfield, died March 20, buried March 23, 1793.

Here Murray, long enough his country's pride,
Is now no more than Tully or than Hyde.³

Close behind the great judge stands the statue of the famous advocate, Sir William Follett. These are the sole representatives, in the Abbey, of the modern legal profession. But the direct succession of statesmen is immediately continued. The younger Pitt was buried in his father's vault. 'The sadness of the assistants was beyond that of ordinary mourners. For he whom they were committing to the dust had died of sorrows and anxieties of which none of the survivors could be altogether without a share. Wilberforce, who carried one of the banners before the hearse, described the awful ceremony with deep feeling. As the coffin descended into the earth, he said, the

Sir W. W. Follett, died June 23, 1845.

Pitt and Fox.

William Pitt, died at Putney, Jan. 23, buried Feb. 22, 1806.

¹ Macanlay's *Essays*.

² It is copied from a portrait by Reynolds. His nephew (1796) was buried in the same vault.

³ 'Foretold by Pope, and fulfilled in the year 1793.' (Epitaph.) The passage is from Pope's *Epistles* —

And what is fame? the meanest have their day;
The greatest can but blaze, and pass away.
Grac'd as thou art, with all the power of words,
So known, so honour'd, at the House of Lords:
Conspicuous scene! *another yet is nigh*
(*More silent far*), where kings and poets lie;
Where Murray (long enough his country's pride)
Shall be no more than Tully or than Hyde!

eagle face of Chatham seemed to look down with consternation into the dark home which was receiving all that remained of so much power and glory.' ¹ Lord Wellesley, who was present, with his brother Arthur, already famous, spoke of the day with no less emotion. The herald pronounced over his grave, *Non sibi sed*

Charles Fox, *patriæ vixit*.

Charles Fox,
died at
Chiswick,
Sept. 13,
buried Oct.
10, 1806 (the
anniversary
of his first
Westminster
election).

There is but one entry in the Register between the burial of Pitt and the burial of Fox. They lie within a few feet of each other.

Here, where the end of earthly things
Lays heroes, patriots, bards, and kings,
Where stiff the hand and still the tongue
Of those who fought and spoke and sung;
Here, where the fretted aisles prolong
The distant notes of holy song,
As if some angel spoke agen,
'All peace on earth, good will to men' —
If ever from an English heart,
Oh here let prejudice depart . . .
For ne'er held marble in its trust
Of two such wondrous men the dust. . . .
Genius and taste and talent gone,
For ever tomb'd beneath the stone,
Where — taming thought to human pride —
The mighty chiefs sleep side by side.
Drop upon Fox's grave the tear,
'T will trickle to his rival's bier.
O'er Pitt's the mournful requiem sound,
And Fox's shall the notes rebound.
The solemn echo seems to cry —
Here let their discord with them die;
Speak not for those a separate doom,
Whom Fate made brothers in the tomb! ²

¹ Macaulay's *Essays*; Stanhope's *Pitt*, iv. 396; *Ann. Register*, 1806, p. 375; *Quart. Rev.* lvii. 492.

² Scott's *Marmion*, Introduction to canto i.

Their monuments are far apart from their graves, but, by a singular coincidence, near to each other, so as to give the poet's lines a fresh application. Pitt stands in his robes of Chancellor of the Exchequer, over the west door of the Abbey, trampling on the French Revolution, in the attitude so well known by his contemporaries, 'drawing up his haughty head, stretching out his arm with commanding gesture, and pouring forth the lofty language of inextinguishable hope.' Fox's monument, erected by his numerous private friends, originally near the North Transept, was removed to the side of Lord Holland's, in the north-west angle of the Nave. The figure of the Negro represents the prominence which the abolition of the slave-trade then occupied in the public mind.¹ This spot by the monuments of Fox and Holland, of Tierney, the soul of every opposition, and of Mackintosh,² the cherished leader of philosophical and liberal thought, and the reformer of our criminal code, has been consecrated as the Whigs' Corner. The shock of Perceval's assassination is commemorated in the Nave. But the burials continued in the North Transept.³ Grattan had expressed to his friends his earnest desire ('Remember! remember!') to be buried in a retired churchyard at Moyanna, in Queen's County, on the estate given him by

Monument
of Pitt.

Monument
of Fox.

THE WHIGS'
CORNER.

Lord
Holland,
died Oct. 22,
1840.

Tierney,
died 1830.

Mackintosh,
died 1832.

Perceval,
died May
11, 1812.

Grattan,
died June
10, buried
June 16,
1820.

¹ 'Liberty' lost her cap in the erection of the scaffolding for the coronation of Queen Victoria.

² Buried at Hampstead, 1832. How well he knew and loved the Abbey appears from the record of his walk round it with Maria Edgeworth. The inscription, added in 1867, is by his nephew Mr. Claude Erskine.

³ The first Lord Minto was buried here January 29, 1816.

the Irish people. On his deathbed, in the midst of one of his impassioned exclamations about his country — 'I stood up for Ireland, and I was right' — as his eye kindled and his countenance brightened, and his arm was raised with surprising firmness, he added, 'As to my grave, I wish to be laid in Moyanna: I had rather be buried there.' His friends told him that it was their intention to place him in Westminster Abbey.¹ 'Oh!' said he, 'that will not be thought of; I would rather have Moyanna.' On the request being urged again the next day from the Duke of Sussex, he gave way, and said, 'Well, Westminster Abbey.'² The children of the Roman Catholic charities were, at the request of the 'British Catholic Board,' who also attended, ranged in front of the west entrance, the Irish children habited in green. The coffin nearly touched the foot of the coffin of Fox, 'whom in life he so dearly valued, and near whom, in death, it would have been his pride to lie.'³

Here, near yon walls, so often shook
By the stern weight of his rebuke,

¹ This was believed by the Irish patriots of that time to have been a stratagem of the English Government to restrain the enthusiasm which might have attended Grattan's funeral obsequies in his own country. Sir Jonah Barrington is furious at his being 'suffered to moulder in the same ground with his country's enemies. . . . England has taken away our Constitution, and even the relics of its founder are retained through the duplicity of his enemy' (Barrington's *Own Times*, i. 353-58). An Irish patriot of more recent date, by an excusable mistake, was led to confound the slab over Grattan's grave with that of an ancient mediæval knight close adjoining, whose worn and shattered surface was thus supposed to represent the fallen greatness of Ireland. In fact, Grattan's slab is happily as whole and unbroken as any in the Abbey, being smaller and more compact than most of the grave-stones, in order to place it at the head of Fox's grave according to Grattan's desire.

² *Life of Grattan*, v. 545-53.

³ Preface to *Speeches of Grattan*, pp. lxi.-lxiii.

While bigotry with blanching brow
 Heard him and blush'd, but would not bow, —
 Here, where his ashes may fulfil
 His country's cherish'd mission still,
 There let him point his last appeal
 Where statesmen and where kings will kneel;
 His bones will warn them to be just,
 Still pleading even from the dust.¹

Castlereagh, Marquis of Londonderry, followed. The mingled feelings of consternation and of triumph, that were awakened in the Conservative and Liberal parties throughout Europe, by his sudden and terrible end, accompanied him to his grave. From his house in St. James's Square to the doors of the Abbey, 'the streets seemed to be paved with human heads.' The Duke of Wellington and Lord Eldon were deeply agitated. But when the hearse reached the western door, and the coffin was removed, 'a shout arose from the crowd, which echoed loudly through every corner of the ² Abbey.' Through the raging mob, and amidst shrieks and execrations, the mourners literally fought their way into the church; and it was not till the procession had effected its entrance, and the doors were closed, that a stillness succeeded within the building, the more affecting and solemn from the tumult which preceded it.³ With this awful welcome the coffin moved on, and was deposited between the graves of Pitt and Fox. His rival and successor, George Canning, was not long behind him. On the day of the funeral, though the rain descended in torrents, the streets were crowded,

Castlereagh,
 died Aug.
 12, 1822,
 buried Aug.
 20, 1822.

Canning,
 died at
 Chiswick,
 Aug. 8,
 buried Aug.
 10, 1827.

¹ Preface to *Speeches of Grattan*, p. lxxiii.

² *Annual Register* (1822), p. 181.

³ From an eyewitness who beheld it from the organ loft.

and he was laid opposite the grave of Pitt.¹ His son, a stripling of sixteen, was present.

When, on the sudden death of Sir Robert Peel, 'all London felt like one family,' the departed statesman had so expressly provided in his will, that he should be 'buried by the side of his father and mother at Drayton,' that the honoured grave in the Abbey was not sought. In its place was erected Gibson's statue of him, which still waits the inscription that shall record what he was.²

Peel, died
July 2, 1850,
buried at
Drayton.

His statue.

The closing scene of Lord Palmerston's octogenarian career was laid amongst the memorials of the numerous statesmen, friends or foes, with whom his public life had been spent. He lies opposite the statue of his first patron, Canning. As the coffin sank into the grave—amidst the circle of those who were to succeed to the new sphere left vacant by his death—a dark storm broke over the Abbey, in which, as in a black shroud, the whole group of mourners seemed to vanish from the sight, till the ray of the returning sun, as the service drew to its end, once more lighted up the gloom.

Palmerston,
died Oct. 18,
buried Oct.
27, 1865.

The Indian statesmen not unnaturally fell into the aisles of the same transept, which thus enfolds at once the earlier trophies of Indian warfare, and the first founders of the Indian Empire—Sir George Staunton, Sir John Malcolm, Sir Stamford Raffles, the younger Canning (laid beside his father), and an earlier, a greater, but a more ambiguous name than any of these—Warren Hastings. 'With all his faults, and they

INDIAN
STATESMEN.

Staunton,
buried Jan.
23, 1801.

Malcolm,
died 1838.

Raffles, died
1826.

Earl
Canning,
buried June
21, 1862.

¹ *Life of Canning*, p. 143.

² Peel's name was first inscribed in 1866. Gibson refused to undertake the work unless he was allowed to adopt the classical costume.

were neither few nor small, only one cemetery was worthy to contain his remains. In that Temple of silence and reconciliation where the enmities of twenty generations lie buried, in the Great Abbey which has during many ages afforded a quiet resting-place to those whose minds and bodies have been shattered by the contentions of the Great Hall, the dust of the illustrious accused should have mingled with the dust of the illustrious accusers.¹ Though this was not to be, and though his remains lie by the parish church of his ancestral Daylesford, his memorial² stands in the Abbey, which had also been associated with his early years — with the days when he was remembered by the poet Cowper as the active Westminster boy, who had rowed on the Thames and played in the Cloisters, amongst the scholars to whom he left the magnificent cup which bears his name. It was whilst standing before this bust that Macaulay received from Dean Milman, the Prebendary of Westminster, the suggestion of writing that essay, which has in our own days revived the fame of the great proconsul.

Warren Hastings, died Aug. 22, 1818; buried at Daylesford.

His bust, erected 1819.

Close by the monument of the stern ruler of India begins the line of British philanthropists. It started with the tablet of Jonas Hanway, whose motto, 'Never despair,' recalls his unexpected deliverance from his dangers in Persia. Of the heroes of the abolition of the slave-trade,³ Clarkson alone is absent. Granville Sharp

PHILANTHROPISTS.

Jonas Hanway, 1784.
Granville Sharp, 1813.
Zachary Macaulay, May 13, 1833.

(*Life of Gibson*, by Lady Eastlake, 90, which contains an able defence of his choice.) He had wished to have the statue placed in the Nave. But this was impossible.

¹ Macaulay's *Essays*, iii. 465.

² By Bacon, erected 1819. (Chapter Book, June 3, 1819.)

³ A monument of the same cause has been raised outside the Abbey by Charles Buxton.

has his memorial in Poets' Corner, Zachary Macaulay¹ in the Whigs' Corner of the Nave. Wilberforce² was, at the requisition of Lord Brougham,³ buried, with the attendance of both Houses of Parliament, amongst his friends in the North Transept with whom he had fought the same good fight; and his statue sits nearly side by side with Fowell Buxton in the North Aisle. In later times and in a more philosophic vein, in the same corner of the church, follow the cenotaphs — all striking likenesses of men prematurely lost — of Francis Horner,⁴ the founder of our modern economical and financial policy; Charles Buller,⁵ the genial advocate of our colonial interests; Cornwall Lewis, indefatigable and judicial alike as scholar and as statesman; and Richard Cobden,⁶ the successful champion of Free Trade. In the Nave is the inscription which marks the spot where for a month rested the remains of George Peabody, who had desired to express his gratitude to God for the blessings heaped upon him, by 'doing some great good to his fellowmen.'

Wilberforce, died July 29, buried Aug. 8, 1833.

Buxton, died Feb. 19, 1845, buried at Overstrand. Horner, buried at Leghorn, 1817.

Buller, died Nov. 28, 1848, buried at Kensal Green. Lewis, died 1863, buried at Old Radnor. Cobden, died April 2, 1866, buried at West Lavington. George Peabody, 1875.

POETS' CORNER.

We now pass to the other side of the Abbey for another line of worthies, which has a longer continuity than any other; beginning under the Plantagenet dynasty, and reviving again and again, with renewed freshness, in each successive reign —

¹ The epitaph was written by Sir James Stephen, and corrected by Sir Fowell Buxton.

² *Life of Wilberforce*, v. 373.

³ His statue is one of Chantrey's best works. The epitaph is by Sir Henry Englefield.

⁴ His epitaph is by Lord Houghton.

⁵ The framer of an earlier commercial treaty, Sir Paul Methuen, was buried in the Abbey in 1757, in the grave of his father, John Methuen, to whom there is a monument in the south aisle of the Nave.

Till distant warblings fade upon my ear,
And lost in long futurity expire.

The Southern Transept,¹ hardly known by any other name but 'Poets' Corner' — the most familiar² though not the most august or sacred spot in the whole Abbey — derives the origin of its peculiar glory, like the Northern Transept at a much later period, from a single tomb. Although it is by a royal affinity that

These poets near our princes sleep,
And in one grave their mansion keep,³

the first beginning of the proximity was from a homelier cause. We have already traced the general beginning of the private monuments to Richard II. It is from him, also indirectly, that the poetical monuments take their rise. In 1389 the office of Clerk of the Royal Works in the Palaces of Westminster and Windsor was vacant. Possibly from his services to the

Royal Family,⁴ possibly from Richard's well-known patronage of the arts, the selection fell on Geoffrey Chaucer. He retained the post only for twenty months. But it probably gave him a place in the Royal Household, which was not forgotten at his death. After the fall of Richard, 'when Chaucer's hairs were gray, and the infirmities of age pressed heavily upon him, he found himself compelled to come to

¹ A stained window has been recently placed at the entrance of this transept, with David, and St. John in the Apocalypse, as representing the poets of the Old and of the New Testament.

² 'I have always observed that the visitors to the Abbey remain longest about the simple memorials in Poets' Corner. A kinder and fonder feeling takes the place of that cold curiosity or vague admiration with which they gaze on the splendid monuments of the great and the heroic. They linger about these as about the tombs of friends and companions.' (Washington Irving's *Sketch Book*, p. 216.)

³ Denham, on Cowley.

⁴ Godwin's *Life of Chaucer*, ii. 498.

London for the arrangement of his affairs.' There is still preserved a lease, granted to him by the keeper of the Lady Chapel of the Abbey, which makes over to him a tenement in the garden attached to that building,¹ on the ground now covered by the enlarged Chapel of Henry VII. In this house he died, on October 25, in the last year of the fourteenth century, uttering, it is said, 'in the great anguish of his deathbed,' the 'good counsel' which closes with the pathetic words —

Death of
Chaucer,
Oct. 25,
1400.

Here is no home, here is but wilderness.
Forth, pilgrim; forth, O beast, out of thy stall!
Look up on high, and thank thy God of all.
Control thy lust; and let thy spirit thee lead;
And Truth thee shall deliver; 'tis no dread.²

Probably from the circumstance of his dying so close at hand, combined with the royal favour, still continued by Henry IV., he was brought to the Abbey, and buried, where the functionaries of the monastery were beginning to be interred, at the entrance of St. Benedict's Chapel. There was nothing to mark the grave except a plain slab, which was sawn up when Dryden's monument was erected, and a leaden plate on an adjacent pillar, hung there, it is conjectured, by Caxton, with an inscription by 'a poet laureate,' Surigonus of Milan.³ It was not till the reign of Edward VI. that the present tomb, to which apparently the poet's ashes were removed, was raised, near the grave, by Nicholas Brigham,

His burial.

Monument
of Chaucer,
1551.

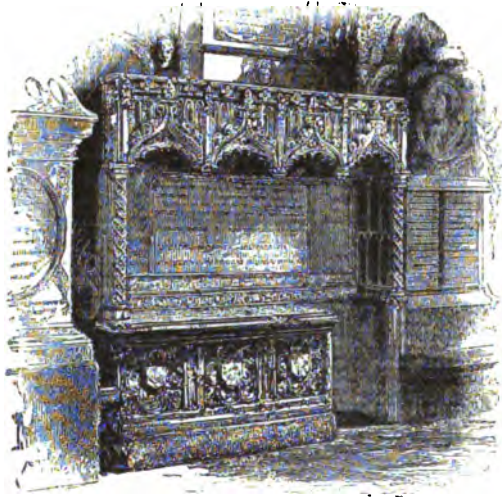
¹ Godwin's *Life of Chaucer*, ii. 549, 641.

² Ibid. ii. 553, 555.

³ Galfridus Chaucer, *vates et fama poesis*,
Maternâ hâc sacrâ sum tumultus humo.

(Winstanley's *Worthies*, p. 94.) It has long since disappeared. (See Godwin, i. 5.)

himself a poet, who was buried close beside, with his daughter Rachel.¹ The inscription closes with an echo of the poet's own expiring counsel, '*Ærumnarum requies mors.*' Originally the back of the tomb contained a portrait of Chaucer.² The erection of the monument so long afterwards shows how freshly the



CHAUCER'S MONUMENT.

fame of Chaucer then flourished, and accordingly, within the next generation, it became the point of attraction to the hitherto unexampled burst of poets in the Elizabethan age. The first was Spenser, died Jan. 16, 1599. His interment in the Abbey was perhaps suggested by the fact that his death took place close

¹ Dart, ii. 61.

² A painted window above the tomb, with medallions of Chaucer and Gower, and with scenes from Chaucer's life and poems, presented by Dr. Rogers, designed by Mr. Waller, and executed by Messrs. Baillie and Raye, supplied this loss in 1868.

by, in King Street, Westminster. But it was distinctly in his poetical character that he received the honours of a funeral from Devereux, Earl of ^{His funeral.} Essex. His hearse was attended by poets, and mournful elegies and poems, with the pens that wrote them, were thrown into his tomb. What a funeral was that at which Beaumont, Fletcher, Jonson, and, in all probability, Shakspeare attended!—what a grave in which the pen of Shakspeare may be mouldering away! In the original inscription, long ago effaced, the vicinity to Chaucer was expressly stated as the reason for the selection of the spot—

Hic prope Chaucerum situs est Spenserius, illi
Proximus ingenio, proximus et tumulo.¹

The actual monument was erected by Nicholas Stone, at the cost² of Ann Clifford, Countess of Dorset, the great 'restorer of waste places,' and afterwards repaired through Mason the poet.³ ^{His monument erected 1620, restored 1778.} The inscription, in pathos and simplicity, is worthy of the author of the 'Faery Queen,' but curious as implying the unconsciousness of any greater than he, at that very time, to claim the title then given him of 'the Prince of Poets.' 'The great Spenser keeps the entry of the Church, in a plain stone tomb, but his works are more glorious than all the marble and brass monuments within.'⁴

¹ Camden. See also Winstanley's *Worthies*, p. 97:—

Dan Chaucer, wall of English undefiled,
On Fame's eternal bead-roll to be filed,
I follow here the footing of thy feet
That with thy meaning so I may the rather meet.

² £40. (Walpole's *Anecdotes of Painting*, 241.)

³ He raised a subscription for 'restoring it in durable marble instead of mouldering freestone, correcting the mistaken dates, and including it in an iron rail.' (Chapter Book, April 13, 1778.)

⁴ Tom Brown, iii. 228.

The neighbourhood to Chaucer, thus emphatically marked as the cause of Spenser's grave, is noticed again and again at each successive interment. Beaumont was the next. He lies still nearer to Chaucer,¹ under a nameless stone; and immediately afterwards came the cry and counter-cry over the ashes of another, who died within the next year, both suggested by the close contiguity of these poetic graves:

Beaumont,
March 9,
1615-6.
Shakespeare,
died April
23, 1616,
buried at
Stratford.

Renowned Spenser, lie a thought more nigh
To learned Chaucer: and, rare Beaumont, lie
A little nearer Spenser, to make room
For Shakspeare in your threefold fourfold tomb.²

To which Ben Jonson replies:

My Shakspeare, rise, I will not lodge thee by
Chaucer or Spenser, or bid Beaumont lie
A little farther off to make thee room.
Thou art a monument without a tomb,
And art alive still while thy book doth live,
And we have wits to read, and praise to give.

In fact, the attempt was never made. Whether it was prevented by the Poet's own anathema on any one who should 'move his bones or dig his dust,' or by the imperfect recognition of his greatness, in Stratford he still lies; and not for another century His monument, erected 1740. was the statue raised³ which now stands in the adjacent aisle, by the same designer who planned the monument of Newton,⁴ to become the centre of the meditations of Poets, and of the tombs of Actors.

¹ At the entrance of St. Benedict's Chapel. (Register.) Fletcher is buried in St. Mary Overies, Southwark.

² Basse's *Elegy on Shakspeare* (1633).

³ Fuller's *Worthies* (iii. 288) makes his body to have been buried near his monument.

⁴ See p. 169. Home (the author of the tragedy of Douglas), wrote

Next followed — such was the inequality of fortune — Drayton, of whom, after the lapse of not much more than a hundred years, Goldsmith, in his visit to the Abbey, could say, when he saw his monument, ‘Drayton! I never heard of him before.’ Indeed it was the common remark of London gossips — Drayton ‘with half a nose, was next, whose works are forgotten before his monument is worn out.’¹ But at the time the ‘Polyolbion’ was regarded as a masterpiece of art. It is probable that he was buried near the small north door of the Nave.² His grave. But his bust was erected here by the same great lady who raised that to Spenser. Fuller, in his quaint manner, again revives their joint connection with the grave of their predecessor: — ‘Chaucer lies buried in the south aisle of St. Peter’s, Westminster, and now hath got the company of Spenser and Drayton, a pair royal of poets enough almost to make passengers’ feet to move metrically, who go over the place where so much poetical dust is interred.’³ How little the verdict of Goldsmith was then anticipated appears from the fine lines on Drayton’s monument, ascribed both to Ben Jonson and to Quarles, which, in invoking ‘the pious marble’ to protect his memory, predict that when its

Ruin shall disclaim
To be the treasurer of his fame,
His name, that cannot fade, shall be
An everlasting monument to thee.

Ben Jonson — who, if so be, speaks on this bust of Drayton’s exchanging his laurel for a crown of glory,

on it in pencil some verses expressive of his disappointment at the first failure of his play. (*Life*, p. 31.)

¹ Tom Brown, iii. 228.

² Heylin, who was present, and Aubrey (*Lives*, 335).

³ Fuller, *History*, A. D. 1631.

but who was, in fact, the first unquestionable laureate
Ben Jonson, — soon followed. Both his youth and age
 died Aug. 16, 1637. were connected with Westminster. He was
 born in the neighbourhood, he was educated in the
 School, and his last years were spent close to the
 Abbey, in a house that once stood between it and St.
 Margaret's Church.¹ This renders probable the story

Ben Jon-
 son's grave. of his selecting his own grave, where it was
 afterwards dug, not far from Drayton's. Ac-
 cording to the local tradition, he asked the King
 (Charles I.) to grant him a favour. 'What is it?'
 said the King. — 'Give me eighteen inches of square
 ground.' 'Where?' asked the King. — 'In Westmin-
 ster Abbey.' This is one explanation given of the
 story that he was buried standing upright. Another
 is that it was with a view to his readiness for the
 Resurrection. 'He lies buried in the north aisle [of
 the Nave], in the path of square stone [the rest is
 lozenge], opposite to the scutcheon of Robertus de Ros,
 with this inscription only on him, in a pavement-square
 of blue marble, about fourteen inches square,

Inscription

O rare Ben Johnson!²

which was done at the charge of Jack Young (after-
 wards knighted), who, walking there when the grave
 was covering, gave the fellow eighteenpence to cut it.'³
 This stone was taken up when, in 1821, the Nave was
 repaved, and was brought back from the stoneyard of
 the clerk of the works, in the time of Dean Buckland,
 by whose order it was fitted into its present place in

¹ Malone's *Historical Account of the English Stage*; Fuller's *Worthies*,
 ii. 425; Aubrey's *Lives*, 414.

² He is called *Johnson* on the gravestone, as also in Clarendon's *Life*
 (i. 34), where see his character.

³ Aubrey's *Lives*, 414. His burial is not in the Register.

the north wall of the Nave. Meanwhile, the original spot had been marked by a small triangular lozenge, with a copy of the old inscription. When, in 1849, Sir Robert Wilson was buried close by, the loose sand of Jonson's grave (to use the expression of the clerk of the works who superintended the operation) 'rippled in like a quicksand,' and the clerk 'saw the two leg-bones of Jonson, fixed bolt upright in the sand, as though the body had been buried in the upright position; and the skull came rolling down among the sand, from a position above the leg-bones, to the bottom of the newly-made grave. There was still hair upon it, and it was of a red colour.' It was seen once more on the digging of John Hunter's grave; and 'it had still traces of red hair upon it.'¹ The world long wondered that 'he should lie buried from the rest of the poets and want² a tomb.' This monument, in fact, was to have been erected by subscription soon after his death, but was delayed by the breaking out of the Civil War. The present medallion in Poets' Corner was set up in the middle of the last century by 'a person of quality, whose name was desired to be concealed.' By a mistake of the sculptor, the buttons were set on the left side of the coat. Hence this epigram —

O rare Ben Jonson — what a turncoat grown !
 Thou ne'er wast such, till clad in stone :
 Then let not this disturb thy sprite,
 Another age shall set thy buttons right.³

¹ For full details, see Mr. Frank Buckland's interesting narrative in *Curiosities of Natural History* (3rd series), ii. 181-189. It would seem that, in spite of some misadventures, the skull still remains in the grave.

² *London Spy*, p. 179.

³ *Seymour's Stow*, ii. 512, 513.

Apart from the other poets, under the tomb of Henry V., is Sir¹ Robert Ayton, secretary to the two Queens consort of the time, and friend of Ben Jonson, Drummond, and the then youthful Hobbes. He is the first Scottish poet buried here, and claims a place from his being the first in whose verses appears the 'Auld Lang Syne.' His bust is by Farelli, from a portrait by Vandyck.

There is a pause in the succession during the troubled times of the Civil Wars.² May, who had unsuccessfully

competed with the wild Cavalier Sir William Davenant for the laureateship, and, according to Clarendon, on that account thrown himself into the Parliamentary cause, was buried here as poet and historian under the Commonwealth. But his vacant

grave, after the disinterment of his remains, received his rival Davenant, connected with the two greatest of English poetical names —

with Shakspeare by the tradition of the Stratford player's intimacy with his mother, and with Milton by the protection which he first received from him, and

afterwards procured for him, in their respective reverses.³ His funeral was conducted with the pomp due to a laureate, though, to the great grief of Anthony Wood, 'the wreath was forgot that should have been put on the coffin'⁴ of walnut wood, which, according to Denham, was the 'finest coffin he had ever seen.'⁵ Pepys, who was present, thought that the

¹ For a full account of him, see *Transactions of Historical Society*, i. pt. 6, pp. 113-220.

² For May see Clarendon's *Life*, i. 39, 40; and for an indignant Royalist epitaph, the Appendix to Crull, p. 46.

³ Malone's *History of the Stage*.

⁴ *Ant. Ox.* ii. 165.

⁵ Aubrey's *Lives*, 309. He was present.

'many hackneys made it look like the funeral of a poor poet. He seemed to have many children, by five or six in the first mourning coach.'¹ On his grave² was repeated the inscription of Ben Jonson, 'O rare Sir William Davenant!'

In the preceding year three poets had been laid in the Abbey — two of transitory name, the third with the grandest obsequies that Poets' Corner ever witnessed. In March was buried in the North Transept Dr. W. Johnson, 'Delight of the Muses and Graces, often shipwrecked, at length rests in this harbour, and his soul with God; whose saying was — GOD WITH US.'³ In July the South Transept received Sir Robert Stapleton, a staunch Royalist, though a Protestant convert, translator of Musæus and Juvenal.⁴ But at the end of that month, Abraham Cowley died at Chertsey, which when Charles II. heard, he said, 'Mr. Cowley has not left a better man in England.' Evelyn was at his burial, though 'he sneaked from Church,' and describes the hundred coaches of noblemen, bishops, clergy, and all the wits of the town; and adds, still harping on the local fitness, he was buried 'next Geoffrey Chaucer,⁵ and near Spenser' — near the poet whose 'Faery Queen,' before he was

W. Johnson,
buried
March 12,
1666-7.

Sir Robert
Stapleton,
buried July
15, 1669.

Abraham
Cowley, died
July 28,
buried Aug.
3, 1667.

His funeral.

¹ Pepys's *Correspondence*, iv. 90.

² 'Near the vestry door.' (Register.) 'Near to the monument of Dr. Barrow.' (Aubrey's *Lives*, 309.) The stone was broken up, but was replaced in 1866.

³ Died March 4, 1666; 'Subalmoner, buried near the Convocation door,' west side of North Cross, March 12, 1666-67. (Crull. p. 280; Register.)

⁴ Died July 11, 1669; was buried in South Transept near the western door, July 15. Register. (Seymour's *Stow*, ii. 556; Dart, ii. 62.)

⁵ 'Mr. Cowly, a famous poet, was buried near to Chaucer's monument.' (Register.)

twelve years, 'filled his head with such chimes of verses as never since left ringing there.' The urn was erected by George Villiers, second Duke of Buckingham. The inscription — which compares him to Pindar, Virgil, and Horace, and which, for its Pagan phraseology, could never be read by Dr. Johnson without indignation — was by Dean Sprat, his biographer. How deeply fixed was the sense of his fame appears from the lines, striking even in their exaggeration, which, speaking of his burial, describe, with the recollection of the great conflagration still fresh, that the best security for Westminster Abbey was that it held the grave of Cowley:¹

That sacrilegious fire (which did last year
Level those piles which Piety did rear)
Dreaded near that majestic church to fly,
Where English kings and English poets lie.
It at an awful distance did expire,
Such pow'r had sacred ashes o'er that fire;
Such as it durst not near that structure come
Which fate had order'd to be Cowley's tomb;
And 't will be still preserved, by being so,
From what the rage of future flames can do.
Material fire dares not that place infest,
Where he who had immortal flame does rest.
There let his urn remain, for it was fit
Among our kings to lay the King of Wit.
By which the structure more renown'd will prove
For that part bury'd than for all above.²

But the most effective glorification at once of Cowley and of Poets' Corner was that which came from his friend Sir John Denham, who, within a few months, was laid by his side, in the

John
Denham,
March 23,
1668-9.

¹ Pepys, iii. 325, v. 24.

² *British Poets*, v. 213.

ground which he knew so well how to appreciate, and who, after describing how

Old Chaucer, like the morning star, to us discovers day from far;
how —

Next, like Aurora, Spenser rose, whose purple blush the day
foreshows;

how Shakspeare, Jonson, Fletcher,

With their own fires,
Phœbus, the poet's god, inspires;

and then curses the fatal hour that in Cowley

Pluck'd

The fairest, sweetest flow'r that in the Muses' garden grew.¹

If the fame of Cowley has now passed away, it is not so with the poet who, like him, was educated² under the shadow of the Abbey, and was laid beside him. Convert as Dryden had be-
John
Dryden,
died May 1,
1700. come to the Church of Rome, and powerfully as he had advocated the claims of the 'Hind' against the 'Panther,' Sprat (who was Dean at the time), as soon as he heard of his death, undertook to remit all the fees, and offered himself to perform the rites of interment in the Abbey. Lord Halifax offered to pay the expenses of the funeral, with £500 for a monument. It is difficult to know how to treat the strange story of the infamous practical jest by which the son of Lord Jeffreys broke up the funeral on the pretext of making it more splendid: the indignation of the Dean, who had 'the Abbey lighted, the ground opened, the Choir attending, an

¹ 'On Mr. Abraham Cowley's Death and Burial among the Ancient Poets,' (*British Poets*, v. 214.)

² The name of 'J. Dryden' is still to be seen carved on a bench in Westminster School, in the characters of the time, though not in Dryden's own orthography.

anthem ready set, and himself waiting without a corpse to bury;’ and the anger of the poet’s son, who watched till the death of Jeffreys, with ‘the utmost application,’ for an opportunity of revenge.¹ At any rate, twelve days after Dryden’s death, his ‘deserving reliques’ were lodged in the College of Physicians. There a

Dryden’s funeral, May 13, 1700.

Latin eulogy was pronounced by Sir Samuel Garth, himself at once a poet and physician, and also wavering between scepticism and Roman Catholicism: and thence ‘an abundance of quality in their coaches and six horses’² accompanied the hearse with funeral music, singing the ode of Horace, *Exegi monumentum ære perennius*;³ and the Father, as he has been called, of modern English Poetry was laid

almost in the very sepulchre⁴ of the Father
His grave.

of ancient English Poetry, whose gravestone was actually sawn asunder to make room for his monument. That monument was long delayed. But so completely had his grave come to be regarded as the most interesting spot in Poets’ Corner, that Pope, in writing the epitaph for Rowe, could pay him no higher honour than to show how his monument pointed the way to Dryden’s:⁵

Thy reliques, Rowe, to this fair urn we trust,
And, sacred, place by Dryden’s awful dust.
Beneath a rude and nameless stone he lies,
To which thy tomb shall guide inquiring eyes.⁶

¹ Johnson’s *Lives*, iii. 367–69. The story is partly confirmed by the *London Spy*, p. 417.

² *London Spy* (p. 418), who saw it from Chancery Lane (p. 424).

³ *Postman and Postbag*, May 14, 1700.

⁴ ‘Mr. Dryden is lately dead, who will be buried in Chaucer’s grave, and have his monument erected by Lord Dorset and Lord Montagu.’ (Pepys’s *Correspondence*, v. 321.)

⁵ ‘At Chaucer’s feet, without any name, lies John Dryden his admirer, and truly the English Maro.’ (Tom Brown, iii. 228.)

⁶ Pope, iii. 369.

The 'rude and nameless stone' roused the attention of Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham, who in consequence raised the present monument. For the inscription Pope and Atterbury were long in ^{His monument.} earnest correspondence:

What do you think [says Atterbury] of some such short inscription as this in Latin, which may, in a few ^{The inscription.} words, say all that is to be said of Dryden, and yet nothing more than he deserves?—

IOHANNI DRYDENO,
CVI POESIS ANGLICANA
VIM SVAM AC VENERES DEBET;
ET SI QVA IN POSTERVM AVGEBITVR LAVDE,
EST ADHVC DEBITVRA:
HONORIS ERGO P. etc.

To show you that I am as much in earnest in the affair as yourself, something I will send you too of this kind in English. If your design holds of fixing Dryden's name only below, and his busto above, may not lines like these be graved just under the name?—

This Sheffield rais'd, to Dryden's ashes just,
Here fixed his name, and there his laurel'd bust;
What else the Muse in marble might express,
Is known already; praise would make him less.

Or thus?

More needs not; where acknowledg'd merits reign,
Praise is impertinent, and censure vain.¹

Pope improved upon these suggestions, and finally wrote —

This Sheffield raised: the sacred dust below
Was Dryden's once — the rest who does not know?

This was afterwards altered into the present plain inscription; and the bust erected by the Duke was ex-

¹ Pope, ix. 199.

changed for a finer one by Scheemakers, put up by the Duchess, with a pyramid behind it.¹ So the monument remained till our own day, when Dean Buckland, with the permission of the surviving representative of the poet, Sir Henry Dryden, removed all except the simple bust and pedestal.

Bust of
Shadwell,
buried at
Chelsea,
Nov. 24,
1692.

Opposite Dryden's monument is the bust of his forgotten rival, and victim of his bitterest satire :

Others to some faint meaning make pretence,
But Shadwell never deviates into sense.

Dryden's son had intended a longer inscription,² but Sprat suppressed it, on the ground of an exception which some of the clergy had made to it, as 'being too great an encomium on plays to be set up in a church.' Not in Poets' Corner, but near the steps leading to the Confessor's Chapel, was buried, Jan. 24, 1684-85, Lord Roscommon,

In all Charles's days,
Roscommon only boasts unspotted lays.

His last words were from his own translation of the 'Dies Iræ :

My God, my Father, and my Friend,
Do not forsake me in my end.

These names close the seventeenth century and begin the eighteenth. Another race appears, of whom the monuments follow in quick succession. By his connection with Westminster School, by his friendship with George Step-
ney, Sept. 22, 1707. Montagu and Prior, by his diplomatic honours, rather than by his verses, George Stepney,³

¹ Akerman, ii. 89.

² Crull, ii. 42, where it is given.

³ One of his poems relates to the Abbey — his elegy on the funeral of Mary II., in whom he had hoped

'With heighten'd reverence to have seen
The hoary grandeur of an aged Queen.'

—who was thought by his contemporaries ‘a much greater man’ than Sir Cloudesley Shovel,¹ and ‘whose juvenile compositions’ were then believed to have ‘made gray-headed authors blush,’² — has his bust and grave just outside the Transept. But within, on the right of Chaucer’s tomb, is the monument of John Philips, erected

John Philips,
died and
buried at
Hereford,
1708.

by his friend Sir Simon Harcourt, and claiming in its inscription to close the south side of the Father of English Poetry, as Cowley closes the north. His ‘Splendid Shilling’ and ‘Cyder’ are now amongst the forgotten curiosities of literature. But his epitaph has a double interest. With its wreath of apples (*Honos erit huic quoque pomo*), it recounts his celebrity at that time as the master, almost the inventor, of the difficult art of blank verse, and it also indicates the gradual rise of another fame far greater. Philips himself had been devoted to Milton’s poems, as

Monument
of Philips.

models for his own feeble imitations; and the partial patron who composed the inscription on his tomb has declared that in this field he was second to Milton alone: ‘*Uni Miltoño secundus primoque pæne par.*’ It is disputed whether Smalridge, Freind, or Atterbury was the author. If (as is most probable) Atterbury, the emphasis laid on Philips’s proficiency is the expression of his own partiality ‘against

Sept. 4, 1710.

rhyme and in behalf of blank verse’ — ‘without the least prejudice, being himself equally incapable of writing in either of those ways.’³ The antiquary Crull happened to be copying the inscription, and he had nearly reached these lines, when he was told, ‘by a person of quality,’ to desist from what he was about, for

¹ Dart, ii. 83. ² Johnson’s *Lives of the Poets*. ³ Pope, viii. 188.

that there 'was an alteration to be made.' Crull put up his papers, and pretended to leave. 'My Lord went out,' and Crull immediately returned, and was informed that these lines were to be erased, and that 'his Lordship' (Bishop Sprat, then Dean) 'had forbidden the cutting of them.' Crull 'was the more eagerly resolved to finish the inscription,' 'as it was originally composed by the learned Dr. Smalridge.'¹ The next day he found the two lines wholly obliterated. The objection was not, as might have been supposed, to their intrinsic absurdity, but because the Royalist Dean would not allow the name of the regicide Milton to be engraved on the walls of Westminster Abbey.² Another four years and the excommunication was removed. Atterbury — whose love for Milton³ was stronger even than his legitimist principles, and who, in his last farewell⁴ to the Westminster scholars, vented his grief in the pathetic lines which close the 'Paradise Lost' — was now Dean, and the obnoxious lines were admitted within the walls of the Abbey. Another four years yet again, and the criticism in the 'Spectator' had given expression to the irresistible feeling of admiration growing in every English heart. 'Such was the change of public opinion,'⁵ said Dr. Gregory to Dr. Johnson, 'that I have seen erected in the church a bust of that man whose name I once knew considered as a pollution of its

Milton,
died 1674,
buried in
St. Giles's,
Cripplegate.

Monument
erected,
1737.

¹ Crull, pp. 343, 345.

² 'Un nommé Miltonus, qui s'est rendu plus infâme par ses dangereux écrits que les bourreaux et les assassins de leur roi.' (French Ambassador in App. to Pepys's *Correspondence*, v. 452.)

³ See Atterbury's remarks on the French translation of 'Paradise Lost.' (*Letters*, iv. 229.)

⁴ See Chapter VI. See also his letters to Pope. (Pope, viii. 233.)

⁵ A curious instance of the change is given in the successive

walls.' It is indeed a triumph of the force of truth and genius, such as of itself hallows the place which has witnessed it. And if this late testimony was rendered to Milton (as a like late acknowledgment had a few years¹ before been rendered to Samuel Butler, the author of 'Hudibras') not, as in the case of Spenser, Cowley, and Dryden, by dukes and duchesses, but by an obscure citizen of London,² the fact, so far from deserving the cynical remarks of Pope, only adds to the interest, by the proof afforded of the wide and (as it were) subterraneous diffusion of the fame of the once neglected poet, who, though 'fallen on evil days,' at last received his reward. Probably it was this stimulus which roused the public subscription for the statue of Shakspeare, which in 1740 was finally erected with the inscription from the 'Tempest,' which certainly well fits its application under the shadow of the 'cloudcapped towers, the gorgeous palaces, and the solemn temples' of Westminster.

Samuel Butler, died 1680, buried in Covent Garden churchyard; monument erected, 1782.

Of Shakspeare, 1740.

editions of Sheffield's *Essay on Poetry*. In the first edition the epic poet

'Must above Milton's lofty flights prevail,
Succeed where great Torquato and where greater Spenser fail.'

In the last —

'Must above Tasso's lofty flights prevail,
Succeed where Spenser and ev'n Milton fail.'

(Johnson's *Lives of the Poets*, ii. 155.)

¹ William Longueville, of the Inner Temple, patron of Butler, who vainly endeavored to provide for his friend's interment in the Abbey, was himself buried in the North Ambulatory, 1720.

² Benson, the auditor, erected the monument to Milton in 1737; Barber, the printer, and Lord Mayor of London, that to Butler in 1732.

'On poets' tombs see Benson's titles writ,'

is Pope's line in the 'Dunciad;' and when asked for an inscription for Shakspeare's monument, he suggested

'Thus Britons love me, and preserve my fame,
Free from a Barber's or a Benson's name.'

It is curious to mark how immediately these new objects of interest draw to their neighbourhood the lesser satellites of fame. Nicholas Rowe, poet-laureate and translator of Lucan, was buried here by Atterbury, from his feeling for his old schoolfellow.¹ His monument, which Pope had designed to act as a conductor to the tomb of Dryden,² by the time that it was erected claimed kindred with this mightier brother of the art —

Nicholas
Rowe,
buried Dec.
19, 1718.

Thy reliques, Rowe, to this sad shrine we trust,
And near *thy Shakspeare*³ place thy honour'd dust.

Peace to thy gentle shade, and endless rest,
Blest in thy genius, in thy love too blest!

Its conclusion had originally stood, before Buckingham had erected the tomb to Dryden —

One grateful woman to thy fame supplies
What a whole thankless land to his denies.

It now commemorates the grief of the poet's wife —

And blest that, timely from our scene remov'd,
Thy soul enjoys the liberty it lov'd.
To thee, so mourn'd in death, so lov'd in life,
The childless parent and the widow'd wife
With tears inscribes this monumental stone,
That holds thine ashes and expects her own.⁴

And this, in turn, was falsified by the remarriage of the widow (whose effigy surmounts the bust) to Colonel Deane.

¹ *Biog. Brit.* v. 3522.

² See p. 120.

³ There was a propriety in this allusion from Rowe's plays — especially *Jane Shore*, 'perhaps the best acting tragedy after Shakspeare's days.' Dean Milman told me that Mrs. Siddons used to say that one line in *Jane Shore* was the most effective she ever uttered — 'T was he — 't was Hastings.'

⁴ Pope, iii. 365.

Three dubious names close this period. In Poets' Corner lies the old voluptuary patriarch of Charles II.'s wits, St. Evremond, Governor of Duck Island, who died beyond the age of 90. Although a Frenchman and, nominally at least, a Roman Catholic, he was buried amongst the English poets, and, in spite of his questionable writings, was commemorated here, '*inter præstantiores ævi sui scriptores*.'¹ Aphara Behn,² the notorious novelist, happily has not reached beyond the East Cloister. Her epitaph ran —

Here lies a proof that wit can never be
Defence enough against mortality.

Beside her lies her facetious friend, the scandalous satirist and essayist, Tom Brown, who had defiled and defied the Abbey during his whole literary life. The inscription prepared for him has by this juxtaposition a meaning which Dr. Drake, its author, never intended — *Inter concelebres requiescit*.³

Next came the age of the 'Tatler' and 'Spectator.' Steele, editor of the first, is buried at his seat near Carmarthen. His second wife, 'his dearest Prue,' is laid amongst the poets.⁴

¹ St. Evremond 'died renouncing the Christian religion. Yet the Church of Westminster thought fit to give his body room in the Abbey, and to allow him to be buried there gratis.' The monument was erected by one of the Prebendaries, Dr. Birch, 'on account of the old acquaintance between St. Evremond and his patron Waller.' Such is the cynical account of Atterbury. (*Letters*, iii. 117, 125.)

² In the Register she is called 'Astrea Behn,' as in Pope's line — 'The stage how loosely does Astræa tread!'

³ Crull, p. 346. Mr. Lodge has suggested to me that his burial at Westminster is in some degree explained, or at least illustrated, by the fact that he was chosen to write the inscription on Bishop Fell's monument in Christ Church, Oxford (*Brown's Works*, iv. 255, 7th ed.), which was the more remarkable as coming from the author of the famous epigram on Dr. Fell.

⁴ For their correspondence see Thackeray's *Humourists* (pp. 137-46).

But the great funeral of this circle is that of Addison. The last serene moments of his life were at Warwick House. 'See how a Christian can die.'

His body lay in state in the Jerusalem Chamber, and was borne thence to the Abbey at dead of night. The choir sang a funeral hymn. Bishop Atterbury, one of those Tories who had loved and honoured the most accomplished of the Whigs, met the corpse, and led the procession by torchlight, round the shrine of St. Edward and the graves of the Plantagenets, to the Chapel of Henry VII.¹

The spot selected was the vault in the north aisle of that Chapel, in the eastern recess² of which already lay the coffins of Monk and his wife, Montague Earl of Sandwich, and the two Halifaxes. Craggs was to follow within a year. Into that recess, doubtless in order to rest by the side of his patron, Montague Earl of Halifax, the coffin of Addison was lowered. At the head of the vault, Atterbury officiated as Dean, in his prelate's robes. Round him stood the Westminster scholars, with their white tapers, dimly lighting up the fretted aisle. One³ of them has left on record the deep impression left on them by the unusual energy and solemnity of Atterbury's sonorous voice. Close by was the faithful friend of the departed — Tickell, who has described the scene in poetry yet more touching than Macaulay's prose : —

¹ Macaulay's *Essays* (8vo. 1853), iii. 443.

² The opening to the vault is immediately on entering the north aisle of the Chapel. Its nearer or western division was at that time empty. I describe the locality as I myself saw it at night when the vault was opened in 1867. See Appendix.

³ *Autobiography of Bishop Newton*.

Can I forget the dismal night that gave
 My soul's best part for ever to the grave?
 How silent did his old companions tread,
 By midnight lamps, the mansions of the dead,
 Through breathing statues, then unheeded things,
 Through rows of warriors, and through walks of kings!
 What awe did the slow solemn knell inspire,
 The pealing organ and the pausing choir;
 The duties by the lawn-rob'd prelate pay'd:
 And the last words that dust to dust convey'd!
 While speechless o'er thy closing grave we bend,
 Accept these tears, thou dear departed friend.
 Oh, gone for ever; take this long adieu;
 And sleep in peace, next thy lov'd Montague.
 Ne'er to those chambers where the mighty rest
 Since their foundation came a nobler guest:
 Nor e'er was to the bowers of bliss convey'd
 A fairer spirit or more welcome shade.

'It is strange that neither his opulent and noble widow, nor any of his powerful and attached friends, should have thought of placing even a simple tablet, inscribed with his name, on the walls of the Abbey. It was not till three generations had laughed and wept over his pages that the omission was supplied by the public veneration. At length, in our own time, his image, skilfully graven, appeared in Poet's Corner.¹ It represents him, as we can conceive him, clad in his dressing-gown, and freed from his wig, stepping from his parlour at Chelsea into his trim little garden, with the account of the Everlasting Club, or the Loves of Hilpa and Shalum, just finished for the next day's "Spectator," in his hand. Such a mark of national respect was due to the unsullied statesman, to the accomplished scholar, to the master of pure English eloquence, to the con-

Monument
 of Addison,
 erected 1808.

¹ The intention of placing the monument on the grave of Thomas of Woodstock, inside the Confessor's Chapel, was happily frustrated. (*Gent. Mag.*, 1808, p. 1088.) The face was copied by Westmacott from the portraits in the Kitcat collection, and in Queen's College, Oxford.

summate painter of life and manners. It was due, above all, to the great satirist, who alone knew how to use ridicule without abusing it — who, without inflicting a wound, effected a great social reform, and who reconciled wit and virtue after a long and disastrous separation, during which wit had been led astray by profligacy, and virtue by fanaticism.’¹

Ten years after followed a funeral of which the inward contrast in the midst of outward likeness to that of Addison is complete. As he, for the sake of his beloved patron, Montague, had been laid apart from the rest of the poetic tribe in the Chapel of the Tudors, in

the far east of the Church, so Congreve was laid almost completely separated from them in the Nave, in the neighbourhood if not in

the vault of his patroness — Henrietta Godolphin, the second Duchess of Marlborough. By that questionable alliance he, amongst the Westminster notables, the worst corrupter, as Addison the noblest purifier, of English literature, was honoured with a sumptuous funeral, also from the Jerusalem Chamber; and with the same strange passion which caused the Duchess to have a statue of him in ivory, moving by clockwork, placed daily at her table, and a wax doll, whose feet were regularly blistered and anointed by the doctors, as Congreve’s had been when he suffered from the gout,² she erected the monument to him at the west end of the church, commemorating the ‘happiness and honour which she had enjoyed in her intercourse.’ ‘Happiness, perhaps,’ exclaimed her inexorable mother, the ancient Sarah; ‘she cannot say honour!’ Yet,

¹ Macaulay’s *Essays* (8vo. 1853), iii. 443. — To this must be added the recent inscription of Tickell’s verses over his grave by Lord Ellesmere.

² Macaulay’s *Essays*, vi. 531.

though private partiality may have fixed the spot, his burial in the Abbey was justified by the fame which attracted the visit of Voltaire to him, as to the chief representative of English literature;¹ which won from Dryden the praise of being next to Shakspeare; from Steele the homage of 'Great Sir, great author,' whose 'awful name was known' by barbarians; and from Pope, the Dedication of the Iliad, and the title of *Ultimus Romanorum*. And there is a fitness in the place of his monument, 'of the finest Egyptian marble,' by the door where many, who there enjoy ^{His monument.} their first view of the most venerable of English sanctuaries, may thankfully recall the impressive lines in which he, with a feeling beyond his age, first described the effect of a great cathedral on the awestruck beholder —

All is hush'd and still as death. — 'Tis dreadful !
 How reverend is the face of this tall pile,
 Whose ancient pillars rear their marble heads,
 To bear aloft its arch'd and ponderous roof,
 By its own weight made stedfast and immovable,
 Looking tranquillity ! It strikes an awe
 And terror on my aching sight; the tombs
 And monumental caves of death look cold,
 And shoot a chillness to my trembling heart.

He who reads these lines enjoys for a moment the powers of a poet; he feels what he remembers to have felt before; but he feels it with great increase of sensibility: he recognises a familiar image, but meets it again amplified and expanded, embellished with beauty, and enlarged with majesty.²

¹ Congreve himself judged more wisely. 'I wish to be visited on no other footing than as a gentleman who leads a life of plainness and simplicity.' Such is his appearance on his monument. (See the whole story discussed in Thackeray's *Humourists*, p. 78; see also pp. 61, 80.)

² Johnson, ii. 197, 198.

We return to the South Transept. Matthew Prior claimed a place there, as well by his clever and agreeable verses, as by his diplomatic career and his connection with Westminster School. The monument, 'as a last piece of human vanity,' was provided by his son: the bust was a present from Louis XIV., whom he had known on his embassy to Paris, and may serve to remind us of his rebuke to the Great Monarch when he replied at Versailles, 'I represent a king who not only fights battles, but wins them.' The inscription was by Dr. Freind, Head Master of Westminster, 'in honour of one who had done so great honour to the school.'¹

Matthew
Prior, buried
Sept. 26,
1721.

I had not strength enough [writes Atterbury] to attend Mr. Prior to his grave, else I would have done it, to have shown his friends that I had forgot and forgiven what he wrote to me. He is buried, as he desired, at the feet of Spenser, and I will take care to make good in every respect what I said to him when living; particularly as to the triplet he wrote for his own epitaph; which, while we were in good terms, I promised him should never appear on his tomb while I was Dean of Westminster.²

Ten years afterwards another blow fell on the literary circle. Gay's 'Fables,' written for the education of the Duke of Cumberland, still attract English children to his monument. But his playful, amiable character can only be appreciated by reading the letters of his contemporaries.³ 'We have all had,'

John Gay,
died Dec. 4,
1732.

¹ *Biog. Brit.* v. 3445.

² Pope, x. 382. — The triplet was:

To me 'tis given to die — to you 'tis given
To live: alas! one moment sets us even —
Mark how impartial is the will of Heaven.

³ 'Good God! how often we are to die before we go quite off this stage! In every friend we lose a part of ourselves, and the best part.

writes Dr. Arbuthnot,¹ 'another loss, of our worthy and dear friend Dr. Gay. It was some alleviation of my grief to see him so universally lamented by almost everybody, even by those who only knew him by reputation. He was interred at Westminster Abbey, as if he had been a peer of the realm; and the good Duke of Queensberry, who lamented him as a brother, will set up a handsome monument upon him.' His body ^{His funeral, Dec. 23, 1732,} was brought by the Company of Upholders from the Duke of Queensberry's to Exeter Change, and thence to the Abbey, at eight o'clock in the winter evening. Lord Chesterfield and Pope were present amongst the mourners.² He had already, two months before his death, desired —

My dear Mr. Pope, whom I love as my own soul, if you survive me, as you certainly will, if a stone shall mark the place of my grave, see these words put upon it —

Life is a jest, and all things show it;
I thought it once, but now I know it,

with what else you may think proper.

His wish was complied with.³ The conclusion specially points to his place of burial:

These are thy honours! not that here thy bust
Is mix'd with heroes, nor with kings thy dust,
But that the worthy and the good shall say,
Striking their pensive bosoms — 'Here lies Gay.'

God keep those we have left: few are worth praying for, and one's self the least of all.' (Pope, iii. 378.)

¹ Pope, ix. 208, 209.

² *Biog. Brit.* iv. 2167, 2187.

³ To make room for the monument, Butler's bust (by permission of Alderman Barber) was removed to its present position. (Chapter Book, October 31, 1733.)

This last line, which was altered¹ at the suggestion of Swift, 'is so dark that few understand it, and so harsh when it is explained that still fewer approve it.'²

With Gay is concluded, as far as the Abbey is concerned, the last of the brilliant circle of friends whose mutual correspondence and friendship give such an additional interest to their graves. One of these, however, we sorely miss. 'I have been told of one Pope,' says Goldsmith's Chinese philosopher, as he wanders through Poets' Corner murmuring at the obscure names of which he had never heard before: 'Is he there?' 'It is time enough,' replied his guide, 'these hundred years: he is not long dead: people have not done hating him yet.' It was not, however, the hate of his contemporaries that kept his bust out of the Abbey,³ but his own deliberate wish to be interred, by the side⁴ of his beloved mother, in the central aisle of the parish church of Twickenham: and his epitaph, composed by himself, is inscribed on a white marble tablet above the gallery:

His epitaph. For one that would not be buried in Westminster Abbey.

Heroes and kings! your distance keep,
In peace let one poor poet sleep,
Who never flatter'd folks like you:
Let Horace blush, and Virgil too.

The 'Little Nightingale,' who withdrew from the boisterous company of London to those quiet shades, only to revisit them in his little chariot like 'Homer in a nutshell,'⁵ naturally rests there at last.

¹ From 'striking their *aching* bosoms.' (*Biog. Brit.* iv. 2187.)

² Johnson, iii. 215.

³ Pope, iii. 382.

⁴ 'His filial piety excels

Whatever genuine story tells.' (Swift.)

⁵ Thackeray's *Humourists*, p. 207.

With Pope's secession the line of poets is broken for a time. None whose claims rested on their poetic merits alone were, after him, buried within the Abbey, till quite our own days. Thomson, whose bust appears by the side of Shakspeare's monument, was interred in the parish church of his own favourite Richmond —

Thomson,
buried at
Richmond,
1784; his
monument
in the
Abbey,
erected May
10, 1782.

In yonder grave a Druid lies.¹

Gray could be buried nowhere but in that country churchyard of Stoke Pogis, which he has rendered immortal by his Elegy, and in which he anticipates his rest. His monument, however, is placed by Milton's; and, both by the art of the sculptor, and the verses inscribed upon it by his friend Mason, is made to point not unfitly to Milton, thus completing that cycle of growing honour which we saw beginning with the tablet of Philips.² And next to this cenotaph is also, in a natural sequence, that of Mason himself, with an inscription by his own friend Hurd.

Gray, buried
at Stoke
Pogis, 1771.

Mason,
buried at
Aston, in
Yorkshire,
1797.

It may be well to take advantage of this pause in the succession to mark the memorials of other kinds of genius, which have intermingled with the more strictly poetic vein. Isaac Casaubon,³ interesting not only for his great learning, but as one of those Protestants of the seventeenth century who, like Grotius and Grabe, looked with a kindly eye on the older Churches, had, on the death of his French patron Henri IV., received from James I. (although a layman) prebendal stalls at Canterbury,

HISTORICAL
AISLE.

Casaubon,
died July 1,
1614.

¹ Collins's Ode.

² See p. 123.

³ Spelt *Causabon* in the Register. Mrs. *Causabon* was buried in the cloisters, March 11, 1635-36. (Register.)

⁴ The Register says July 8.

but 'lieth entombed,' says Fuller, 'in the south aisle¹ of Westminster Abbey;' who then adds, with an emphasis which marks this tomb as the first in a new and long succession, 'not in the east or *poetical* side thereof where Chaucer, Spenser, Drayton are interred, but on the west or *historical* side of the aisle.' His monument was made by Stone for £60 at the cost of 'Thomas Morton, Bishop of Durham, that great lover of learned men, dead or alive.'² Next to it, and carrying on the

Camden,
buried Nov.
10, 1623.

same affinity, is the bust of William Camden, by his close connection with Westminster, as its one lay Head-master, and as the Prince of English antiquaries, well deserving his place in this 'Broad Aisle,'³ in which he was laid with great pomp; all the College of Heralds attending the funeral of their chief. Christopher Sutton preached 'a good modest sermon.'⁴ 'Both of these plain tombs,' adds Fuller, marking their peculiar appearance at the time, 'made of white marble, show the simplicity of their intentions, the candidness of their natures, and perpetuity of their memories.' On Isaac Casaubon's tablet is left the trace of another 'candid and simple nature.'

¹ His grave, however, was 'at the entrance of St. Benedict's Chapel' (Register.) Near the same spot not long afterwards (November 29, 1639) was laid the historian of the Scottish Church, Arch-
Spottis-
woode, Nov. 26, 1639. bishop Spottiswoode. He had intended to be buried in Scotland, but the difficulty of removal from London and the King's wish prevailed in favour of the Abbey. (Grub's *Ecd. History of Scotland*, iii. 66.)

² Walpole's *Painters*, 242. About the same time was buried in an unmarked and unknown grave Richard Hakluyt (Register), the father of English geographers, who was educated
Richard
Hakluyt,
buried Nov. 26, 1616. at Westminster, and in later life became a Prebendary. See Chapter VI.

³ Register.

⁴ State Papers, Nov. 21, 1623. Sutton, who was a Prebendary, was buried (1629) in the same transept. Dart, ii. 66.

Izaak Walton,¹—who may in his youth have seen his venerable namesake, to whom indeed Casaubon perhaps gave his Christian name, who was a friend of his son Meric and of his patron Morton, and who loses no occasion of commending ‘that man of rare learning and ingenuity’—forty years afterwards, wandering through the South Transept, scratched his well-known monogram on the marble, with the date 1658, earliest of those unhappy inscriptions of names of visitors, which have since defaced so many a sacred space in the Abbey. *O si sic omnia!* We forgive the Greek soldiers who recorded their journey on the foot of the statue at Ipsambul; the Platonist who has left his name in the tomb of Ramesses at Thebes; the Roman Emperor who has carved his attestation of Memnon’s music on the colossal knees of Amenophis. Let us, in like manner, forgive the angler for this mark of himself in Poets’ Corner. Camden’s monument long ago bore traces of another kind. The Cavaliers, or, as some said, the Independents, who broke into the Abbey at night, to deface the hearse of the Earl of Essex, ‘used the like uncivil deportment towards the effigies of old learned Camden—cut in pieces the book held in his hand, broke off his nose, and otherwise defaced his visiognomy.’²

Izaak
Walton's
monogram,
1658.

Camden's
monument.

A base villain—for certainly no person that had a right English soul could have done it—not suffering his monument to stand without violation whose learned leaves have so preserved the antiquities of the nation.³

¹ Walton was born 1593, and died 1683.

² *Perfect Diurnal*, November 23–30, 1646. Alluding to the book of ‘*Britannia*’ on Camden’s monument.

³ Winstanley’s *Worthies* (1660).

It was restored by the University of Oxford, from which, in his earlier struggles, he had vainly sought a fellowship and a degree—one of the many instances of generous repentance by which Oxford has repaid her shortcomings to her eminent sons.

*Restored
about 1780.*

‘Opposite his friend Camden’s monument,’¹ though a little beyond the precincts of the transept, before the entrance of St. Nicholas’s Chapel, is the grave of another antiquary, hardly less famous—Sir Spelman, buried Oct. 24, 1641. Henry Spelman, buried in his eighty-first year, by order of Charles I., with much solemnity.² He had lived in intimacy with all the antiquarians of that antiquarian time, and the patronage which he received, both from Archbishop Abbott and Archbishop Laud, well agrees with the two-sided character of the old knight, at once so constitutional and so loyal. If ever any book was favourable to the claims of the High Church party, it was the ‘History of Sacrilege;’ but even Spelman was obliged to stop his ‘Glossary’ at the letter ‘L,’ because there were three M’s that scandalized the Archbishop—‘Magna Charta,’ ‘Magnum Concilium Regis,’ and ‘M——.’ At the foot of Camden’s monument the Parliamentary historian May had been buried. ‘If he were a biassed and partial writer, he lieth near a good and true historian indeed—I mean Dr. Camden.’³

¹ Gibson’s *Life of Spelman*.

² Register.

³ Fuller’s *Worthies*, ii. 259.—The expressive bust of Sir William Sanderson, the aged historian of Mary Stuart, James I., July 18, and Charles I., was originally close to the spot where, with 1676, aged 91. his wife, ‘mother of the maids of honour,’ he lies in the North Transept. Evelyn (*Memoirs*, ii. 420) was present at his funeral. It was removed to make way for Wager’s monument, and now looks out from beneath that of Admiral Watson.

Under the Commonwealth this spot was consecrated to the burial of theologians.¹ Twiss, the Calvinist Vicar of Newbury and Prolocutor of the Westminster² Assembly, Strong,³ the famous Independent, and Marshall, the famous Presbyterian preacher, were all laid here until their disinterment in 1661. It became afterwards no less the centre of Royalist divines. In the place of May's⁴ monument was raised the tablet of Dr. Triplett, and then that of Outram, who wrote a once celebrated book on Sacrifice, both Prebendaries of Westminster. Beside them rests another far greater, also locally connected with Westminster — Isaac Barrow. Doubtless had 'the best scholar in England' (as Charles II. called him when he signed his patent for the Mastership of Trinity) died in his own great college, he would have been interred in the vestibule of Trinity chapel, which was to contain Newton's statue, as his portrait hangs by the side of that of Newton in Trinity

Twiss, July
24, 1648.
Strong, July
4, 1664.

Marshall,
Nov. 23,
1665.
Triplett,
buried
July, 1670.
Outram,
buried
Aug. 25,
1679.
Barrow,
died May 4,
buried May
7, 1677.

¹ Two earlier Protestant divines had been already interred in the Abbey, Redmayne (1551), Master of Trinity, one of the most learned and moderate of the early Reformers, and a compiler of the first Reformed Liturgy; and Bilson, Bishop of Winchester, buried in the South Ambulatory, June 18, 1616 — remarkable for his defence of 'Episcopacy,' for his belief in the literal meaning of the 'Descent into Hell,' and for his noble statement of the true view of Christian Redemption.

Redmayne,
1551.
Bilson, June
18, 1616.

² See Chapter VI. Twiss was buried at the upper end of the Poor Folks' Table, near the entry. (Register.) His funeral was attended by the whole Assembly of Divines. (Neal's *Puritans*, iii. 317.)

³ For Strong's pastoral ministrations in the Abbey, See Chapter VI. His funeral sermon was preached by Obadiah Sedgewick, who says that he was 'so plain in heart, so deep in judgment, so painful in study, so exact in preaching, and, in a word, so fit for all the parts of the ministerial service, that I do not know his equal.'

⁴ Crull, App. xxiv.

hall. It was the singular connection of his office with Westminster School which caused his interment under the same roof which contains Newton's remains. He had come, as master after master, to the election of Westminster scholars, and was lodged in one of the canonical houses 'that had a little stair to it out of the Cloisters,'¹ which made him call it 'a man's nest.'² He was there struck with high fever, and died from the opium which, by a custom contracted when at Constantinople, he administered to himself. 'Had it not been too inconvenient to carry him to Cambridge, there wit and eloquence had paid their tribute for the honour he has done them. Now he is laid in Westminster

Abbey, on the learned side of the South Tran-
Barrow's monument. sept.'³ His monument was erected by 'the gratitude of his friends, a contribution not usual in that age, and a respect peculiar to him among all the glories of that Church.' His epitaph was written by 'his dear friend Dr. Mapletoft.' 'His picture was never made from life, and the effigies on his tomb doth but little resemble him.' 'He was in person of the lesser size, lean and of extraordinary strength, of a fair and calm complexion, a thin skin, very susceptible of the cold; his eyes gray, clear, and somewhat shortsighted; his hair of a light auburn, very fine and curling.'

Above Casaubon and Barrow is the monument erected by Harley, Earl of Oxford, to the illustrious

¹ It was, doubtless, the 'old prebendal house called the Tree,' pulled down in 1710 (11). (Chapter Book, February 22, 1710.)

² *Lives of Guildford and North*, iii. 318. Another version is that 'he died in mean lodgings at a sadler's near Charing Cross, an old low-built house, which he had used for several years.' (Dr. Pope's *Life of Ward*, 167.) He had a few days before put Dr. Pope 'into a rapture of joy' by inviting him to the Lodge at Trinity. (*Ibid.* 167.)

³ *Life of Dr. Barrow*, p. xvii.

Prussian scholar, Grabe,¹ the editor of the Septuagint and of Irenæus, who, like Casaubon, found in the Church of England a home more congenial than either Rome or Geneva could furnish.

Grabe, died
Aug. 3, 1711,
buried in St.
Pancras.

Looking down the Transept are three notable monuments, united chiefly by the bond of Westminster School, but also by that of learning and wit — Busby, South, and Vincent. Busby, the most celebrated of schoolmasters before our own time, was doubtless the genius of the place for all the fifty-eight years in which he reigned over the School.² To this, and not to the Abbey, belongs his history. But the recollection of his severity long invested his monument with a peculiar awe. 'His pupils,' said the profane wit of the last century, 'when they come by, look as pale as his marble, in remembrance of his severe exactions.'³ As Sir Roger de Coverley stood before Busby's tomb, he exclaimed, 'Dr. Busby, a great man, whipped my grandfather — a very great man! I should have gone to him myself if I had not been a blockhead. A very great man!'⁴ From this tomb, it is said, all⁵ the likenesses of him have been taken, he having steadily refused, during his life, to sit for his portrait. He was buried, like a second Abbot Ware, under the black and white marble pavement which he placed along the steps and sides of the Sacrarium.

Busby,
buried April
5, 1695.

His monu-
ment.

¹ Secretan's *Life of Nelson*, p. 223. — He was buried in the Chancel of St. Pancras Church, it was believed from a secret sympathy with the Roman Catholics, who were buried in the adjacent cemetery.

² See Chapter VI.

³ Tom Brown, iii. 228. Compare the same thought in *Carmina Quadragesimalia*, first series, p. 66.

⁴ *Spectator*, No. 139.

⁵ One exception must be noticed — the portrait in the Headmaster's house — unlike all the others, and apparently from life.

Under those steps was laid South, who began his career at Westminster under Busby; and then, after his many vicissitudes of political tergiversation, polemical bitterness, and witty preaching, was buried, as Prebendary and Archdeacon of Westminster, 'with much solemnity,' in his eighty-third year, by the side of his old master.¹

South, died
July 8,
buried July
16, 1716.

Vincent followed the two others after a long interval.² His relations with Westminster were still closer than theirs — Scholar, Under-master, Head-master, Prebendary and Dean in succession.

Vincent,
died Dec. 21,
buried Dec.
29, 1815.

Still his works on ancient commerce and navigation would almost have entitled him to a place amongst the scholars of the Abbey, apart from his official connection with it.

Not far from those indigenous giants of Westminster is the monument of Antony Horneck,³ who, though a German by birth and education, was, with the liberality of those times, recommended by Tillotson to Queen Mary for a stall in the Abbey. He was 'a most pathetic preacher, a person of saint-like life,'⁴ the glory of the Savoy Chapel, where his enormous congregations caused it to be said that his parish reached from Whitechapel to Whitehall. He presented the rare union of great pastoral experience, unflinching moral courage, and profound learning. The Hebrew epitaph bears witness to his proficiency in Biblical and Rabbinical literature.

Another Prebendary of Westminster, Herbert Thorn-

¹ See Chapter VI.

² He is buried in St. Benedict's Chapel. See Chapter VI.

³ He is buried in the South Transept. See Chapter VI. Close beside his monument is that of another Prebendary, Samuel Barton (died Sept. 1, 1715).

⁴ Evelyn, iii. 78.

dyke,¹ lies in the East Cloister. He had the misfortune of equally offending the Nonconformists at the Savoy Conference by his supposed tendencies to the Church of Rome, and the High Church party by his familiarity with the Moravians. In his will he withheld his money from his relatives if they joined either the mass or the new licensed Conventicles.

And on his grave he begged that these words might be inscribed: '*Hic jacet corpus Herberti*' His grave.

*Thorndyke, Preb. hujus ecclesiæ, qui vivus veram reformatæ ecclesiæ rationem ac modum precibusque studisque prosequabatur. Tu, lector, requiem ei et beatam in Christo resurrectionem precare.'*² This wish was not fulfilled.

His gravestone, which is near the eastern entrance to the Abbey, from the Cloister, never had any other inscription than his name, which has lately been renewed. Beneath another unmarked gravestone, in the North Cloister, lies Dr. William King, friend of Swift, and author of a long series of humorous and serious writings, intertwined with the politics and literature of that time. He lies beside his master, Dr. Knipe.

The burial of Atterbury, connected with almost every celebrated name in the Abbey during this period, and in the opinion of Lord Grenville the greatest master of English prose, must be reserved for another place.³ But immediately above his grave hangs the monument of a divine whose memory casts a melancholy interest over the

Thorndyke,
buried July
18, 1672.

His grave.

Dr. William
King, buried
Dec. 27, 1712.

Atterbury,
died at Paris,
buried May
12, 1732.

Wharton,
buried
March 8,
1694-5.

¹ His brother, John Thorndyke, who lies with him, died in 1668, on his return from New England, to which he was one of the first emigrants. John's son Paul had already returned in 1663. See Chapter VI.

John Thorndyke, 1668.

² This inscription was adduced in the famous Woolfrey case.

³ See Chapter VI.

small entrance by which Dean after Dean has descended into the Abbey: 'the favourite pupil of the great Newton'—'the favourite chaplain of Sancroft, whose early death was deplored by all parties as an irreparable loss to letters;'¹ the youthful pride of Cambridge, as Atterbury was of Oxford; perhaps, had he lived, as unscrupulous and as imperious as Atterbury, but with an exactitude and versatility of learning which may keep his name fresh in the mind of students long after Atterbury's fame has been confined to the political history of his time. Henry Wharton, compiler of the '*Anglia Sacra*,' died in his thirty-first year. His funeral was attended by Archbishop Tenison and Bishop Lloyd. Sprat, as Dean, read the service. The Westminster scholars (at that time 'an uncommon respect,' and 'the highest the Dean and Chapter can show on that occasion') were caused to attend; the usual fees were remitted; and Purcell's Anthem was sung over his grave,² which was close to the spot where his tablet is seen.³

¹ Macaulay, ii. 109.

² *Life of Wharton*.

³ In the North Aisle and Transept may here be noticed Warren, Bishop of Bangor (1800), with the fine monument of his wife, and the two Irish Primates—Boulter, the munificent statesman-prelate, who 'was translated to the Archbishopric of Armagh, 1723, and from thence to Heaven, 1742;' and Agar, Lord Normanton, who, in 1809, was buried in the adjacent grave of his uncle, Lord Mendip, Archbishop successively of Cashel and Dublin. On his tomb is sculptured, by his express desire, an exact copy of the miserable modern Cathedral of Cashel, which he built at the foot of the Rock in the place of the beautiful church which he left in ruins at the top of the hill. Bishop Monk lies close by, author of the *Life of Bentley*, connected with Westminster both by his stall and by the magnificent memorial of him, left by his family, in the church of St. James the Less. In the South Aisle, too, must be added the Scottish Prebendary of Westminster, Andrew Bell, the founder of the

Warren,
1800.
Boulter,
1742.

Monk, June
14, 1856.

Bell, 1832.

Returning towards Poets' Corner, in the south aisle of the Choir is a monument¹ which commemorates at once the increasing culture of the Nonconformists and the Christian liberality of the Church of England. Isaac Watts was 'one of the first authors that taught the Dissenters to court attention by the graces of language.' We may add that he was one of the first, if not the first, who made sacred poetry the vehicle of edification and instruction. He was the Keble of the Nonconformists and of the eighteenth century. Before the 'Christian Year,' no English religious poems were so popular as his 'Psalms and Hymns.' 'Happy,' says the great contemporary champion of Anglican orthodoxy, 'will be that reader whose mind is disposed, by his verses or his prose, to imitate him in all but his Nonconformity, to copy his benevolence to men and his reverence to God.'² His monument was erected a century after his death, and now, after nearly another century, close by has been raised a memorial to the two Wesleys, inscribed with their characteristic sayings, taken from their respective tombs, and sculptured with the faces of the two brothers, and the scene of John's preaching.

Watts, died at Stoke Newington, buried in Bunhill Fields, 1748.

Charles Wesley, buried in Marylebone, 1788.

John Wesley, buried in the City Road Chapel, 1791.

Monument, 1876.

Meanwhile, the 'Historical or Learned Aisle' of the South Transept had overflowed into that part which

Madras scheme of education. (The monument mistakenly gives the date of his installation 1810 instead of 1819.) A third Irish Primate, the handsome George Stone, lies in the Nave.

¹ It was erected at the beginning of this century, but 'was mutilated by the hand of wantonness' before 1810. *Life of Dr. Watts*, p. xlix. It has been recently repaired by the Nonconformists.

² Johnson's *Poets*, iii. 248. Speaker Onslow, after his last visit to him, 'thought he saw a man of God after his death devoutly laid out. May my soul be where his soul now is!' (*Mem. of Watts*, 310.)

was especially entitled Poets' Corner. The blending of poet, divine, scholar, and historian in the same part of the Abbey is a testimony to the necessary union of learning with imagination, of fact with fiction, of poetry with prose; a protest against the vulgar literary heresy which denies Clio to be a muse. The 'Divine Spirit' ascribed to Poetry on the monument of Spenser is seen to inspire a wider range. The meeting-point between the two is in the group of 'men of letters,' properly so called, which gathered round Shakspeare's monument — the cluster of names familiar through Boswell's 'Life of Johnson.'

Goldsmith,
died April
4, 1774, and
buried at the
Temple.

Goldsmith was the first to pass away. 'I remember once,' said Dr. Johnson, 'being with Goldsmith in Westminster Abbey. While we surveyed the Poets' Corner, I said to him —

'Forsitan et nostrum nomen miscebitur istis.

When we got to Temple Bar he stopped me, pointed to the heads [of the Jacobites] upon it, and slily whispered me —

'Forsitan et nostrum nomen miscebitur istis.'¹

It is his name only, not his dust, that is mingled with the Poets. He lies on the north side of the Temple Church, under a gravestone erected in this century. But 'whatever he wrote, he did it better than any other man could do. He deserved a place in Westminster Abbey, and every year he lived would have deserved it better.'² It had been intended that he should have his

¹ Boswell's *Johnson*, ii. 225. An interesting application of this incident occurs in some verses on a stranger who encountered the poet Rogers wandering through Poets' Corner. (*Fasciculus*, printed privately at the Chiswick Press, p. 5.)

² Boswell's *Johnson*, iv. 108.

burial in the Abbey, but the money which a public funeral would have cost was reserved for his monument.¹ It is on the south wall of the South Transept — in a situation selected by the most ^{His tablet.} artistic, and with an inscription composed by the most learned, of his admirers. Sir Joshua Reynolds fixed the place. Dr. Johnson exemplified, in his inscription, the rule which he had sternly laid down for others, by writing it not in English, but in Latin. In vain was the famous round-robin addressed to him by all his friends, none of whom had the courage to address him singly, to petition that

the character of the deceased as a writer, particularly as a poet, is perhaps not delineated with all the exactness which Dr. Johnson is capable of giving it : we therefore, with deference to his superior judgment, humbly request that he would at least take the trouble of revising it, and of making such additions and alterations as he shall think proper upon a further perusal. But if we might venture to express our wishes, they would lead us to request that he would write the epitaph in English rather than in Latin, as we think that the memory of so eminent an English writer ought to be perpetuated in the language to which his works are likely to be so lasting an ornament, which we also know to have been the opinion of the late Doctor himself.²

Sir Joshua agreed to carry it to Dr. Johnson, 'who received it with much good humour, and desired Sir Joshua to tell the gentlemen that he would ^{Goldsmith's} alter the epitaph in any manner they pleased, ^{epitaph.} as to the sense of it, but he would never consent to disgrace the walls of Westminster Abbey with an English inscription ;' adding, 'I wonder that Joe Warton,

¹ *Life of Reynolds*, ii. 71.

² *Boswell's Johnson*, iii. 449.

a scholar by profession, should be such a fool. I should have thought too that Mund Burke would have had more sense.’¹ One mistake in detail was afterwards discovered as to the date² of Goldsmith’s birth. The expression ‘physicus,’ as Boswell says, ‘is surely not right.’ Johnson himself used to say, ‘Goldsmith, sir, will give us a very fine book on this subject; but if he can distinguish a cow from a horse, that, I believe, is the extent of his knowledge of natural history.’³ But the whole inscription shows the supreme position which Goldsmith occupied in English literature; and one expression, at least, has passed from it into the proverbial Latin of mankind —

*Nihil tetigit quod non ornavit.*⁴

The giant of the circle was next to fall. Johnson, a few days before his death,

had asked Sir John Hawkins, as one of his executors, where Johnson, died Dec. 18, buried Dec. 20, 1784. he should be buried; and on being answered, ‘Doubtless in Westminster Abbey,’ seemed to feel a satisfaction, very natural to a poet; and, indeed, very natural to every man of any imagination, who has no family sepulchre in which he can be laid with his fathers. Accordingly, upon Monday, December 20, his remains [enclosed in a leaden coffin] were deposited in that noble and renowned edifice [in the South Transept, near the foot of Shakspeare’s monument, and close to the coffin of his friend Garrick]; and over his grave was placed a large blue flagstone with name and age.

His funeral was attended by a respectable number of his friends, particularly such of the members of the Literary

¹ Boswell’s *Johnson*, iii. 449.

² 1731 for 1728. (*Ibid.* iii. 448.)

³ *Ibid.* iii. 449.

⁴ *Nullum scribendi genus quod tetigit non ornavit.* (Epitaph.)

Club as were in town; and was also honoured with the presence of several of the Reverend Chapter of Westminster. Mr. Burke, Sir Joseph Banks, Mr. Windham, Mr. Langton, Sir Charles Bunbury, and Mr. Colman bore his pall. His schoolfellow, Dr. Taylor, performed the mournful office of reading the Burial Service.¹

A flagstone with his name and date alone marks the spot. The monument² long intended to be placed on it was at last transferred to St. Paul's.³

Within a few feet of Johnson lies (by one of those striking coincidences in which the Abbey abounds) his deadly enemy, James Macpherson, the author or editor of 'Ossian.' Though he died near Inverness, his body, according to his will, was carried from Scotland, and buried 'in the Abbey Church of Westminster, the city in which he had passed the greatest and best part of his life.'

The last links in that group are the two dramatists, Richard Cumberland and Richard Brinsley Sheridan, both buried close to Shakspeare's statue. At Cumberland's funeral a funeral oration was delivered — perhaps the last of its kind — by Dean Vincent, his former schoolfellow⁴ at Westminster. When Sheridan was dying, in the extremity of poverty, an article appeared from a generous enemy in the 'Morning Post,' saying that

Macpherson,
died Feb. 17,
buried
March 15,
1796.

Cumberland,
died May 7,
buried May
4, 1811.
Sheridan,
died July 7,
buried July
13, 1816.

¹ Boswell's *Johnson*, v. 351, 352.

² The proposal for its erection occurs in the private records of the Club, and the order for its admission in the Chapter Book, March 17, 1790.

³ *Life of Reynolds*. The discussion of the proposed epitaphs between Parr, Reynolds, and Lord Stowell fills thirty pages in Dr. Parr's Works, iv. 680-713. For the appropriateness of the statue at St. Paul's, see Milman's *Annals*, 481.

⁴ *Notes and Queries*, second series, ii. 46.

relief should be given before it was too late: 'Prefer ministering in the chamber of sickness' to ministering at 'the splendid sorrows that adorn the hearse'—'life and succour against Westminster Abbey and a funeral.' But it was too late; and Westminster Abbey and the funeral, with all the pomp that rank could furnish, was the alternative. It was this which suggested the remark of a French journal: 'France is the place for a man of letters to live in, and England the place for him to die in.'¹

Two cenotaphs close the eighteenth century in Poets' Corner, under the tablet of St. Evremond. One is that

Christopher
Anstey,
buried at
Bath, 1806.

of Christopher Anstey, the amiable author of the 'New Bath Guide'—probably the most popular satire of that time, though now reced-

ing into the obscurity enveloping the Bath society which it describes. The other, remarkable by the contrast which it presents to the memorial of the worldly-

Granville
Sharp, died
July 1, 1813.
Buried at
Fulham.

minded wit of Charles II.'s age, is that of the Christian chivalry and simplicity of Granville

Sharp, belonging more properly to the noble army of Abolitionists on the other side of the Abbey, but claiming its place among the men of letters by his extensive though eccentric learning.² The monument, with its kneeling negro, and its lion and lamb, was erected by the African Institution; and the inscription commemorating the most scrupulously orthodox of men was, by a curious chance, the composition of the Unitarian, William Smith.

The remaining glories of Poets' Corner³ belong to

¹ Moore's *Life of Sheridan*, ii. 461.

² Hoare's *Life of Granville Sharp*, p. 472. For his character, see Stephen's *Ecccl. Biog.* ii. 312-321.

³ In the Cloisters is the tablet of the humourist, Bonnell Thornton,

our own time and to the future. It would seem as if, during the opening of this century, the place for once had lost its charm. Of that galaxy of poets which ushered in this epoch, Campbell alone has achieved there both grave and monument, on which is inscribed the lofty hope of immortality from his own ode on 'The Last Man.' Close beside him, and within a month, but beneath an unmarked gravestone,¹ was laid Cary, the graceful and accurate translator of Dante. Of those who took part in the vast revival of our periodical literature the only one who rests here is the founder of the 'Quarterly Review,' William Gifford.² Of the three greatest geniuses of that period, two (Burns and Walter Scott) sleep at Dumfries and at Dryburgh, under their own native hills; the third (Byron) lies at Newstead. 'We cannot even now retrace the close of the brilliant and miserable career of the most celebrated Englishman of the nineteenth century, without feeling something of what was felt by those who saw the hearse with its long train of coaches³ turn slowly northward, leaving behind it that cemetery which had been consecrated by the dust of so many

Campbell,
died at
Boulogne,
June 15,
buried July
8, 1844.
Henry Cary,
Aug. 21,
1844.

William
Gifford, Jan.
8, 1837.

Byron, died
at Missolonghi,
April 19,
buried at
Newstead,
July 21,
1824.

friend of Warton, who wrote his epitaph; and the grave and monument of Ephraim Chambers, the eccentric sceptical philosopher, the Father of Cyclopædias, who wrote his own epitaph—'*Multis pervulgatus, paucis notus, qui vitam, inter lucem et umbram, nec eruditus nec idioticis literis deditus, transegit.*'

Thornton,
1783.

Chambers,
buried May
21, 1740.

¹ An inscription was first added in 1868.

² In the same grave was afterwards buried his early schoolfellow, Dean Ireland (died Sept. 2, buried Sept. 8, 1842).

Ireland,
Sept. 8, 1842.

³ A lively Westminster boy (now a venerable Archdeacon) remembers how he sacrificed his breakfast by running into Great George Street to see the funeral pass.

great poets, but of which the doors were closed against all that remained of Byron.¹ Hard trial to the guardians of the Abbey at that juncture: let us not condemn either him or them too harshly, but rather ponder his own description of himself in the speech of Manfred's Abbot. Coleridge, poet and philosopher, rests at Highgate; and when Queen Emma, from the Islands of the Pacific, asked in the Abbey for a memorial of the author of the 'Ancient Mariner,' she asked in

Southey,
died March
4, 1843,
buried at
Keswick.
Words-
worth, died
April 23,
1850, buried
at Grasmere.

vain. Southey and Wordsworth have been more fortunate. Though they rest by the lakes they loved so well, Southey's bust looks down upon us from over the shoulder of Shakespeare; and Wordsworth, by the sentiment of a kinsman, is seated in the Baptistery — not

unsuited to the innocent presence of childhood at the sacred font — not unworthy to make that angle of the Nave the nucleus of a new Poets' Corner of future years. Beside him, by a like concord of ideas, has

Keble, died
at Bourne-
mouth,
March 29,
1888, buried
at Hursley.
Herbert,
1833, buried
at Bemerton.
Cowper,
1800, buried
at Dereham.

been erected by almost the sole munificence of a generous admirer — Edward Twisleton — the bust of Keble, author of the 'Christian Year,' who himself wrote the reverential epitaph on Wordsworth's monument at Grasmere, and who, if by his prose he represents an ecclesiastical party, by his poetry belongs to the whole of English Christendom. The stained glass

¹ Macaulay's *Essays*, ii. 338. — It was understood that an unfavourable answer would be given to any application to inter Byron in the Abbey. (Moore's *Life*, vi. 221.) He was buried in the village church at Hucknall, near Newstead. The question was revived on the suggestion that the statue of Byron by Thorwaldsen should be admitted. This also was refused, and the refusal caused an angry altercation in the House of Lords between Lord Brougham and Bishop Blomfield. See Appendix to Lord Broughton's *Travels in Albania*, vol. i. pp. 522-544.

above, given by a citizen of the United States, commemorates two sacred poets, alike connected with Westminster in their early days, and representing in their gentle strains the two opposite sides of the English Church — George Herbert and William Cowper.

A poet of another kind, Edward Bulwer, Lord Lytton, whose indefatigable labours in the various branches of literature reached over a period of half a century, lies apart in the Chapel of St. Edmund, amongst the ancient nobles, and by the side of a warrior whose fall on the field of Barnet he had celebrated in one of the best of his romances.

*Lord Lytton,
died June 18,
1873.*

We return to the western aisle of the South Transept. There lies the brilliant poet and historian who, perhaps, of all who have trod the floor of the Abbey, or lie buried within its precincts, most deeply knew and felt its manifold interests, and most unceasingly commemorated them. Lord Macaulay rests at the foot of the statue of Addison,

*Macaulay,
died Dec. 28,
1858, buried
Jan. 9, 1860.*

whose character and genius none had painted as he; carrying with him to his grave the story of the reign of Queen Anne, which none but he could adequately tell. And whilst, from one side of that statue, his bust looks towards the Royal Sepulchres, in the opposite niche is enshrined that of another no less profound admirer of the 'Spectator,' who had often expressed his interest in the spot as he wandered through the Transept — William Makepeace Thackeray.

*Thackeray,
died Dec. 24,
1863, buried
at Kensal
Green.*

Close under the bust of Thackeray lies Charles Dickens, not, it may be, his equal in humour, but more than his equal in his hold on the popular mind, as was shown in the intense and general enthusiasm evinced over his grave. The funeral, according to Dickens's urgent and express desire in his will, was

strictly private. It took place at an early hour in the summer morning, the grave having been dug in secret the night before, and the vast solitary space of the Abbey was occupied only by the small band of the mourners and the Abbey Clergy, who, without any music except the occasional peal of the organ, read the funeral service. For days the spot was visited by thousands; many were the flowers strewn upon it by unknown hands, many were the tears shed by the poorer visitors. He rests beside Sheridan, Garrick, and Henderson. In the same transept, close by the bust of Camden and Casaubon, lie in the same grave Grote and Thirlwall, both scholars together at Charterhouse, both historians of Greece, the philosophic statesman and the judicial theologian.

The dramatists, who complete the roll of the writers of the eighteenth century, throw us back on another succession of notables whose entrance into the

THE ACTORS.

Abbey is itself significant, from the contrast which it brings out between the French and the English Church in reference to the stage. In France 'the sacraments were denied to actors who refused to repudiate their profession,'¹ and their burial was the burial of a dog. Among these was the beautiful and gifted Le Couvreur. She died without having abjured the profession she had adorned, and she was buried in a field for cattle on the banks of the Seine. . . . Molière was the object of especial denunciation; and when he died, it was with extreme difficulty that permission could be obtained to bury him in consecrated ground. The religious mind of Racine recoiled before the cen-

¹ A curious exception was made in favour of the singers at the opera, who, by an ingenious fiction, were considered part of the Royal Household of France.

sure. He ceased to write for the stage when in the zenith of his powers; and an extraordinary epitaph, while recording his virtues, acknowledges that there was one stain upon his memory — that he had been a dramatic poet.' The same view of the stage has also prevailed in the Calvinistic Churches. On the other hand, the Italian Church, with the Pope at its head, has always regarded the profession of actors as innocent, if not laudable; and with this has, on the whole, agreed the practice of the Church of England. The reward of its forbearance has been that, 'if we except the short period of depravity which followed the Restoration, the English theatre has been that in which the moralist can find least to condemn.'¹

Of this triumph of the stage — of this proof of the toleration of the English Church towards it — Westminster Abbey is the crowning scene; and probably through this alone has won a place in the French literature of the last century.² Not only has it included under its walls the memorials of the greatest of drama-

¹ Lecky's *History of Rationalism*, ii. 347, 349, 354.

² O rivale d'Athènes! ô Londres, heureuse terre!
 Ainsi que les tyrans vous avez su chasser
 Les préjugés honteux qui vous livraient la guerre.
 C'est là qu'on sait tout dire, et tout récompenser,
 Nul art n'est méprisé, tout succès a sa gloire.
 Le vainqueur de Tallard, le fils de la victoire,
 Le sublime Dryden et le sage Addison,
 Et la charmante *Ophélie* et l'immortel Newton,
 Ont part au temple consacré à la Mémoire,
 Et Lecouvreur à Londres aurait eu des tombeaux
 Parmi les beaux esprits, les rois et les héros.
 Quiconque a des talens à Londres est un grand homme.
 L'abondance et la liberté
 Ont, après deux mille ans, chez vous ressuscité
 L'esprit de la Grèce et de Rome. —

Voltaire's *Ode on the Death of Lecouvreur*, vol. x. 360 (*Ophélie*=Oldfield).

tists, and also those whose morality is the most obnoxious to complaint, but it has opened its doors to the whole race of illustrious actors and actresses. Anne Oldfield, buried Oct. 27, 1730. A protest indeed, as we have seen, was raised against the epitaph of Shadwell, and also against the monument of Anne Oldfield:—

Some papers from the Honourable Brigadier Churchill, asking leave to put up in the Abbey a monument and an inscription to the memory of the late Mrs. Oldfield, being this day delivered in Chapter to the Lord Bishop of Rochester and Dean of the said Church, and the same being examined and read, his lordship the Dean was pleased to declare that he was so far from thinking the matter therein proposed proper to be granted, that he could neither consent to it himself, nor put any question to the Chapter concerning it.¹

But, even in this extreme case, the funeral had been permitted.

Her extraordinary grace of manner drew a veil over her many failings:—

There was such a composure in her looks, and propriety in her dress, that you would think it impossible she could change the garb you one day saw her in for anything so becoming, till the next day you saw her in another. There was no mystery in this but that, however appalled, herself was the same; for there is an immediate relation between our thoughts and our gestures, that a woman must think well to look well.²

She was brought in state to the Jerusalem Chamber, and buried, with the utmost pomp, at the west end of the Nave. Her grave is in a not unsuitable place,

¹ Chapter Book, February 20, 1736

² *Tatler*, i. 104; iv. 152.

beneath the monument of Congreve. Here she lies, 'buried' (according to the testimony of her maid, Elizabeth Saunders), 'in a very fine Brussels lace head, a Holland shift, and double ruffles of the same lace, a pair of new kid gloves, and her body wrapped in a winding-sheet.'

'Odious! in woollen! 't would a saint provoke,
Were the last words that poor Narcissa spoke;
'No, let a charming chintz and Brussels lace
Wrap my cold limbs, and shade my lifeless face:
One would not, sure, be frightful when one's dead —
And — Betty — give this cheek a little red.'

Anne Bracegirdle — earlier in her career, but, by the great age at which she died (in her eighty-sixth year), later in the Abbey — lies in the East Cloister. She was the most popular actress of her time.² Mrs. Cibber lies in the North Cloister. 'Cibber dead!' exclaimed Garrick, 'then Tragedy expired with her.'³ An inscription by Whitehead, in Poets' Corner, records the better qualities of 'Prichard, by nature for the stage designed.'⁴

Anne
Bracegirdle,
buried Sept.
18, 1748.
Susanna
Maria
Cibber, 1768.
Hannah
Prichard,
died at
Bath, 1768.

Of the race of male actors, first came Betterton, the Roscius of his age. After a long life, in which he had been familiar with the leading wits of the reign of Charles II., he was buried in the south end of the East Cloister; and of no funeral of that time, except Addison's, is left a more touching account than that by his friend Sir Richard Steele: —

Betterton,
buried May
2, 1710.

Having received notice that the famous actor Mr. Betterton was to be interred this evening in the Cloisters near

¹ Pope, v. 279.

² Macanlay, iv. 310.

³ Previous to her funeral a notice was put in the Roman Catholic chapel, 'Pray for the soul of Mrs. Anna Cibber.' (*Ann. Reg.* 1761.)

⁴ Churchill's *Rosciad*.

Westminster Abbey, I was resolved to walk thither, and see the last office done to a man whom I had always very much admired, and from whose action I had received more strong impressions of what is great and noble in human nature, than from the arguments of the most solid philosophers, or the descriptions of the most charming poets I had ever read. . . . While I walked in the Cloisters, I thought of him with the same concern as if I waited for the remains of a person who had in real life done all that I had seen him represent. The gloom of the place, and faint lights before the ceremony appeared, contributed to the melancholy disposition I was in ; and I began to be extremely afflicted that Brutus and Cassius had any difference, that Hotspur's gallantry was so unfortunate, and that the mirth and good humour of Falstaff could not exempt him from the grave. Nay, this occasion in me, who look upon the distinctions amongst men to be merely scenical, raised reflections upon the emptiness of all human perfection and greatness in general ; and I could not but regret that the sacred heads which lie buried in the neighbourhood of this little portion of earth in which my poor old friend is deposited, are returned to dust as well as he, and that there is no difference in the grave between the imaginary and the real monarch.¹

The memory of Betterton's acting was handed on by Barton Booth, celebrated as the chief performer of Addison's 'Cato.'

Booth enters ; hark the universal peal !
But has he spoken ? Not a syllable !

It was said of him that as Romeo, ' whilst Garrick seemed to be drawn up to Juliet, he seemed to draw Juliet down to him.' His bust in Poets' Corner, erected by his second wife (Mrs. Laidlaw, an actress), in 1772, is probably as much owing to

Booth, died
May 10. 1733,
buried at
Cowley, near
Uxbridge.

¹ *Tatler*, No. 167.

his connection with Westminster as to his histrionic talent. He was educated at Westminster School under Busby, from which he escaped to Ireland to indulge his passion for the stage; and he possessed property in Westminster, called *Barton Street* (from his own name) and *Cowley Street* (from his country residence). His surname has acquired a fatal celebrity from his descendant, Wilkes Booth, who followed in his ancestor's profession, and, by the knowledge so gained, assassinated President Lincoln in Ford's Theatre at Washington, on Good Friday, 1865.

In the North Cloister is Spranger Barry and his wife, Anne Crawford — 'in person taller than the common size' — famous as 'Othello' and 'Romeo.' In this character he and his great rival, Garrick, played against each other so long as to give rise to the proverb, 'Romeo again! a plague on both your houses!' And in the same year, in the West Cloister, was interred the comedian, Samuel Foote, 'who pleased Dr. Johnson against his will.' 'The dog was so very comical — Sir, he was irresistible!'

Barry,
buried Jan.
20, 1777.

Foote, died
Oct. 21,
buried Nov.
8, 1777.

At last came the 'stroke of death, which eclipsed the gaiety of nations and impoverished the public stock of harmless pleasures.' From Adelphi Terrace, where Garrick died, a long line of carriages reached to the Abbey. The crowd was so dense that a military guard was needed to keep order. Covent Garden and Drury Lane were each represented by twelve players. The coffin was carried through the west door. Amongst the members of the Literary Club who attended in a body, were Reynolds, Burke, Gibbon, and Johnson. 'I saw old Samuel Johnson,' says Cumberland, 'standing at the foot of Shakspeare's monu-

David
Garrick,
died Jan. 20,
buried Feb.
1, 1779.

ment, and bathed in tears.' At the foot of that statue¹ he was laid, by the spot whither he was soon followed by his former preceptor. His monument was raised high aloft on the opposite wall — with all the emblems of tragic art, and with an inscription by Pratt² — which has provoked the only serious remonstrance against the introduction of these theatrical memorials, and that not from any austere fanatic, but from the gentlest and most genial of mortals: —

Taking a turn in the Abbey the other day [says Charles Lamb], I was struck with the affected attitude of a figure, which, on examination, proved to be a whole-length representation of the celebrated Mr. Garrick. Though I would not go so far, with some good Catholics abroad, as to shut players altogether out of consecrated ground, yet I own I was a little scandalised at the introduction of theatrical airs and gestures into a place set apart to remind us of the saddest realities. Going nearer, I found inscribed under this harlequin figure a farrago of false thoughts and nonsense.³

The last actor buried in the Abbey was John Henderson, whose chief parts were Shylock and Falstaff, and who first played Macbeth in Scottish costume. He died suddenly in his prime, and was laid⁴ beside Cumberland and Sheridan. Two

John Henderson,
buried Dec.
3, 1785,
aged 38.

¹ *Life of Reynolds*, ii. 247; *Fitzgerald's Garrick*, ii. 445. Garrick's widow is buried with him, in her wedding sheets. She survived him forty-three years — 'a little bowed-down old woman, who went about leaning on a gold-headed cane, dressed in deep widow's mourning, and always talking of her dear Davy.' (*Fen and Ink Sketches*, 1864.) For her funeral, see *Smith's Book for a Rainy Day*, p. 226.

² An inscription had been prepared by Burke, which was thought too long. (*Windham's Diary*, p. 361.) For Sheridan's *Monody*, see *Fitzgerald's Garrick*, ii. 445.

³ Charles Lamb's *Prose Works*, 25.

⁴ His wife was interred on his coffin in 1819. (See Neale, ii. 270.)

Eva Maria
Garrick,
died Oct. 16,
1822, aged
99, buried
Oct. 25.

cenotaphs, now side by side, in St. Andrew's Chapel, commemorate the two most illustrious of the modern family of actors — Sarah Siddons and her brother, John Kemble. The statue of Mrs. Siddons, by Chantrey (suggested by Reynolds's portrait of her as the Tragic Muse) stands in colossal proportions, in a place selected, after much deliberation, by the sculptor and the three successive Deans of that time. The cost was defrayed by Macready, and the name affixed after a long consultation with Lord Lansdowne and Rogers. The statue of John Philip Kemble, by Hinchcliffe (after a design of Flaxman) was in 1865 moved from an inappropriate site in the North Transept, with the concurrence of his niece, Fanny Kemble. He is represented as 'Cato.'

Statue of
Mrs. Siddons, died
June 8, 1831.

Statue of
John Philip
Kemble, died Feb.
26, 1823; buried at
Lausanne.

Not altogether alien to the stage, but more congenial to the Church, is the series of eminent musicians, who in fact formed a connecting link between the two, which has since been almost severed. In a humorous letter, imagined to be written from one to the other in the nether world, of two of the most famous of these earlier leaders of the art, they are compared to Mahomet's coffin, equally attracted by the Theatre and Earth — the Church and Heaven.¹

MUSICIANS.

Henry Lawes lies, unnamed, in the Cloisters, probably from his place in the Chapel Royal under Charles I. and the Commonwealth, in which he composed the anthem for the coronation of Charles II., the year before his death. But his

Lawes, died
Oct. 31,
buried Oct.
25 1662.

¹ Tom Brown's *Letters from the Dead to the Living*. (Blow and Purcell.) It is also one of the complaints in the *London Spy* (p. 187), against the quiremen of the Abbey, that they should 'sing at the play-house.'

chief fame arises from his connection with Milton. He composed the music of 'Comus,' and himself acted the part of the attendant spirit in its representation at Ludlow ; and his reward was the sonnet which rehearses his peculiar gift —

Harry, whose tuneful and well-measur'd lay
First taught our English music how to span
Words with just note and accent —
To after age thou shalt be writ the man
That with smooth air could humour best our tongues.

Christopher Gibbons (son of the more famous ¹ Orlando) also lies unmarked in the Cloisters —
first of the famous organists of the Abbey,
and master of Blow.

Christopher
Gibbons,
buried Oct.
24, 1676.

But the first musician who was buried within the Church — the Chaucer, as it were, of the Musicians' Corner — was Henry Purcell,² organist of the Abbey, who died nearly at the same early age which was fatal to Mozart, Schubert,³ and Mendelssohn, and was buried in the north aisle of the Choir, close to the organ⁴ which he had been the first to raise to celebrity, and with the Anthem which he had but a few months before composed for the funeral of Queen Mary. The tablet above was erected

Purcell, died
Nov. 21,
buried Nov.
25, 1695.

¹ Orlando Gibbons is buried in Canterbury Cathedral.

² He was born in a house, of which some vestiges still remain, in Old Pye Street, Westminster, and lived, as organist, in a house on the site of that now occupied by the Precentor, in Dean's Yard. Whilst sitting on the steps of that house he caught the cold which ended fatally.

³ Schubert died at 32, Mozart at 35, Purcell at 37, Mendelssohn at 38.

⁴ The organ then stood close to Purcell's monument. '*Dum vicina organa spirant,*' are the words of the inscription on his gravestone, lately restored, which also records his double fame both in secular and sacred music — '*Musa profana suos, religiosa suos.*'

by his patroness, Lady Elizabeth Howard, the wife of Dryden, who is said to have composed the epitaph¹ — ‘Here lies Henry Purcell, Esq., who left this life, and is gone to that blessed place where only his harmonies can be excelled.’ As ‘Tom Brown’² and his boisterous companions passed this way, they overlooked all the other monuments, ‘except that of Harry Purcell, the memory of whose harmony held’ even those coarse ‘souls for a little.’³

Opposite to Purcell is the grave and tablet of his master, also his successor in the Abbey — John Blow. Challenged by James II. to make an anthem as good as that of one of the King’s Italian composers, Blow by the next Sunday produced, ‘I beheld, and lo a great multitude!’ The King sent the Jesuit, Father Petre, to acquaint him that he was well pleased with it: ‘but,’ added Petre, ‘I myself think it too long.’ ‘That,’ replied Blow, ‘is the opinion of but one fool, and I heed it not.’ This quarrel was, happily, cut short by the Revolution of 1688. Close beside Blow is his successor, William Croft. His tablet records his gentleness to his pupils for fifty years, and the fitness of his own *Hallelujah* to the heavenly chorus, with the text, ‘Awake up my glory, awake lute and harp; I myself will awake right early.’

¹ Neale, ii. 221. — The same thought of the welcome of the heavenly choir was expressed in Dryden’s elegy upon him —

they handed him along
And all the way he taught, and all the way they sung.

Possibly suggested by a somewhat similar line in Cowley’s *Monody on Crowshaw* —

and they,
And thou, their charge, went singing all the way.

² Vol. iii. p. 127.

³ ‘Peter Abbot,’ on the night of July 1, 1800, made a wager that he would write his name on this monument. See Chapter II.

He will be longer remembered in the Abbey for the union of his music with Purcell's at its great funerals.

Samuel Arnold, the voluminous composer, lies next to Purcell; and opposite his tablet is that of the historian of all those who lie around him — Charles Burney,¹ and last has followed Sir William Sterndale Bennett. In the south and west Cloisters are several musicians of lesser fame, among them Benjamin Cooke, with his 'canon' engraved on his monument; William Shield, the composer, at whose funeral, by the express command of George IV.,² the choirs of the Chapels Royal and of St. Paul's attended; and Muzio Clementi, whose grandchildren have recently rescued his grave from oblivion.

One, the greatest of all, has found his resting-place in a less appropriate, though still a congenial spot.

Handel had lived in the society of poets. It was Arbuthnot, the friend of Pope, who said, 'Conceive the highest you can of his abilities, and they are much beyond anything that you can conceive.' He who composed the 'Messiah,' and 'Israel in Egypt,' must have been a poet, no less than a musician, of no ordinary degree.³ Therefore he was not unfitly buried in Poets' Corner, apart from his tune-ful brethren. Not less than three thousand persons of

Arnold, died
Oct. 23,
buried Oct.
29, 1802.
Burney, died
1814.
Bennett,
1875.
Cooke,
buried Sept.
21, 1793.

Shield, Feb.
4, 1829.

Muzio Cle-
menti, 1832.

Handel,
died April
14, buried
in Poets'
Corner, April
20, 1759.

¹ The other historian of music — the biographer of John-
Hawkins, son — Sir John Hawkins, lies in the North Cloister, with
buried May 28, 1759. only the letters J. H., by his own desire, on the gravestone.

² Sir George Smart told Mr. Lodge, to whom I owe the fact, that
the funeral was the finest service of the kind in his recollection. Shield
left his violoncello to the King, who accepted the bequest, but caused
the full value to be paid to his widow.

³ 'I would uncover my head and kneel at his tomb.' (Beethoven.)

all ranks attended the funeral. Above his grave, by his own provision, Roubiliac erected his monument, with the inscription, 'I know that my Redeemer liveth.' There stands the unwieldy musician, with the 'enormous white wig, which had a certain nod or vibration when things went well at the oratorio.'¹ It was no doubt accidental that the figure faces eastward; but it gave an exquisite pleasure to the antiquary Carter, when (in contrast to the monument of Shakspeare), he saw 'the statue of this more than man turning his eyes to where the Eternal Father of ^{His statue.} Heaven is supposed to sit enthroned, King of kings, and Lord of lords.'² 'He had most seriously and devoutly wished, for some days before his death, that he might breathe his last on Good Friday, in hopes, he said, of meeting his good God, his sweet Lord and Saviour, on the day of His resurrection.'³ And a belief to this effect prevailed amongst his friends. But in fact he died at 8 A. M. on Easter Eve. It was the circumstance of Handel's burial in the Abbey that led to the musical commemoration there on the centenary of his birth, which is recorded above his monument.⁴

¹ Burney's *Life of Handel*, 36. 'Nature required a great supply of sustenance to support so large a mass, and he was rather epicurean in the choice of it.' (Ibid. p. 32.) His 'hand was so fat that the knuckles were like those of a child.' (Ibid. p. 35.) For the curious care with which Roubiliac modelled the ear of Handel, see Smith's *Life of Nollekens*, ii. 87.

² *Gent. Mag.* (1774), part. ii. p. 670.

³ Burney, p. 31, states that on the monument the date of his death had been inscribed as Saturday, April 14, and that it was corrected to 'Good Friday,' April 13. This is a complete mistake. His monument, his gravestone beneath it, the Burial Register, and the account of an eyewitness in Mrs. Delaney's *Memoirs*, all agree in the date of Saturday, April 14. See Mr. Husk's Preface to the Book of Words of the Handel Festival.

⁴ See Chapter VI.

Music and poetry are the only arts which are adequately represented in the Abbey. Sir Godfrey

ARTISTS.

Kneller, died
Oct. 27, 1723,
buried at
Kneller Hall.

Kneller is its only painter, and even he is not buried within its walls. 'Sir Godfrey sent to me,' says Pope, 'just before he died. He began by telling me he was now convinced he could not live, and fell into a passion of tears. I said I hoped he might, but if not he knew that it was the will of God. He answered, "*No, no; it is the Evil Spirit.*" The next word he said was this: "*By God, I will not be buried in Westminster!*" I asked him why? He answered, "They do bury *fools there.*" Then he said to me, "My good friend, where will you be buried?" I said, "Wherever I drop — very likely in Twickenham." He replied, "So will I." He proceeded to desire that I would write his epitaph, which I promised him.'¹ He was buried in the garden of his manor at Whitton — now Kneller Hall. He chose for his monument in the church at Twickenham a position already occupied (on the north-east wall of the church) by Pope's tablet to his father. An angry correspondence ensued after Kneller's death between his widow and Pope, and the monument was ultimately placed in the Abbey.² The difficulty did not end even there. Pope fulfilled his promise at his friend's deathbed, but thought the epitaph 'the worst thing he ever wrote in his life,' and Dr. Johnson said of it:

Of this epitaph the first couplet is good, the second not bad; the third is deformed with a broken metaphor, the word

¹ Pope's *Works*, iii. 374.

² At the west end of the Nave, where Fox's monument now is. It was there so conspicuous and solitary as to be made a landmark for the processions in the Nave. (See Precentor's Book on Queen Caroline's funeral, 1737.) It was moved by Dean Buckland to the south aisle of the Choir.

crowned not being applicable to the *honours* or the *lays*; and the fourth is not only borrowed from the epitaph on Raphael, but of a very harsh construction.¹

After this unfortunate beginning, no painter has been, or probably ever will be, interred within the Abbey. The burial of Sir Joshua Reynolds in St. Paul's has carried with it the commemoration of all future artists in the crypt of that great cathedral.²

Of architects and sculptors, Dickinson, the manager who worked under Wren, was buried in the chief site of his achievements—the restored or defaced North Porch; the graves of Chambers, Wyatt, and Adam, and the monument of Taylor, are in the South Transept, and the tablet of Banks in the North Aisle; and in the Nave lie Sir Charles Barry, whose grave is adorned, in brass, by a memorial of his own vast work in the adjacent pile of the New Palace of Westminster, and Sir Gilbert Scott, the leader of the Gothic revival.

Chambers,
buried
March 18,
1796.
Wyatt, Sept.
28, 1818.
Adam, 1792
Taylor 1788
Banks, 1805.
Barry, May
22, 1860.

The West Cloister contains the monuments of the two engravers, Vertue—who, as a Roman Catholic, was buried near an old monk, of his family, laid there just before the Dissolution³—and Woollett,⁴ ‘*Incisor Excellentissimus*.’

Vertue, 1756.
Woollett,
1785.

It is a proof of the late, slow, and gradual growth of science in England, that it has not appropriated to itself any special place in the Abbey, but has, almost before we are aware of it, penetrated

MEN OF
SCIENCE.

¹ *Lives of the Poets*, iii. 211.

² *Milman's Annals of St. Paul's*, 475.

³ *Malcolm's Londinium*, p. 193; *Nichols's Bowyer*.

⁴ He was buried in old St. Pancras Churchyard.

promiscuously into every part, much in the same way as it has imperceptibly influenced all our social and literary relations elsewhere.

The monument of James, Phillip, and Charles, Earls Stanhope, 1721, 1786, 1816; and of George Stanhope, son of James, Earl Stanhope, 1746.

In the middle of the eighteenth century there were two important places vacant in the Nave, on each side of the entrance to the Choir. That on the south was occupied by the monument designed by Kent to the memory of the first Earl Stanhope, and of his second son, and recording also the characters of the second and third Earls of the same proud name, to which has now been added the name of the fifth Earl, distinguished as the historian of the times in which his ancestors played so large a part. They are all buried at Chevening. Collectively, if not singly, they played a part sufficiently conspicuous to account for, if not to justify, so honourable a place in the Abbey.¹ But at the same moment that the artist was designing this memorial of the high-spirited and high-born statesman, he was employed in erecting two other monuments in the Abbey, which outshine every other name, however illustrious by rank or heroic action. One was but a cenotaph, and has been already described—the statue of Shakspeare in Poets' Corner. But the other was to celebrate the actual interment of the only dust of unquestionably world-wide fame that the floor of Westminster covers — of one so far raised above all the political or literary magnates by whom he is surrounded, as to mark an era in the growth of the monumental history of the whole building. On March 28, 1727, the body of Sir Isaac Newton,

Sir Isaac Newton, died March 20, buried March 28, 1727.

¹ 'Stanhope's noble flame. (Pope, vi. 376.) The first Earl had a public funeral in the Abbey, after which he was privately interred at Chevening, where still hangs the banner used at Westminster.

after lying in state in the Jerusalem Chamber, where it had been brought from his deathbed in Kensington, was attended by the leading members of the Royal Society, and buried at the public cost in the spot in front of the Choir, which, being 'one of the most conspicuous in the Abbey, had been previously ^{His grave.} refused to various noblemen who had applied for it.'¹ Voltaire was present at the funeral. The selection of this spot for such a purpose marks the moment at which the more sacred recesses in the interior of the church were considered to be closed, or to have lost their special attractions, whilst the publicity of the wide and open spaces hitherto neglected gave them a new importance. On the gravestone² are written the words, which here acquire a significance of more than usual solemnity — '*Hic depositum* ^{His epitaph.} *quod mortale fuit Isaaci Newtoni.*'³ On the monument was intended to have been inscribed the double epitaph of Pope:

ISAAcus NEWTONIUS,
Quem Immortalem
Testantur *Tempus, Natura Caelum* :
Mortalem
Hoc marmor fatetur.

Nature and Nature's laws lay hid in night :
God said, *Let Newton be* ! — and all was light.⁴

The actual inscription agrees with the actual monument — the one in words, the other in marble allegory, a description of Newton's discoveries, closing with the summary :

¹ *London Gazette*, April 5, 1727.

² Restored to its place in 1866.

³ Johnson had intended, '*Isaacus Newtonius, legibus naturæ investigatis, hic quiescit.*'

⁴ Pope, iii. 378.

Naturæ, antiquitatis, Sanctæ Scripturæ sedulus, sagax, fidus interpres, Dei O. M. majestatem philosophiâ asseruit; Evangelii simplicitatem moribus expressit. Tibi gratulenter mortales, tale tantumque exstitisse humani generis decus.¹

His grave, if not actually the centre of the heroes of science, yet attracted two at least of his friends towards the same spot. One was Martin Ffolkes, his deputy at the Royal Society, of which he ultimately became the President, though, from his Jacobite principles, he never was made a baronet. He is buried in his ancestral place at Hillington, in Norfolk; but his genial character,² his general knowledge, and his antiquarian celebrity as a numismatist, naturally procured for him a memorial in the North Aisle of the Abbey. It was erected, long afterwards, by the sister-in-law of his daughter Lucretia. The other was his relative and successor in the Mint, John Conduitt, who was buried 'on the right side of Sir Isaac Newton,' and whose monument, at the extreme west end of the Nave, was raised (as its inscription states) exactly opposite to his. Incorporated into this, so as to connect the early prodigy of English Astronomy with the name of its maturest development, is the memorial of Jeremiah Horrocks, erected two centuries after the day on which he first observed the Transit of Venus.

Ffolkes, died
1754, buried
at Hilling-
ton.

His monu-
ment erected
March 27,
1790.

Conduitt,
buried May
29, 1787.

Horrocks,
1641, buried
at Poole.

Close upon these follows the band of eminent

¹ See the criticism in the continuator of Stowe, p. 618.

² Nichols's *Literary Anecdotes*; Dibdin's *Bibliomania*. — 'He had a striking resemblance to Peireskios, the ornament of the seventeenth century.' His portrait, by Hogarth, is the 'picture of open-hearted English honesty and hospitality, but does not indicate much intellect.' (H. Coleridge's *Northern Worthies*.)

physicians, — uniting (as so many since) science¹ and scholarship with medical skill, and bound by ties, more or less near, to the presiding genius of Westminster at that period. 'It is a very sickly time,'² writes THE PHY-
SICIANS. the daughter of Atterbury to her exiled father, in announcing the successive deaths of his beloved friends, Chamberlen, Arbuthnot, and Woodward.³

Hugh Chamberlen was the last of the eminent race of accoucheurs who brought into the world the royal progeny of the whole Stuart dynasty, from Chamberlen,
died June
17, 1728. James I. to Anne. He visited Atterbury in the Tower, and Atterbury repaid his friendship by the pains bestowed on 'his elaborate epitaph, which forms a topic of no less than seven letters in the Bishop's exile.⁴ It is inscribed on the cenotaph erected to the physician by Atterbury's youthful admirer, the young Edward, Duke of Buckinghamshire.⁵

John Woodward, who was buried in the Nave, at the head of Newton's gravestone, within two months after Newton's death, was, amidst all his eccentricities, philosophical and antiquarian, the Woodward,
died April
25, buried
May 1, 1728. founder of English Geology, and of that Cambridge chair which bears his name, and has received

¹ Dr. Willis, in whose house his brother-in-law Fell read the Liturgy under the Commonwealth, and who prescribed for Patrick during the Plague, was buried in the Abbey in 1675. (Pat-
rick's Works, ix. 443. Dr. Willis,
1676.)

² Atterbury's *Letters*, iv. 127, 151, 159.

³ Another friend of Atterbury, who died at this time, and who lies amongst the many nobles in the Ormond vault, is Charles Boyle, Earl of Orrery, his pupil at Oxford, and author of the *Dissertation on Phalaris*, which led to the furious controversy with Bentley.

⁴ Atterbury's *Letters*, pp. 127, 149, 185, 186, 198, 217, 258, 260.

⁵ By a Chapter Order of May 16, 1729 (afterwards rescinded), the Duchess of Buckinghamshire is allowed to take down the screen of the sacrarium to erect the monument.

an European illustration from the genius of Adam Sedgwick; and his death was received as a blow to science all over Europe — 'the first man of his faculty,'¹ writes Atterbury from his French exile. Beneath the monument of Woodward in the North Aisle of the Nave lies Sir Charles Lyell, the most eminent geologist of our time. Beside the grave of Newton lies Sir John Herschel, whose name, combined with his father's, is the most illustrious of our modern astronomers.

His rival, John Freind, interred at his own seat at Hitchin, Hertfordshire, has a monument on the opposite side. His close connection with Westminster, through his brother Robert, the Headmaster,² and through his education there, may have led to the monument; but it has an intrinsic interest from his own eminence as a physician and scholar, and the vicissitudes of his political life — imprisoned in the Tower for his intimacy with Atterbury; released at the promise of Walpole, extorted by his friend Dr. Mead; favourite of George II. and Queen Caroline — an interest independent of any accidental connection with the place. Samuel Wesley's epitaph says of afflicted Physic on this event, 'She mourns with Radcliffe, but she dies with Freind.'³ Atterbury heard of his death in France with much concern: 'He is lamented by men of all

Freind,
died July 26,
1728; buried
at Hitchin.

¹ Atterbury's *Letters*, iv. 244.

² He gave for a theme, on the day after his brother's imprisonment, '*Frater, ne desere fratrem*' (Nichols's *Anecdotes*, v. 86, 102), and wrote the epitaph for him, as for many others. Hence Pope's lines —

Freind, for your epitaph I'm grieved,
Where still so much is said,
One half will never be believed,
The other never read.

³ Nichols, v. 103.

parties at home, and of all countries abroad; for he was known everywhere, and confessed to be at the head of his faculty.'¹

Richard Mead is buried in the Temple Church, but his bust also is in the Nave.² He was the first of that succession of eminent physicians who have been (from this example) sent forth from the homes of Nonconformist ministers.

Cenotaphs
of Mead,
died Feb. 16,
1574;

His noble conduct, in refusing to prescribe for Sir R. Walpole till Freind was released from the Tower, and in repaying him all the fees of his patients; his fiery encounter with their joint adversary, Woodward, in the courts of Gresham College; his large and liberal patronage of arts and sciences, give a peculiar charm to the good physician who 'lived more in the broad sunshine of life than almost any man.'³

Wetenall and Pringle have tablets in the South, and Winteringham in the North Transept. But the main succession of science is carried on in St. Andrew's Chapel,⁴ which contains busts of Matthew Baillie, the eminent physician, the brother of Joanna, the poetess; of Sir Humphry Davy, the genius of modern chemistry; and of Dr. Young, whose mathematical and hieroglyphical discoveries have outshone his medical fame.⁵ It is probably by an accidental coin-

and of
Wetenall,
1733;
Pringle,
1782;
Wintering-
ham, 1794;
Baillie, 1828;
Davy, died
at Geneva,
1829; and
Young, 1829.

¹ Atterbury's *Letters*, ii. 320, 384.

² The inscription was written by Dr. Ward. (Nichols, vi. 216.)

³ Boswell's *Johnson*, iv. 222.

⁴ Dr. Buchan, author of '*Domestic Medicine*,' is buried in the West Cloister (1805).

⁵ Dr. Young's epitaph is by Hudson Gurney. The projected bust was a failure, hence the medallion is in profile. (Peacock's *Life*, p. 485.) The site was fixed at the particular request of Chantrey, to which the Dean (Ireland) acceded, 'knowing from long experience

cidence only that the same corner contains the monument of a benevolent lady, Sarah, Duchess of Somerset, daughter of Dr. Alston, President of the College of Physicians, who devoted almost the whole of her fortune to charitable bequests in Oxford, Cambridge, Westminster, and Wiltshire.

Sarah Alston, Duchess of Somerset, 1692. John Hunter, the Founder of modern surgery, had been buried in the vaults of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields Church. From those vaults, just before they were finally closed, his remains were removed by the energy of Mr. Frank Buckland.¹ Animated by a chivalrous devotion to the memory of a great man, he spent sixteen dreary days in the catacombs of that church, which ended in his triumphant recovery of the relics, and his 'translation' of them to the Nave of the Abbey.

And now, the latest-born of time, comes the practical science of modern days. The earliest that the Abbey contains is Sir Robert Moray, first President of the Royal Society, buried in the South Transept near Davenant, at the charge of Charles II., who through him had made all his scientific communications: 'the life and soul of the Society;' Evelyn's 'dear and excellent friend, that good man and accomplished gentleman.'²

Sir Samuel Morland, died 1696.

The strange genius of Sir Samuel Morland³—perfidious secretary of Oliver Cromwell, more creditably known as the first inventor of the

how delicate and honourable his judgment is in all matters relating to the Abbey.' (Chapter Book, July 23, 1834.)

¹ See the interesting account in his *Curiosities of Natural History*, ii. 160-179.

² Burnet's *Own Time*, i. 90; Evelyn (who attended 'the funeral'), ii. 383.

³ For Morland's Life, see Pepys's *Diary*, and his Autobiography.

speaking-trumpet, the fire-engine, the calculating machine, and, according to some, even of the steam-engine — has left his mark in the South Aisle of the Nave, by the two singular tablets to his first wife, Carola Harsnett, and his second wife, Anne Fielding, whom he married, and buried in the Abbey, within the space of ten years.¹

His wives, Carola, died Oct. 10, 1674; Anne, buried Feb. 24, 1679-80.

It was before these two tablets — which record the merits of Carola and Anne, in Hebrew, Greek, Ethiopic, and English — that Addison paused, and, contrasting them with the extraordinary praises bestowed on the dead in some epitaphs, remarked that 'there were others so excessively modest, that they deliver the character of the person departed in Greek and Hebrew, and by that means are not understood once in a twelvemonth.'² In the centre of the Nave, in the same grave, were laid the master and apprentice — Tompion

Tompion, buried Nov. 25, 1713. Graham, died Nov. 16, buried Nov. 23, 1751.

and Graham, the fathers of English watchmaking. The slab over their grave, commemorating 'their curious inventions and accurate performances,' was removed at the beginning of the century. This change called forth many an indignant remonstrance from the humble but useful tribe who regarded this grave-stone as their Caaba. 'Watchmakers,' says one of them, 'the writer amongst the number, until prevented by recent restrictions, were in the habit of making frequent pilgrimages to the sacred spot: from the inscription and the place, they felt proud of their occupation; and many a secret wish to excel has arisen while silently contemplating the silent resting-place of the two men whose memory they so much

¹ Marriage Register, 1670 and 1676; Burial Register, 1674 and 1679-80.

² *Spectator*, No. 26.

revered. Their memory may last, but the slab is gone.'¹

In the South Transept, perhaps from his sacred profession, beside the other divines, was erected (by the mother of George III.) the medallion of Stephen Hales, remarkable as a vegetable physiologist and as the first contriver of ventilators.

Hales, died
Jan. 4, 1761;
buried at
Teddington.

But all these lesser representatives of practical science shrink into insignificance, both without and within the Abbey, as its chief representative leaps full-grown into sight in Chantrey's gigantic statue of James Watt, the 'Improver of the Steam Engine.' Of all the monuments in the Abbey, perhaps this is the one which provokes the loudest execrations from those who look for uniformity of design, or congeniality with the ancient architecture. Well may the pavement of the church have cracked and yawned, as the enormous monster moved into its place, and 'disclosed to the eyes of the astonished workmen rows upon rows of gilded coffins in the vaults beneath; into which, but for the precaution of planking the area, workmen and work must have descended, joining the dead in the chamber of death.'² Well might the standard-bearer of Agin-

James Watt,
died Aug. 19,
1819; buried
at Handsworth,
near Birmingham.

¹ Thompson's *Time and Timekeepers*, p. 74. — The passage was pointed out to me by a friend, in consequence of the strong irritation expressed on the subject by an obscure watchmaker in a provincial town. The gravestone, happily, had not been destroyed, and was restored in 1866.

² Cunningham's *Handbook*, p. 23. — It is said that an exalted personage, when visiting this Chapel some twenty years ago, inquired how the statue effected its entrance. No one present was able to answer. An explanation was afterwards given, that the statue was sunk in a passage tunnelled under the screen, and then lifted into its present place. This, however, was not the case. The pedestal was introduced

court, and the worthies of the Courts of Elizabeth and James, have started from their tombs in St. Paul's Chapel,¹ if they could have seen this colossal champion of a new plebeian art enter their aristocratic resting-place, and take up his position in the centre of the little sanctuary, regardless of all proportion, or style, in the surrounding objects. Yet, when we consider what this vast figure represents, what class of interests before unknown, what revolutions in the whole framework of modern society, equal to any that the Abbey walls have yet commemorated, there is surely a fitness even in its very incongruity; and as we read the long laudation on the pedestal, though we may not think it, as its admirers call it, 'beyond comparison the finest lapidary inscription in the English language,' yet, in its vigorous style and scientific enthusiasm, it is not unworthy of the omnigenous knowledge of him who wrote it,² or of the powerful intellect and vast discovery which it is intended to describe.

In the centre of the Nave lie the geographer Rennell, one of the founders of the African Society, Telford, the builder of bridges, and Robert Stephenson, who 'had³ during his

Rennell,
buried April
6, 1830.
Telford,
buried Sept.
10, 1834.
Stephenson,
buried Oct.
21, 1859.

in three parts over the tomb of Lewis Robsart, and the statue was just able to force its way through the door; although, in anticipation of the passage not being wide enough, permission had been obtained to remove the neighbouring monument of Pulteney. It was at the moment of crossing the threshold that the arch of the vault beneath gave way, as described above. These particulars were communicated to me by Mr. Weekes, who assisted Chantrey in the operation, through the kindness of Mr. Sopwith.

¹ Smiles's *Life of Watt*, p. 507.

² 'It has ever been reckoned one of the chief honours of my life,' says Lord Brougham, 'that I was called upon to pen the inscription upon the noble monument thus nobly reared.'

³ Smiles's *Engineers*, ii. 481. Rennell's monument is at the north-west corner of the Nave; Telford's in the Chapel of St. Andrew.

life expressed a wish that his body should be laid near that of Telford; and the son of the Killingworth engineman thus sleeps by the side of the son of the Eskdale shepherd,' and over their graves the light falls through the stained-glass windows erected

in memory of their brethren in the same art — Locke and Brunel.¹ Near them, and

like them raised by native exertions from obscurity to fame — near also to Rennell

— is the grave to which the remains of David Livingstone were brought from the lonely hut in which he died in Central Africa. In some respects it is the most remarkable grave in the Abbey; for it was almost needed to certify the famous traveller's death, so long doubted, and so irresistibly proved by the examination (after the arrival of the remains in England) of the arm fractured by the lion, and reset by himself. It testifies also to the marvellous fidelity with which his African servants bore the bones of their dead master, through long months of toil and danger, to the shores of Zanzibar. When Jacob Wainwright, the negro boy, threw the palm branch into the open grave, more moved by the sight of the dead man's coffin than by the vast assemblage which, from floor to clerestory, crowded the Abbey, it was felt that the Lanarkshire pioneer of Christian civilisation, the greatest African traveller of all time, had not laboured altogether in vain.

We have now gone through all the monuments and graves that attach themselves to the history of our

¹ The window erected to Stephenson curiously commemorates the mechanical contrivances of the world, from the Tower of Babel down to the railways; that to Locke, the instances, in the Gospel History, of working on the Sabbath; that to Brunel, the building of the Temple.

country. There still remains the thin dark thread of those who, without historical or official claims, have crept into the Abbey, often, we must regret to think, from the carelessness of those who had ^{PRIVATE MONUMENTS.} the charge of it in former times. The number of those who lie within or close around the Abbey must be not less than three thousand. Goldsmith, in his 'Citizen of the World,' has a bitter satire on the guardianship of 'the sordid priests, who are guilty, for a superior reward, of taking down the names of good men to make room for others of equivocal character, or of giving other but true merit a place in that awful sanctuary.'¹

O fond attempt to give a deathless lot
To names ignoble, born to be forgot!

Still, even amongst these, there are claims upon our attention of various kinds, which deserve a passing notice.

One class of obscure names belongs to the less distinguished among 'the Nobles,' who with the Kings and Queens had anciently claimed interment ^{THE NOBILITY.} within the Abbey. Most of these lie, as we have seen, in the Ormond vault, coffins upon coffins, piled under the massive masonry of the Protectorate. Others repose in the same Chapel within the ducal vaults of Richmond, Buckingham, Monk, and Argyle. But amongst the special burial-places of the aristocracy,² three may be selected, as belonging rather to the course of private than of public history, yet still with an interest of their own.

¹ Goldsmith, ii. 44. Compare Walpole's *Letters*, iii. 427.

² In the North Aisle lies Almeric de Courcy, descended from John de Courcy, who 'obtained from King John the extraordinary privilege for himself and his heirs, of being covered before the king.' (Epitaph.) Almeric de Courcy, 1719

In the Chapel of St. Nicholas is the vault in which, owing to the marriage of Charles, the 'proud Duke of Somerset,' with the heiress of the Percys, the House of Percy has from that time been interred, under the monument of the ancient Duchess of Somerset, widow of the Protector; Charles and his wife were buried in Salisbury Cathedral, but their son Algernon was interred in this

Elizabeth
Percy,
Duchess of
Northum-
berland,
buried Dec.
18, 1776.

vault; and his daughter and sole heiress was Elizabeth Percy, the first Duchess of Northumberland, who died on her sixtieth birthday, and was the first of her name interred in the Percy vault. She was conspicuous both for her extensive munificence, and for her patronage of literature, of which the 'Percy Reliques' are the living monument. By her own repeated desire, the funeral was to be 'as private as her rank would admit.' The crowd collected was, however, so vast that the officiating clergy and choir could scarcely make their way from the west door to the chapel. Just as the procession had passed St. Edmund's Chapel, the whole of the screen, including the canopy of John of Eltham's tomb,¹ came down with a crash, which brought with it the men and boys who had clambered to the top of it to see the spectacle, and severely wounded many of those below. The uproar and confusion put a stop to the ceremony for two hours. The body was left in the ruined Chapel, and the Dean did not return till after midnight, when the funeral was completed, but still amidst 'cries of murder, raised by such of the sufferers as had not been removed.'²

¹ See Chapter III. p. 121.

² *Annual Register*, xix. 197; *Gent. Mag.* [1776], p. 576. This is the only private vault which still continues to receive interments. Amongst those of our own time (1864) may be especially mentioned the re-builder

Another very different race is that of the Delavals. Of that ancient northern family, whose ancestor carried the standard at Hastings, two were remarkable for their own distinctions — Admiral Delaval¹ (companion of Sir Cloudesley Shovel) and Edward Hussey Delaval, last of the male line, who was the author of various philosophical works,² and lies buried amongst the philosophers in the Nave. But Lord and Lady Delaval, with their daughter Lady Tyrconnell, and their nephew's wife, Lady Mexborough,³ are interred in or close to St. Paul's Chapel, where the banners — the last vestiges of a once general custom — hang over their graves.⁴ Their pranks at Seaton Delaval⁵ belong to the history of Northumberland, and of the dissolute state of English society at the close of the last century; and in the traditions of the North still survives the memory of the pomp which, at every stage of the long journey from Northumberland to London, accompanied the remains of the wildest of the race — Lady Tyrconnell.⁶

Admiral Delaval, buried Jan. 23, 1706-7.

R. H. Delaval, 1814.

Lord Delaval, 1808.

Lady Delaval, 1783.

Lady Mexborough, 1821.

Lady Tyrconnell, 1800.

Another trace of the strange romances of the North of England is the grave of Mary Eleanor Bowes, Countess of Strathmore, who, a few months before the funeral (just described) of her neighbour Lady Tyrconnell,⁷ was buried in the South Transept, in the last year of the past

Mary Eleanor Bowes, Countess of Strathmore, died April 28, buried May 10, 1800.

of Alnwick, distinguished by a princely munificence worthy of his ancestors.

¹ Charnock's *Naval Biog.* ii. 10.

² *Gent. Mag.* 1814, pt. ii. p. 293.

³ Another reason has been sometimes assigned for the position of Lady Mexborough's monument; but this family connection is, perhaps, sufficient.

⁴ Neale, ii. 181.

⁵ Howitt's *Visits to Remarkable Places* (2nd series), pp. 354-374.

⁶ *Register*, November 4, 1800.

⁷ Howitt, p. 198.

century, after adventures which ought to belong to the Middle Ages.

It is touching to observe how many are commemorated from their extreme youth. Not only, as in the case of eminent persons — like Purcell, or Francis Horner, or Charles Buller, where the Abbey

MONUMENTS
OF THE
YOUNG.

commemorates the promise of glories not yet fully developed — but in the humbler classes of life, the sigh over the premature loss is petrified into stone, and affects the more deeply from the great events

Jane Lister,
died Oct. 7,
1688.

amidst which it is enshrined. 'Jane Lister, dear child, died October 7, 1688.' 'Her brother Michael had already died in 1676, and been buried at Helen's Church, York.'¹ In that eventful year of the Revolution, when Church and State were reeling to their foundations, this 'dear child' found her

Nicholas
Bagnall,
aged two
months,
died March
7, buried
March 9,
1687-8.

quiet resting-place in the Eastern Cloister. In that same year, too, a few months before, another still more insignificant life — Nicholas Bagnall, 'an infant of two months old,'² by his nurse unfortunately overlaid — has his own little urn amongst the Cecils and Percys in St. Nicholas's Chapel.³

¹ This seems to show that her father must have been Dr. Lister, author of a 'Journey to Paris,' and other works on Natural History, who came from York to London in 1683. He is buried at Clapham, with his first wife, who is there described as his 'dear wife.' There is no Register in St. Helen's at York between 1649 and 1690.

² He was buried with an infant brother (September 5, 1684) in the grave which afterwards received his mother, Lady Anne Charlotte Bagnall, daughter of the second Earl of Elgin (March 13, 1712-13), wife of Nicholas Bagnall, of Plas Newydd, in Wales. It would seem that the unhappy nurse never forgot the misfortune, and in her will begged to be buried near the child. (*Chester's Registers*, 220.)

³ Close by is the urn of the infant daughter of Harley, Anna Sophia Harley, 1696. French Ambassador to James II.



THE NIGHTINGALE MONUMENT.

In the Little Cloisters is a tablet to 'Mr. Thomas Smith, of Elmly Lovet . . . who through the spotted veil of the small-pox rendered a pure and unspotted soul to God, expecting but not fearing death.'¹ Young Carteret, a Westminster scholar, who died at the age of 19, and is buried in the North Aisle of the Choir, with the chiefs of his house, is touchingly commemorated by the pretty Sapphic verses of Dr. Freind.²

Thomas
Smith, aged
27, March
11, 1663—4.
Carteret,
aged 19,
March 28,
1711.

In the Nave several young midshipmen are commemorated. Amongst them is William Dalrymple, who at the age of 18 was killed in a desperate engagement off the coast of Virginia, 'leaving to his once happy parents the endearing remembrance of his virtues.'

William
Dalrymple,
aged 18, 1782.

Other tombs represent the intensity of the mourners' grief. In St. Andrew's Chapel, Lord Kerry's monument to his wife, 'who had rendered him for thirty-one years the happiest of mankind,' retained at its north end, till a few months before his own interment in the same tomb, the cushion on which, year after year, he came to kneel.³ Opposite to it is the once admired⁴ monu-

MONUMENTS
OF MOURN-
ERS.

Lady Kerry,
1799
Lord Kerry,
1818.

¹ There was a like monument in the North Cloister to R. Booker, a Westminster scholar, who died of small-pox in 1655. (Seymour's *Stow*, p. 582.)

² It was probably from a feeling of this kind that a splendid though private funeral was awarded in Poets' Corner to Lieutenant Riddell, who in 1783 was killed in a duel. (*Gent. Mag.* 1783, 362-443.)

³ Akermann, ii. 189.

⁴ 'Mrs. Nightingale's monument has not been praised beyond its merit. The attitude and expression of the husband in endeavouring to shield his wife from the dart of Death is natural and affecting. But I always thought that the image of Death would be much better represented with an extinguished torch than with a dart.' (Burke on his first visit to the Abbey: Prior's *Burke*, 32.) 'I once more took a serious walk through the tombs of Westminster Abbey. What heaps

ment raised by her son to commemorate the premature death of Lady Elizabeth Shirley,¹ daughter of Washington, Earl Ferrers, wife of Joseph Gascoigne Nightingale, and sister of Lady Selina, Countess of Huntingdon,² foundress of the Calvinistic sect which bears her name. This spot (apart from her grave in the area beneath Queen Eleanor's tomb) was doubtless selected as affording better light and space; and in order to accommodate the monument, the effigy of Lady Catherine St. John was removed to the Chapel of St. Nicholas.

Lady Elizabeth Nightingale, 1781.
Monument erected 1768. The husband vainly trying to scare the spectre of Death from his wife is probably one of the most often remembered sights of the Abbey. It was when working at this elaborate structure that Roubiliac made the exclamation (already quoted) on the figure in the neighbouring tomb of Sir Francis Vere.³ It was also whilst engaged on the figure of Death, that he one day, at dinner, suddenly dropped his knife and fork on his plate, fell back in his chair, and then darted forwards, and threw his features into the strongest possible expression of fear — fixing his eyes so expressively on the

of unmeaning stone and marble! But there was one tomb which showed common sense: that beautiful figure of Mr. Nightingale endeavouring to shield his lovely wife from Death. Here, indeed, the marble seems to speak, and the statues appear only not alive.' (Wesley's *Journal*, Feb. 16, 1764.)

¹ It was really a monument to Mr. Nightingale. (See Chapter Book, February 13, 1758.) His wife was aged 27, he 56. For a curious story connected with Lord Brougham's father and the digging of her grave, see Lord Brougham's *Memoirs*, i. 205. But she died eleven years before his birth.

² Two of her sons are buried in the North Transept, where a monument was to have been erected to them. (Chapter Book, March 3, 1743-44.)

³ Or at the north-west corner of Lord Norris's monument. (Smith's *Life of Nollekens*, ii. 86.) See p. 27.

country lad who waited, as to fill him with astonishment. A tradition of the Abbey records that a robber, coming into the church by moonlight, was so startled by the same figure as to have fled in dismay, and left his crowbar on the pavement.¹

Other monuments record the undying friendship, or family affection, which congregated round some loved object. Such are Mary Kendall's tomb in St. Paul's Chapel, and the tombs of the Gethin,² Norton, and Freke families in the South Aisle of the Choir. Such is the monument which, in the East Cloister, records Pope's friendship with General Withers and Colonel Disney (commonly called Duke Disney), who resided together at Greenwich. Gay, in his poem on Pope's imaginary return from Greece, thus describes them :—

MONUMENTS
OF FRIENDS.
Mary
Kendall,
1709-10.
Grace
Gethin, 1697.

Now pass we Gravesend with a friendly wind,
And Tilbury's white fort, and long Blackwall;
Greenwich, where dwells the friend of human kind
More visited than either park or hall,
Withers the good, and (with him ever joined)
Facetious Disney, greet thee first of all.
I see his chimney smoke, and hear him say,
Duke! that's the room for Pope, and that for Gay.³

Pope's epitaph carries on the same strain after Withers's death :—

Here, Withers, rest! thou bravest, gentlest mind,
Thy country's friend, but more of human kind. Withers,
died 1729.

¹ The crowbar, which was found under the monument, is still preserved.

² For Grace Gethin see Ballard's *Illustrious Ladies*, p. 263; and D'Israeli's *Curiosities of Literature*.—She left a bequest for an anniversary sermon to be preached for her in the Abbey every Ash-Wednesday. Her celebrity arose, in part, from a book of extracts which were mistakenly supposed to be original. She is buried at Holingbourne, near Maidstone, where her epitaph records a vision shortly before her death.

³ Pope's *Works*, iii. 375

O born to arms! O worth in youth approv'd!
 O soft humanity, in age belov'd!
 For thee the hardy vet'ran drops a tear,
 And the gay courtier feels the sigh sincere.

Withers, adieu! yet not with thee remove
 Thy martial spirit, or thy social love!
 Amidst corruption, luxury, and rage,
 Still leave some ancient virtues to our age:
 Nor let us say (those English glories gone),
 The last true Briton lies beneath this stone!¹

And 'Duke Disney' closes the story in the touching record, that 'Colonel Henry Disney, surviving his friend and companion, Lieutenant-General Withers, but two years and ten days, is at his desire buried in the same grave with him.'

Others have gained entrance by their longevity. There are three whose lives embrace three whole epics of English History. The epitaph of Anne Birkhead (now effaced) in the Cloisters, seen by Camden when it was still a fresh wonder, recorded that she died on August 25, 1568, at the age of 102 —

MONUMENTS
OF LONG-
EVITY.

Anne
Birkhead,
aged 102,
1568.

An auncient age of many years
 Here lived, Anne, thou hast,
 Pale death hath fixed his fatal force
 Upon thy corpse at last.

In the centre of the South Transept, amongst the poets, by a not unnatural affinity, was buried Thomas Parr, the patriarch of the seventeenth century, 'the old, old, very old man,' on whose gravestone it is recorded that he lived to the age of 152, through the ten reigns from Edward IV. to Charles I. He was brought up to Westminster, two months before his

Thomas
Parr, aged
152, 1635.

¹ Pope's *Works*, iii. 375.

death, by the Earl of Arundel, 'a great lover of antiquities.' 'He was found on his death to be covered with hair.' Many were present at his burial, 'doing homage to this our aged *Thomas de Temporibus*.'¹ In the West Cloister lies Elizabeth Woodfall, daughter of the famous printer, who carried on the remembrance of Junius to our own time, when she died in Dean's Yard at the age of 93.

Elizabeth
Woodfall,
aged 93,
1882.

Connected with these by a curious coincidence of long life are several illustrious foreigners. Casaubon, St. Evremond, Grabe, and the Duke of Montpensier, have been already mentioned.

But in the Chapel of St. Paul, with his wife and daughter near him, lies Ezekiel Spanheim, a Genevese by birth, but student at Leyden and professor at Heidelberg, who died in England, as Prussian minister, in his eighty-first year — the Bunsen of his time, uniting German research into scholarship and theology with the labours of his diplomatic profession.

Spanheim,
aged 80,
1710.

Peter Courayer, the Blanco White of the eighteenth century — endeared to the English Church, and estranged from the Roman Church, by his vindication, whilst yet at the Sorbonne, of the validity of Anglican Orders — had been already, before his escape from France, attached to the Precincts of Westminster by his friendship with the exiled Atterbury,² who had hanging in his room a portrait of Courayer, which he bequeathed to the University of Oxford. He lived and died in Downing Street, in close intimacy with Dr. Bell, one of the Prebendaries, chaplain to the Princess Amelia. Dr. Bell afterwards pub-

Courayer,
aged 95,
1776.

¹ Fuller's *Worthies*, p. 68. For the doubt as to his age, see Mr. Thoms on the *Longevity of Man*, pp. 85-94.

² See Atterbury's *Letters*, iv. 97, 103, 133.

lished Courayer's 'Last Sentiments,' which were of the extremest latitude in theology; and by him Courayer was, at his own request, buried, in his ninety-fifth year, in the Southern Cloister. His epitaph, by his friend Kynaston, of Brasenose College, Oxford, was put up too hastily before the author's last revisal.¹

In the Chapel of St. Andrew, close to the Nightingale monument, lies 'Theodore Phaliologus.'² There can be little doubt that he is the eldest of the five children of 'Theodoro Paleologus, of Pesaro, in Italye, descended from the imperial lyne of the last Christian Emperors of Greece; being the sonne of Camilio, the sonne of Prosper, the sonne of Theodoro, the sonne of John, the sonne of Thomas, second brother of Constantine Paleologus, the eighth of that name, and last of that lyne that rayned in Constantinople until subdued by the Turks: who married with Mary, the daughter of William Balls, of Hadlye, in Souffolke, Gent., and had issue five children — *Theodoro*, John, Ferdinando, Maria, and Dorothy — and departed this life at Clyfton, the 21st of January 1636.'³

Theodore
Paleologus,
buried May
3, 1644.

¹ A correct copy is given in Nichols's *Bowyer*, p. 545.

² 'Theodore Phaliologus, buried near the Lady St. John's tomb, May 3, 1644.' (Register.) For the removal of Lady St. John's tomb, see p. 184.

³ From a brass tablet, with the Imperial eagle at the top, in the parish church of Landulph in Cornwall, the feet resting on the two gates of Rome and Constantinople. (*Gent. Mag.* [1775], p. 80; 1793, p. 716; *Arch.* xviii. 83; *Some Notices of Landulph Church*, by the Rector, 1841, pp. 24-26.) This curious pedigree was pointed out to me by Mr. Edmund Ffoulkes. Ferdinando must be the emigrant to Barbadoes, of whom a very interesting account appears in *Gent. Mag.* 1843, pt. ii. p. 28. The Greeks, in their War of Independence, are said to have sent to enquire whether any of the family remained; offering, if such were the case, to equip a ship and proclaim him for their lawful sovereign. He had a son 'Theodorus' who is probably the same as Theodore Paleology, a mariner, whose will was signed August 1, 1693,

There is a letter from him at Plymouth in French, addressed to the Duke of Buckingham, on March 19, 1628-29, asking for employment and appealing to his noble birth.¹ He was lieutenant in Lord St. John's² regiment, and was probably on that account buried close to Lady St. John's tomb.

In the South Aisle of the Nave is a tablet to Sir John Chardin, the famous explorer of Persia, who, though born in France, and writing in French, ultimately settled in England, and died at Chiswick.³ It contains his name and a motto fit for all great travellers, *Nomen sibi fecit eundo*. Pascal Paoli, the champion of Corsican independence, died in his eighty-second year, under the protection of England. His bust, which looks from the Southern Aisle towards Poet's Corner, was erected not merely from the general esteem in which he was held, but from his close connection with the whole Johnsonian circle, of whom he was the favourite. 'General Paoli had the loftiest port of any man I have ever seen.'⁴ He was buried in the old Roman Catholic cemetery at St. Pancras, from which, in 1867, his remains were removed to Corsica.

Sir John
Chardin,
buried at
Chiswick,
1718.

Paoli, died
Feb. 5, 1807;
buried at
St. Pancras.

and proved in the Prerogative Court of Canterbury, March 9, 1694. The only information which it gives respecting his family, is that he left as his executrix his widow Martha. The conjecture in *Archæologia* (xviii. 93), that this sailor was the son of the Paleologus buried in Cornwall, is therefore unfounded. It is said that a member of the family is still living. For further particulars, see *Notes and Queries*, 3rd series, vii. pp. 403, 586; xii. p. 30.

¹ Calendars of State Papers, Domestic Times, vol. xcvi. No. 47 (see *Life of Constantine Rhodocanakis*, by Prince Rhodocanakis, p. 38).

² Army List of Roundheads and Cavaliers. I owe this identification to Colonel Chester.

³ His son and heir, Sir John Chardin, created a baronet, was buried near his father's monument, 1755.

⁴ Boswell's *Johnson*, ii. 83.

In the East Cloister is a tablet erected to a young Bernese noble of the name of Steigerr, the remembrance of whose promising character still lingers in the Canton of Berne. In the North Transept, under the monument of Holles, Duke of Newcastle, are interred three remarkable persons, transferred in 1739—40 from the French church in the Savoy — Louis Duras, Earl of Feversham, nephew of Turenne, 'who had learned from his uncle how to devastate, though not how to conquer!'¹ and Armand de Bourbon, with his sister Charlotte, who died at an advanced age,² having come to England before the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, when he pleaded the cause of the Camisards to Queen Anne, and meditated an invasion of France, with the view of assisting the insurrection in the Cevennes. His brother Louis, Marquis de la Caye, was killed amongst the Huguenot regiments at the Battle of the Boyne.³

Steigerr,
buried Dec.
28, 1773.

Duras,
Earl of
Feversham,
died April
8, 1709.
Armand de
Bourbon,
died Feb. 12,
1782-3.
Charlotte de
Bourbon,
died Oct.
15, 1782;
removed to
the Abbey,
March 21,
1789-40.

¹ Macaulay, ii. 195.

² *La France Protestante*, De Haag, ii. 478, which gives the age of Armand as 77 (and the date of his death February 25, 1732), and that of Charlotte as 74. I owe this information to the kindness of M. Jules Bonnet.

³ NOTE FROM BURIAL REGISTER, 1739-40, now inscribed on the grave. — 'Louis de Duras, Earl of Feversham, etc., died April 8, 1709, in the sixty-ninth year of his age.

'Cy gist très haut et très puissant Seigneur, Monseigneur Armand de Bourbon, Marquis de Miremont, etc., à qui Dieu a fait la grâce de faire naître en sa sainte Religion Réformée et d'y persévérer malgré les grandes promesses de Louis mesme dans sa plus tendre jeunesse; né dans le Chateau de la Cate en Languedoc le 12 juillet 1656, décédé en Angleterre le 12 févr. 1732.' [He was buried in the French church of the Savoy, February 22, 1732-33.]

'Cy gist Charlotte de Bourbon, à qui Dieu a fait la grâce de naître, de vivre et de mourir dans sa sainte Religion, la gloire en soit à jamais rendue à la ste. bénite et adorable Trinité, — Père, Fils et

One other 'translation' must be noticed. In the North Cloister lie the supposed remains of William Lyndwood, the celebrated Canonist and Ritualist Bishop of St. David's, which were found on January 16, 1852, in St. Stephen's Chapel, in the Palace of Westminster, where he was consecrated in 1442, 'in a roughly-formed cavity, cut into the foundation-wall of the north side of the Crypt, beneath the stone seat in the easternmost window.'

Lyndwood,
died Oct.
21, 1446;
removed
March 6,
1852.

Lastly, the Cloisters,¹ long after the Abbey had been closed against them, became the general receptacle of the humbler officers and retainers of the Court and of the Chapter. Contrasted with the reticence of modern times on faithful services, which live only in the grateful memory of those who profit by them, three records attract special notice. One is of the blind scholar, Ambrose Fisher, who after having, first at Cambridge, and then at Westminster (where he lived in the house of Doctor Grant, one of the Prebendaries), 'freely, unrestrainedly, cheerfully imparted his knowledge, whether in philosophy or divinity, to many young scholars,'—was buried near the library.

MONUMENTS
OF SER-
VANTS.

Ambrose
Fisher, 1617.

St.-Esprit. Amen. décédée en Angleterre le 14 octobre 1732, âgée de 73 ans.' She was buried in the French church of the Savoy, October 21, 1732.

'And the bodies of the said Earl of Feversham, Monsieur Armand de Bourbon, and Charlotte de Bourbon, being deposited in a vault in the Chapel in the Savoy, were taken up and interred, on the 21st day of March, 1739, in one grave in the North Cross of the Abbey, even with the North Corner, and touching the plinth of the iron rails of the monument of the Duke and Duchess of Newcastle, 3 ft. 0 in. deep.'

¹ Sir R. Coxe, Taster to Elizabeth and James I., has a tablet in the South Transept (Stone was paid £30 for it. Walpole's *Anecdotes*); Clement Saunders, Carver to Charles II., James II., and William III., in the North Transept.

Sir R. Coxe,
1623.
Saunders,
1696.

— Nunc est positus mutam prope Bibliothecam,
Ipse loquens quoniam bibliotheca fuit.

So wrote Ayton. Another poet and scholar of Westminster, entering into the general sentiment of the Cloisters, wrote —

Men, women, children, all that pass this way,
Whether such as here walk, or talk, or play,
Take notice of the holy ground y' are on,
Lest you profane it with oblivion :
Remember with due sorrow that here lies
The learned Fisher, he whose darkened eyes,
Gave light which as the midday circulates
To either sex, each age, and all estates.¹

Another is that of the servant of one of the Prebendaries, full of the quaint conceits of the seventeenth century : —

Lawrence,
1621. With diligence and trust most exemplary,
Did William Lawrence serve a Prebendary ;
And for his paines now past, before not lost,
Gain'd this remembrance at his master's cost.
O read these lines againe : you seldome find
A servant faithful, and a master kind.
Short-hand he wrote : his flowre in prime did fade,
And hasty Death short-hand of him hath made.
Well covth he numbers, and well mesur'd land ;
Thus doth he now that ground whereon you stand,
Wherein he lyes so geometricall :
Art maketh some, but thus will nature all.

A third is that of John Broughton, one of the Yeomen of the Guard. He was a man of gigantic strength, and in his youth furnished the model of the arms of Rysbrack's 'Hercules.' He was the 'Prince of Prizefighters' in his time, and after his name

Broughton,
1789.

¹ Grant's preface to Fisher's defence of the Liturgy : Epitaphs by Ayton and Harris.

on the gravestone is a space, which was to have been filled up with the words 'Champion of England.'¹ The Dean objected, and the blank remains.

It is natural to conclude this survey of the monumental structure of the Abbey with the reflections of Addison:—

Conclusion
of the
survey.

When I am in a serious humour, I very often walk by myself in Westminster Abbey; where the gloominess of the place, and the use to which it is applied, with the solemnity of the building, and the condition of the people who lie in it, are apt to fill the mind with a kind of melancholy, or rather thoughtfulness, that is not disagreeable. . . . I know that entertainments of this nature are apt to raise dark and dismal thoughts in timorous minds and gloomy imaginations; but for my own part, though I am always serious, I do not know what it is to be melancholy; and can therefore take a view of nature, in her deep and solemn scenes, with the same pleasure as in her most gay and delightful ones. By this means I can improve myself with those objects which others consider with terror. When I look upon the tombs of the great, every emotion of envy dies in me; when I read the epitaphs of the beautiful, every inordinate desire goes out; when I meet with the grief of parents upon a tombstone, my heart melts with compassion; when I see the tomb of the parents themselves, I consider the vanity of grieving for those whom we must quickly follow; when I see kings lying by those who deposed them, when I consider rival wits placed side by side, or the holy men that divided the world with their contests and disputes, I reflect with sorrow and astonishment on the little competitions, factions,

¹ These facts were communicated to the master-mason of the Abbey (Mr. Poole) by Broughton's son-in-law.

and debates of mankind. When I read the several dates of the tombs, of some that died yesterday, and some six hundred years ago, I consider that great day when we shall all of us be contemporaries, and make our appearance together.¹

Our purpose has been somewhat different, though converging to the same end. We have seen how, by a gradual but certain instinct, the main groups have formed themselves round particular centres of death: how the Kings ranged themselves round the Confessor; how the Prince and Courtiers clung to the skirts of the Kings; how out of the graves of the Courtiers were developed the graves of the Heroes; how Chatham became the centre of the Statesmen, Chaucer of the Poets, Purcell of the Musicians, Casaubon of the Scholars, Newton of the Men of Science: how, even in the exceptional details, natural affinities may be traced; how Addison was buried apart from his brethren in letters, in the royal shades of Henry VII's Chapel, because he clung to the vault of his own loved Montague; how Ussher lay beside his earliest instructor, Sir James Fullerton, and Garrick at the foot of Shakspeare, and Spelman opposite his revered Camden, and South close to his master Busby, and Stephenson to his fellow-craftsman Telford, and Grattan to his hero Fox, and Macaulay beneath the statue of his favourite Addison.

These special attractions towards particular graves and monuments may interfere with the general uniformity of the Abbey, but they make us feel that it is not a mere dead museum, that its cold stones are warmed with the life-blood of human affections and personal partiality. It is said that the celebrated

¹ *Spectator*, No. 26.

French sculptor of the monument of Peter the Great at St. Petersburg, after showing its superiority in detail to the famous equestrian statue of Marcus Aurelius at Rome, ended by the candid avowal, "*Et cependant cette mauvaise bête est vivante, et la mienne est morte.*" Perhaps we may be allowed to reverse the saying, and, when we contrast the irregularities of Westminster Abbey with the uniform congruity of Salisbury or the Valhalla, may reflect, "*Cette belle bête est morte, mais la mienne est vivante.*"

We have seen, again, how extremely unequal and uncertain is the commemoration of our celebrated men. It is this which renders the interment or notice within our walls a dubious honour, ^{Uncertain distribution of honour.} and makes the Abbey, after all, but an imperfect and irregular monument of greatness. But it is this also which gives to it that perfectly natural character of which any artificial collection is entirely destitute. In the Valhalla of Bavaria, every niche is carefully portioned out: and if a single bust is wanting from the catalogue of German worthies, its absence becomes the subject of a literary controversy, and the vacant space is at last filled. Not so in the Abbey: there, as in English institutions generally, no fixed rule has been followed. Graves have been opened or closed, monuments erected or not erected, from the most various feelings of the time. It is the general wave only that has borne in the chief celebrities. Viewed in this way, the absences of which we speak have a touching significance of their own. They are eloquent of the force of domestic and local affection over the desire for metropolitan or cosmopolitan distinction — eloquent of the force of the political and ecclesiastical prejudice at the moment — eloquent also of the strange caprices of

the British public.¹ Why is it that of the three greatest names of English literature — Shakspeare, Bacon, and Newton — the last only is interred, and the second not even recorded, in the Abbey? Because the growth of the sentiment which drew the dust of our illustrious men hitherward was in Elizabeth's time but just beginning. Why are men so famous as Burke and Peel amongst statesmen, as Pope and Gray, Wordsworth and Southey amongst poets, not in the Statesmen's or the Poets' Corner? Because the patriarchal feeling in each of these men — so different each from the other, yet alike in this — drew them from the neighbourhood of the great, with whom they consorted in the tumult of life, to the graves of father and mother, or beloved child, far away to the country churchyards where they severally repose — in each, perhaps, not unmingled with the longing desire for a simple resting-place which is expressed in Pope's epitaph on himself at Twickenham,² and in Burke's³ reflections during his first visit

¹ Another disturbing force has in late years been found in the attraction of St. Paul's. The first public monument erected there was that of Howard. (See Milman's *Annals*, p. 480.) The first intimation of the new feeling is in Boswell's *Johnson*, ii. 226. (1773.) 'A proposition which had been agitated, that monuments to eminent persons should, for the time to come, be erected in St. Paul's church, as well as in Westminster Abbey, was mentioned; and it was asked who should be honoured by having his monument first erected there. Somebody suggested Pope. JOHNSON: "Why, sir, as Pope was a Roman Catholic, I would not have his to be first. I think Milton's rather should have the precedence. I think more highly of him now than I did at twenty. There is more thinking in him and in Butler than in any of our poets."'

² See p. 134.

³ 'I have not the least doubt that the finest poem in the English language, I mean Milton's "Il Penseroso," was composed in the long-resounding aisle of a mouldering cloister or ivy'd abbey. Yet, after all, do you know that I would rather sleep in the southern corner of a country churchyard than in the tomb of the Capulets. I should like, however, that my dust should mingle with kindred dust. The good old

to the Abbey. Why is it that Montague Earl of Sandwich, Monk Duke of Albemarle, restorers of the monarchy, Archbishop Ussher, the glory of the Irish Church, Clarendon, the historian of the great Rebellion, rest here with no contemporary monument — three of them with none at all?¹ That blank void tells again in the bare stones the often repeated story of the ingratitude of Charles II. towards those to whom he owed so much and gave so little. Why is it that poets like Coleridge, Scott, and Burns, discoverers like Harvey and Bell, have no memorial? Because, for the moment, the fashion of public interment had drifted away from the Abbey, or lost heed of departing greatness in other absorbing interests, or ceased to regard proportion in the distribution of sepulchral honours.

It is well that this should be so. Westminster Abbey is, as Dr. Johnson well said,² the natural resting-place of those great men who have no bond elsewhere. Its metropolitan position has, in this respect, powerfully contributed to its fame. But even London is, or ought to be, insignificant compared with England; even Westminster Abbey must at times yield to the more venerable, more enduring claims of home and of race. Those quiet graves far away are the Poets' Corners of a yet vaster temple; or may we take it yet another way, and say that Stratford-on-Avon and Dryburgh, Stoke Pogis

expression, "family burying ground," has something pleasing in it, at least to me.' (Prior's *Life of Burke*, i. 39.)

¹ See pp. 53, 56.

² See p. 148. Compare Beattie's lines.

Let vanity adorn the marble tomb
 With trophies, rhymes, and scutcheons of renown;
 'Mid the *deep dungeon* of some Gothic dome
 Where night and desolation ever frown.
 Mine be the breezy hill, &c.

and Grasmere, are chapels-of-ease united by invisible cloisters with Westminster Abbey itself?

Again, observe how magnificently the strange conjunction of tombs in what has been truly called this

The Toleration of the Abbey.

Temple of Silence and Reconciliation exemplifies the wide toleration of Death — may we not add, the comprehensiveness of the true religion of the Church of England? Not only does Elizabeth lie in the same vault with Mary her persecutor, and in the same chapel with Mary her victim; not only does Pitt lie side by side with Fox, and Macpherson with Johnson, and Outram with Clyde; but those other deeper differences, which are often thought to part more widely asunder than any political or literary or military jealousy, have here sunk into abeyance. Goldsmith in his visit to the Abbey, puts into the mouth of his Chinese philosopher an exclamation of wonder that the guardianship of a national temple should be confided to 'a college of priests.' It is not necessary to claim for the Deans of Westminster any exemption from the ordinary infirmities of their profession; but the variety of the monuments, in country and in creed, as well as in taste and in politics, is a proof that the successive chiefs who have held the keys of St. Peter's Abbey have, on the whole, risen to the greatness of their situation, and have endeavoured to embrace, within the wide sympathy of their consecrated precincts, those whom a narrow and sectarian spirit might have excluded, but whom the precepts of their common Master, no less than the instincts of their common humanity, should have bid them welcome. The exclusiveness of Englishmen has given away before the claims of the French Casaubon, the Swiss Spanheim, the Corsican Paoli. The exclusiveness of Churchmen

has allowed the entrance of the Nonconformist Watts, of the Roman Catholic Dryden.¹ Courayer, the foreign latitudinarian, Ephraim Chambers, the sceptic of the humbler, and Sheffield, the sceptic of the higher ranks, were buried with all respect and honour by the 'college of priests' at Westminster, who thus acknowledged that the bruised reed was not to be broken, nor the smoking flax quenched. Even the yet harder problem of high intellectual gifts, united with moral infirmity or depravity, has on the whole here met with the only solution which on earth can be given. If Byron was turned from our doors, many a one as questionable as Byron has been admitted. Close above the monument of the devoted Granville Sharpe is the monument of the epicurean St. Evremond. Close beneath the tablet of the blameless Wharton lies the licentious Congreve. The godlike gift of genius was recognised — the baser earthly part was left to the merciful judgment of its Creator. So long as Westminster Abbey maintains its hold on the affections of the English Church and nation, so long will it remain a standing proof that there is in the truest feelings of human nature, and in the noblest aspirations of religion, something deeper and broader than the partial judgments of the day and the technical distinctions of sects, — even than the just, though for the moment misplaced, indignation against the errors and sins of our brethren. It is the involuntary homage which perverted genius pays to the superior worth of goodness, that it seeks to be

¹ Several Roman Catholics, since the Reformation, have been buried in the Abbey, besides those before enumerated. Lord Stafford (1719) and others of his family in St. Edmund's Chapel, with *Requiescat in pace* on their coffins (Register); De Castro, the Portuguese envoy, in the Nave, 1720 (ibid).

at last honoured within the building consecrated to the purest hopes of the soul of man; and when we consent to receive such within our walls, it is the best acknowledgment of the truth uttered by the Christian poet —

There is no light but Thine — with Thee all beauty glows.

There is yet another interest attaching to the tombs, even the worst and humblest — namely, as a record of the vicissitudes of art. Doubtless, this is shared by Westminster Abbey with other great cathedrals and churches. Still the record here is more continuous and more striking than anywhere else. We trace here, as in a long procession, the gradual rising of the recumbent effigies: first, to lean their heads on their elbows, then to kneel, then to sit, then to stand on their feet, then to gesticulate, then to ascend out of tomb, or sea, or ruins, as the case may be. Every stage of sepulchral attitude is visible, from the knight of the thirteenth century, with his legs crossed on his stony couch, to the philanthropist of the nineteenth century, with his legs crossed far otherwise, as he lounges in his easy armchair. Forgive them; it may be a breach of the rules of ecclesiastical order, but it is also the life of the nation, awkwardly, untowardly struggling into individual existence. It will enable future generations to know a Wilberforce as he actually was, no less than a Plantagenet prince as it was supposed he ought to be. At times the two streams of taste meet so abruptly as to leave their traces almost side by side. The expiring mediæval art of Sir Francis Vere's monument confronts both in time and place the first rise of classical art in the monument of Sir George Holles. The brass effigy of the engineer Stephenson, in the homeliest of all modern costumes,

The changes
of taste.

carries to its utmost pitch the prosaic realities of our age, as much as the brass effigy of Sir Robert Wilson, a few yards off, in complete armour, carries to a no less extravagance its unreal romance.

We thus discern the evanescent phases of the judgments of taste, which ought to make the artists and the critics of each successive age, if not sceptical, at least modest, as to the immortality of their own reputations. We are sometimes shocked at the ruthless disregard of ancient days, with which the Reformers or the Puritans swept away the altars or the imagery of their predecessors. But we have seen how the same disregard of antiquity reaches back far earlier. '*Ecclesiam stravit istam quam tunc renovavit*' was the inscription which long glorified the memory of Henry III. for destroying the venerable Norman church of the Confessor. Henry V.'s Chantry absorbed a large part of the tombs of Eleanor and Philippa. Henry VII. razed to the ground what must have been the graceful Lady Chapel of Henry III. The first prodigious intrusion of Pagan allegories, the first reckless mutilation of mediæval architecture by modern monuments, is the tomb of the favourite of Charles I., the patron and friend of Archbishop Laud. It was their sanction and influence that began the desecration, as it is now often thought, which to no section of Church or State is so repugnant as to the spiritual descendants of those to whom it then seemed the height of ecclesiastical propriety.

Or, again, we pass with scorn the enormous structures which Roubiliac raised in the Nave to General Wade and General Hargrave; but a great London antiquary declared of one of them, that 'Europe could hardly show a parallel to it;'¹ and the other was

¹ Malcolm, p. 169.

deemed by the artist himself so splendid a work, that he used to come and weep before it, to see that it was put too high to be appreciated.¹ The clumsy rocks and 'maritime monsters' which we ridicule in the strange representation of Admiral Tyrell's death was, at the time, deemed 'a truly magnificent monument,'² and its germ may even be seen in Addison's plaintive wish,³ — 'that our naval monuments might, like the Dutch, be adorned with rostral courses and naval ornaments, with beautiful festoons of seaweed, shells, and coral.' A fastidious correspondent of Pope, whilst he criticises the tombs already existing, proposes a remedy which to us appears worse than the disease.

I chose a place for my wife [says Aaron Hill] in the Abbey Cloisters — the wall of the church above being so loaded with marble as to leave me no room to distinguish her monument. But there is a low and unmeaning lumpishness in the vulgar style of monuments, which disgusts me as often as I look upon them; and, because I would avoid the censure I am giving, let me beg you to say whether there is significance in the draught, of which I enclose you a copy. The flat table behind is black, the figures are white marble. The whole of what you see is but part of the monument, and will be surrounded by pilasters, arising from a pediment of white marble, having its foundation on a black marble mountain, and supporting a cornice and dome that will ascend to the point of the cloister arch. About half-way up a craggy path,

¹ Akermann, ii. 37.

² Charnock's *Naval Biog.* v. 269. — I have myself observed persons above the class of rustics standing entranced before it, and calling it the 'masterpiece of the Abbey.' When Wesley passed through the Abbey, Feb. 25, 1771, he recorded that 'the two monuments with which he thought none of the others worthy to be compared, are that of Mrs. Nightingale, and that of the Admiral rising out of his tomb at the Resurrection.' — *Journal*, iii. 426.

³ *Spectator*, No. 26.

on the black mountain below, will be the figure of 'Time' in white marble, in an attitude of climbing, obstructed by little Cupids, of the same colour; some rolling stones into his path from above, some throwing nets at his feet and arms from below; others in ambuscade, shooting at him from both sides; while the 'Death' you see in the draught will seem, from an opening between hills in relieve, to have found admission by a shorter way, and prevented 'Time' at a distance.¹

To the continuator of Stow, in the eighteenth century, the tomb of Sheffield, Duke of Buckinghamshire, appears far superior to that of Henry VII., particularly 'the Trophy and figure of Time.' 'I have seen no ornament that has pleased me better, and very few so well.'² In like manner, the tomb and screen of Abbot Esteney fell before the cenotaph of General Wolfe, which narrowly escaped thrusting itself into the place of the exquisite mediæval monument of Aymer de Valence.

I will give you one instance, that will sum up the vanity of great men, learned men, and buildings altogether. I heard lately that Dr. Pearce, a very learned personage, had consented to let the tomb of Aymer de Valence, Earl of Pembroke, a very great personage, be removed for Wolfe's monument; that at first he had objected, but was wrought upon by being told that *hight* Aymer was a templar, a very wicked set of people, as his Lordship had heard, though he knew nothing of them, as they are not mentioned by Longinus; and I wrote to his Lordship, expressing my concern that one of the finest and most ancient monuments in the Abbey should be removed, and begging, if it was removed, that he would bestow it on me, who would erect and preserve it at Strawberry Hill. After a fortnight's deliberation,

¹ Pope's *Works*, ix. 304.

² Stow's *Survey* [1755], ii. 619. See Appendix to Chapter VI.

the Bishop sent me an answer, civil indeed, and commending my zeal for antiquity ! but, avowing the story under his own hand, he said that at first, they had taken Pembroke's tomb for a Knight Templar's ; that, upon discovering whose it was, he had been very unwilling to consent to the removal, and at last had obliged Wilton to engage to set the monument up within ten feet of where it stands at present.¹

In this attack on the Dean, Horace Walpole has all the world on his side, and possibly the world's judgment is now fixed for ever. Yet if some successor of Zachary Pearce were now, in the enthusiasm of modern restoration, to remove General Wolfe, it is almost certain that he would incur the wrath of some future Walpole.

There are, doubtless, 'lumpish' monuments which obstruct the architecture, which have no historical reason for being where they are, and might be more fittingly placed in other parts of the Abbey. On these, so far as friends and survivors permit, no mercy need be shown. But still, even here the Deans of Westminster should always have before their eyes the salutary terror of the projected misdeed of Bishop Pearce.

It must also be borne in mind that these incongruities are no special marks of English or of Protestant taste. They belong to the wave of sentiment that passed over the whole of Europe in the last century.² The Chapters of the Cathedrals of Rheims and Strasburg were as guilty in their ruthless destruction as ever have been the Chapter of any English Cathedral. The Campo Santo at Pisa has had its delicate tracery, its noble frescoes, mutilated by monuments as unsightly as any in Westminster. The

¹ Walpole's *Letters*, ii. 274.

² See Chapter VI.

allegorical statues in the Abbey of St. Peter are but the sister figures, on a less gigantic scale, of the colossal forms of Pagan mythology which cluster round the tombs of the Popes in the Basilica of St. Peter. The return from sitting, standing, speaking statues of the dead to their recumbent or kneeling effigies, has been earlier in Protestant England than in Papal Italy.

And if our moral indignation is also roused against the prominence of many a name now forgotten, yet the same mixture of mortification and satisfaction which is impressed upon us as we see, in the monuments, the proof of the fallibility of artistic ^{Variety of judgment.} judgment, is impressed upon us in a deeper sense as we read, in the history of their graves, or their epitaphs, a like fallibility of moral and literary judgment. In this way the obscure poets and warriors who have attained the places which we now so bitterly grudge them, teach us a lesson never to be despised. They tell us of the writings, the works, or the deeds in which our fathers delighted; they remind us that the tombs and the graves which now so absorb our minds may in like manner cease to attract our posterity; they put forward their successors to plead for their perpetuation, at least in the one place where alone, perhaps, a hundred years hence either will be remembered. And if a mournful feeling is left upon our minds by the thought that so many reputations, great in their day, have passed away; yet here and there the monuments contain the more reassuring record, that there are glories which increase instead of diminishing as time rolls on, and that there are judgments in art and in literature, as well as in character, which will never be reversed. As in Henry VII's Chapel, the eye rests with peculiar

interest on Lord Dundonald's banner, fifty years ago torn from its place and kicked ignominiously down the flight of steps, yet within our own time, on the day of the old sailor's funeral, reinstated by the herald at the gracious order of the Sovereign — so the like reparation is constantly working on a larger scale elsewhere. The inscription on Spenser's tomb shows that even then the time had not arrived when the true Prince of Poets was acknowledged in his rightful supremacy; yet it arrived, at last, and the statue of Shakspeare, better late than never, became the centre of a new interest in Poets' Corner, which can never depart from it.¹ And who would willingly destroy any link in the chain of lesser tablets, from Phillips to Gray, which marks the gradual rise of Milton's fame, from the days when he had the 'audience fit but few' to the moment of his universal recognition?²

Shakspeare and Milton, as we have seen, have had their redress. For others, who have been thus overlooked, it is enough now to say, that they are conspicuous by their absence. But it may be hoped that these injustices will become rarer and rarer as time advances. The day is fast approaching when the country must provide for the continuation to future times of that line of illustrious sepulchres which has added so much to the glory both of Westminster Abbey and of England. Already, in the eighteenth century, the alarm was raised that the Abbey was 'loaded with marbles;' a 'Petition from Posterity'³ was presented to the Dean and Chapter to entreat that their case might be considered; a French traveller remarked that 'le peuple n'est pas plus serré dans les rues de Londres

¹ See p. 126.

² See p. 123.

³ Annual Register, 1756, p. 876.

qu'à Westminster, célèbre Abbaye, demeure des monuments funèbres de toutes les personnes illustres de la nation ;'¹ and Young, in his poem on the Last Day, describes how

That ancient, sacred, and illustrious, dome,
Where soon or late fair Albion's heroes come,
That solemn mansion of the royal dead,
Where passing slaves o'er sleeping monarchs tread,
Now populous o'erflows.

Yet the very pressure increases the attraction. What a poet, already quoted, said of a private loss is still more true of the losses of the nation — 'A monument in so frequented a place as Westminster Abbey, restoring them to a kind of second life among the living, will be in some measure not to have lost them.'² The race of our distinguished men will still continue. That they may never be parted in death from the centre of our national energies, the hearth of our national religion, should be the joint desire at once of the Church and of the Commonwealth. The legislature has, doubtless for this purpose, excepted the two great metropolitan churches from the general prohibition of intramural interments. Is it too much to hope that it will carry out the intention, by erecting within the precincts of the Abbey a Cloister, which shall bear on its portals the names of those who have been forgotten within our walls in former times, and entomb beneath its floor the ashes of the illustrious men that shall follow after us? We have already more than rivalled Santa Croce at Florence. Let us hope in future days to excel even the Campo Santo at Pisa.

¹ D'Holbach, *Quart. Rev.* xviii. 326.

² Pope, ix. 304.

NOTE ON THE WAXWORK EFFIGIES.

AMONGST the various accompaniments of great funerals — the body lying in state, guarded by the nobles of the realm;¹ the torchlight procession;² the banners and arms of the deceased hung over the tomb³ — there was one so peculiarly dear to the English public, as to require a short notice.

This was 'the herse' — not, as now, the car which conveys the coffin, but a platform highly decorated with black hangings, and containing a waxen effigy of the deceased person. It usually remained for a month in the Abbey, near the grave, but in the case of sovereigns for a much longer time. It was the main object of attraction, sometimes, even in the funeral sermon (see p. 217). Laudatory verses were attached to it with pins, wax or paste.⁴ Of this kind, probably, was Ben Jonson's epitaph on Lady Pembroke —

Underneath *this sable herse*
Lies the subject of all verse,
Sidney's sister, etc.

¹ At Monk's funeral, it is 'remarkable,' says Walpole, 'that forty gentlemen of good families submitted to wait as mutes, with their backs against the wall of the chamber where the body lay in state, for three weeks, waiting alternately twenty each day.'

² The funerals of great personages were usually by torchlight. A solemn remonstrance was presented against the practice, on religious, apparently Puritan, grounds, by the officials of the Heralds' College, in 1662. It was addressed to the Archbishop of Canterbury, and to Convocation, then sitting for the revision of the Prayer Book. No notice was taken. The last (except for royalty) was that of Lady Charlotte Percy, May 1781. (Register; *Gent. Mag.* 1817, part i. p. 33.) The first Cloister funeral, in which the corpse was taken into the church, and the whole service read, was that of George Lane Blount, aged 91, March 26, 1847. (Register.)

³ These still remain, in St. Paul's Chapel, over the graves of the Delavals, and remnants of others are preserved in the Triforium.

⁴ Cunningham's *Handbook of the Abbey*, p. 16. Many of the references and facts in this note I owe to Mr. William Thoms, F.S.A.

They were even highly esteemed as works of art.

Mr. Emanuel Decretz (Serjeant-Painter to King Charles I.) told me, in 1649, that the catafalco of King James, at his funeral (which is a kind of bed of state erected in Westminster Abbey, as Robert Earl of Essex had, Oliver Cromwell, and General Monke), was very ingeniously designed by Mr. Inigo Jones, and that he made the four heades of the cariatides of playster of Paris, and made the drapery of them of white callico, which was very handsome and very cheap, and shewed as well as if they had been cutt out of white marble.¹

These temporary erections, planted here and there in different parts of the Abbey, but usually in the centre, before the high altar,² must of themselves have formed a singular feature in its appearance.

But the most interesting portion of them was the 'lively effigy,' which was there placed after having been carried on a chariot before the body. This was a practice which has its precedent, if not its origin, in the funerals of the great men of the Roman Commonwealth. The one distinguishing mark of a Roman noble was the right of having figures, with waxen masks representing his ancestors, carried at his obsequies and placed in his hall.

In England the effigies at Royal Funerals can be traced³ back as far as the fourteenth century. After a time they were detached from the hearses, and kept in the Abbey, generally near the graves of the deceased, but were gradually

¹ Aubrey's *Letters and Lives*, ii. 412. — There is an engraving of the *Wax Effigies and Catafalque of James the First* prefixed to the funeral sermon preached by Dean Williams. The accounts are preserved of the periwig and beard made for the effigy. (*Lord Chamberlain's Records*.) Monk's hearse was designed by Francis Barlow. (*Walpole's Anecdotes*, p. 371.)

² See funeral of Anne of Cleves, *Excerpta Historica*, 303.

³ For Edward I.'s effigy (lying on his tomb), see Piers Langtoft (ii. 841); *Arch.* iii. 386. For a like effigy of Anne of Bohemia, see Devon's Exchequer Rolls, 17 R. II.

drafted off into wainscot presses above the Islip Chapel.
Here they were seen in Dryden's time —

And now the presses open stand,
And you may see them all a-row.¹

In 1658 the following were the waxen figures thus
exhibited : —

Henry the Seventh and his fair Queen,
Edward the First and his Queen,
Henry the Fifth here stands upright,
And his fair Queen was this Queen.

The noble Prince, Prince Henry,
King James's eldest son.
King James, Queen Anne, Queen Elizabeth,
And so this Chapel's done.²

With this agrees the curious notice of them in 1708 : —

And so we went on to see the ruins of majesty in the women (*sic* : waxen ?) figures placed there, by authority. As soon as we had ascended half a score stone steps in a dirty cobweb hole, and in old wormeaten presses, whose doors flew open at our approach, here stood *Edward the Third*, as they told us; which was a broken piece of waxwork, a batter'd head, and a straw-stuff'd body, not one quarter covered with rags; his beautiful Queen stood by, not better in repair; and so to the number of *half a score* Kings and Queens, not near so good figures as the King of the Beggars make, and all the begging crew would be ashamed of the company. Their rear was brought up with good Queen Bess, with the remnants of an old dirty ruff, and nothing else to cover her.³

Stow also describes the effigies of Edward III. and Philippa, Henry V. and Catherine, Henry VII. and Elizabeth of York,

¹ *Miscellaneous Poems*, p. 301.

² *The Mysteries of Love and Eloquence*, p. 88. (8vo, London, 1658.)

³ Tom Brown's *Walk through London and Westminster*, p. 49. He observes that 'most of them are stripped of their robes, I suppose by the late rebels. The ancientest have escaped best. I suppose, because their clothes were too old for booty.' Dart (1717, vol. i. p. 192).

Henry Prince of Wales, Elizabeth, James I., and Queen Anne, as shown in the chamber close to Islip's Chapel.¹ Of these the wooden blocks, entirely denuded of any ornament, still remain.

But there are eleven figures in a tolerable state of preservation. That of Queen Elizabeth was, as we have seen, already worn out in 1708; and the existing figure is, doubtless, the one made by order of the Chapter, ^{Queen Elizabeth.} to commemorate the bicentenary of the foundation of the Collegiate Church, in 1760. As late as 1783 it stood in Henry VII.'s Chapel. The effigy of Charles II. used to stand over his grave, and close beside him that of General Monk. Charles II. is tolerably perfect,² and seems ^{Charles II. General Monk.} to have early attracted attention from the contrast with his battered predecessors. Monk used to stand beside his monument by Charles II.'s grave. The effigy is in too dilapidated a condition to be shown, but the remnants of his armour exist still. The famous cap, ^{His cap.} in which the contributions for the showmen were collected, is gone:—

Our conductor led us through several dark walks and winding ways, uttering lies, talking to himself, and flourishing a wand which he held in his hand. He reminded me of the black magicians of Kobi. After we had been almost fatigued with a variety of objects, he at last desired me to consider attentively a certain suit of armour, which seemed to show nothing remarkable. 'This armour,' said he, 'belonged to General Monk.'—Very surprising that a general should wear armour;—'And pray,' added he, 'observe this cap; this is General Monk's cap.'—Very strange

¹ The face of Elizabeth of York was still perfect when seen by Walpole. (*Anecdotes of Painting*, i. 61.) In 1754 were also to be seen what were shown as the crimson velvet robes of Edward VI. (*Description of the Abbey and its Monuments* [1754], p. 753.) These were shown to Dart, as of Edward III. (i. 192).

² 'That as much as he excelled his predecessors in mercy, wisdom, and liberality, so does his effigies exceed the rest in liveliness, proportion, and magnificence.' (Ward's *London Spy*, chap. viii. p. 170.)

indeed, very strange, that a general should have a cap also!—
 ‘Pray, friend, what might this cap have cost originally?’ ‘That,
 sir,’ says he, ‘I don’t know; but this cap is all the wages I have
 for my trouble.’¹

The *Fragment on the Abbey* in the ‘Ingoldsby Legends’
 thus concludes:—

I thought on Naseby, Marston Moor, and Worcester’s crowning
 fight,

When on my ear a sound there fell, it filled me with affright;

As thus, in low unearthly tones, I heard a voice begin—

‘This here’s the cap of General Monk! Sir, please put summut in.’²

William III., Mary, and Anne were, in 1754, ‘in good
 condition and greatly admired by every eye that
 beheld them,’³ and have probably not been changed
 since. A curious example of large inferences drawn
 from small premisses may be seen in Michelet’s comment on
 the wax effigy of William III. —

La fort bonne figure en cire de Guillaume III. qui est à West-
 minster, le montre au vrai. Il est en pied comme il fut, mesquin,
 jaune, mi-Français par l’habit rubané de Louis XIV. mi-Anglais
 de flegme apparent, être à sang froid, que pousse certaine fatalité
 mauvaise.⁴

The Duchess of Richmond (see p. 33) stood ‘at the corner
 of the great east window’—according to her will
 — ‘as well done in wax⁵ as could be, and dressed
 in coronation robes and coronet (those which she wore at the
 coronation of Queen Anne), under clear crown-glass and none

¹ Goldsmith’s *Citizen of the World*.

² *Ingoldsby Legends*.

³ *Description of the Abbey* (1574), p. 753. But none of these effigies,
 nor indeed of Charles II. (I learn from Mr. Doyne Bell), were carried
 at the funerals. The hearse of Mary II., made by Wren, was the last
 used for a Sovereign.

⁴ Michelet, *Louis XIV.* (1864), p. 170.

⁵ By a Mr. Goldsmith. (Cunningham’s *London*, p. 539.)

other,' with her favourite parrot. The Duchess of Buckinghamshire, with one son, as a child (see p. 79) stood by her husband's monument. The figure of her last surviving son is represented in a recumbent posture, as the body was brought from Rome. This is the last genuine 'effigy.' It long lay in the Confessor's Chapel.¹

Duchess of
Buckingham-
shire and her son,
second Duke
of Bucking-
hamshire.

The two remaining figures belong to a practice, now happily discontinued, of eking out by fees the too scanty incomes of the Minor Canons and Lay Vicars, who in consequence enlarged their salaries by adding as much attraction as they could by new waxwork figures, when the custom of making them for funerals ceased. One of these is the effigy of Lord Chatham, erected in 1779, when the fee for showing them was, in consideration of the interest attaching to the great statesman (see page 97), raised from three-pence to sixpence.² 'Lately introduced' (says the Guide-book of 1783) 'at a considerable expense. . . The eagerness of connoisseurs and artists to see this figure, and the satisfaction it affords, justly places it among the first of the kind ever seen in this or any other country.'³

Chatham.

The waxwork figure of Nelson furnishes a still more remarkable proof of his popularity, and of the facility with which local traditions are multiplied. After the public funeral, the car on which his coffin had been carried to St. Paul's was deposited there, and became an object of such curiosity, that the sightseers deserted Westminster, and all flocked to St. Paul's.⁴ This was a serious

Nelson.

¹ *Westminster Abbey and its Curiosities* (1783), p. 47.

² The original fee had been a penny. (See Peacham's *Worth of a Penny*.)

³ *Westminster Abbey and its Curiosities*, p. 51.

⁴ Nelson's saying on the Abbey has been variously reported as 'a Peerage or Westminster Abbey,' and 'Victory or Westminster Abbey,' and is often said to have been the signal given at Aboukir. (So, for example, Montalembert's *Moines de l'Occident*, iv. 431.) Sir Augustus Clifford has pointed out to me the real occasion. It was at the battle

injury to the officials of the Abbey. Accordingly, a wax-work figure of the hero was set up, said to have been taken from a smaller figure, for which he had sat, and dressed in the clothes which he had actually worn (with the exception of the coat). The result was successful, and the crowds returned to Westminster.

Ludicrous and discreditable as these incidents may be, they are the exact counterparts of the rivalry of relics in the monasteries of the Middle Ages—such as we have already noticed in the endeavours of the Westminster monks to outbid the legends of the Cathedral of St. Paul¹ (Chapter I.), and as may be seen in the artifices of the Abbey of St. Augustine to outshine the Cathedral at Canterbury.² (See *Memorials of Canterbury*, p. 199.)

of Cape St. Vincent, on Feb. 14, 1797, 'the most glorious Valentine's Day' (as Nelson used to call it). The Commodore, as he then was, had just taken the Spanish ship 'San Nicholas,' when he found himself engaged with another three-decker, the 'San Josef.' 'The two alternatives that presented themselves to his unshaken mind were to quit the prize or instantly to board the three-decker. Confident of the bravery of his seamen, he determined on the latter. . . . He headed the assailants himself in this sea-attack, exclaiming "Westminster Abbey or glorious victory!"' (Letter of Col. Drinkwater, an eyewitness of the battle, quoted in Pettigrew's *Life of Nelson*, i. 94.) The success was complete, and Nelson marked his sense of its value by transmitting the sword which the commander of the 'San Josef' surrendered into his hands to the Town Hall of his native county at Norwich, where it still remains. (Ibid. 90.)

¹ 'St. Paul's affords a new theatre for statuary, and suggests monuments there; the Abbey would still preserve its general customers by new recruits of waxen puppets.' (Walpole's *Anecdotes of Painting*, p. 556.)

² Another resemblance to the mediæval usage of decorating the images of saints may be seen in the adornment (apparently) of the wax effigies in the Abbey for the visits of great persons. 'King Christianus (of Denmark) and Prince Henry went into the Abbey of Westminster, and into the Chapel Royal of Henry VII., to behold the monuments, against whose coming the image of Queen Elizabeth, and certain other images of former Kings and Queens, were newly beautified, amended, and adorned with royal vestures.'—(Nichol's *Progresses of James I.* ii. 87 [in 1606].)



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